MAR 25 1929

Good Housekeeping

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By George Weston

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Margaret Sangster - Sarah Addington

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- 5 eggs
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- 2 cups Kraft American Cheese, grated, or
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Make the croustades from day-old bread. Cut slices two inches thick, trim the crusts, scoop out the center of each piece and fry in deep fat until golden brown. Drain on paper. Poach the eggs in water to which a teaspoonful of salt and juice of half a lemon have been added. When the whites are firm, place one egg in the center of each croustade. Make a sauce with the milk, butter, flour, seasonings to taste, and grated Kraft American Cheese, or Velveeta. When smooth and creamy, pour over the eggs, garnish with parsley and serve.

Home Economics Dept.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
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Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SOMETHING *Had to be Done!*

Our Musical Equipment was sadly out of date

WHENEVER I speak disparagingly of our old talking-machine, I feel a little guilty. I mean, it brought us many happy hours and I don't like to knock it. But really, it was pitifully mid-Victrolian, as someone has said. It didn't *begin* to do justice to the wonderful new Victor records.

. . . spread all over the place like the dog's breakfast

And then, there was our radio, spread all over the place "like the dog's breakfast," as Jimmy used to say. Wires and batteries and an unsightly horn, and acid eating holes in the rug every time Jimmy spilled it, which he often did. Besides, it sounded pretty terrible.

There was no argument about it. We wanted an Orthophonic Victrola and we wanted a new electric radio. But we didn't feel we could afford *two* new instruments at the same time. It wasn't a choice *between* them, either. We always say you need *both* types of entertainment. Well, here's what happened:

We went around to our neighborhood Victor dealer and looked at what he called his combination sets —Victrola and Radiola in the same cabinet. There were several styles and prices, and I suppose we could have made up our minds then and there. But this dealer is pretty smart. He said: "Don't decide tonight. Let me send this instrument to your home where you can play it over the week-end. See how nicely it furnishes with the rest of the room."

What a week-end *that* turned out to be! Never have we heard such tone, either from records or radio. Victor is not exaggerating a bit when they say it puts the singer or player right in the room. No imagination is needed to put you in the fourth row at an actual concert. Needless to say, we bought. We're all fixed for entertainment now. As Jimmy says, "And how!"

Model Ten-thirty-five. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola that changes its own records. List price, $365.

List prices on the new Victor instruments start at $25 and most Victor dealers are willing to arrange convenient payments. So there is no reason in the world to deny yourself the joy of Orthophonic music any longer. A demonstration in your home will tell you much. . . . Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, New Jersey.

The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola

In using advertisements see page 6

April
Vol. LXXXVIII

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WE ALWAYS think of all the pomp and circumstance of kings as something separated from us by the full width of an ocean—yet in May Frances Parkinson Keyes, who attended the opening of the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa this year, will soon convince you of your mistake, with her description of the ceremony

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has had many more beautiful heroines than Norma Patterson's "Jenny," the little nurse who observed only the rules her heart dictated, but never one who captured the hearts of so many readers. You will be glad to know that there will be another Jenny story in the May number, called "West"

EVERY woman who loves her garden—and that includes every woman who has a garden—will be interested in Florence Taft Eaton's Maytime article, telling you just how to attain the ideal of all gardeners, "The Garden Beautiful at All Seasons"

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
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For luncheons
Star Ham Mousse
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For party suppers
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Stuffed Cloverbloom Eggs with Star Ham
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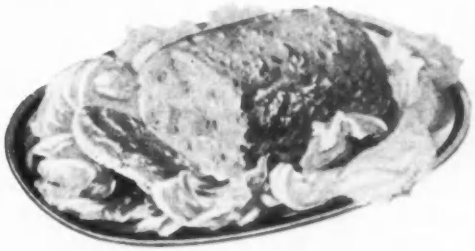
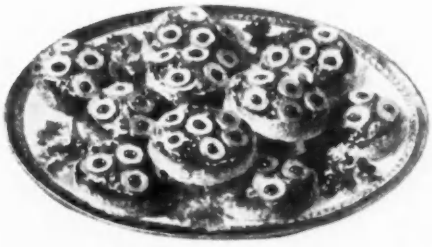


STAR HAM MOUSSE. *See page 17 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



STAR HAM CANAPES. *See page 12 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

STAR HAM SOUP. *See page 12 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

COMPLETE directions for preparing these inviting Star Ham dishes are given in the Armour recipe book—"60 Ways to Serve Ham." But no book nor words can fully describe the matchless flavor and tenderness of Star Ham. You must taste it—by itself or combined with other foods—to realize its unusual goodness.

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
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Armour's Star Ham

STAR BACON ★ CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER ★ STAR LARD

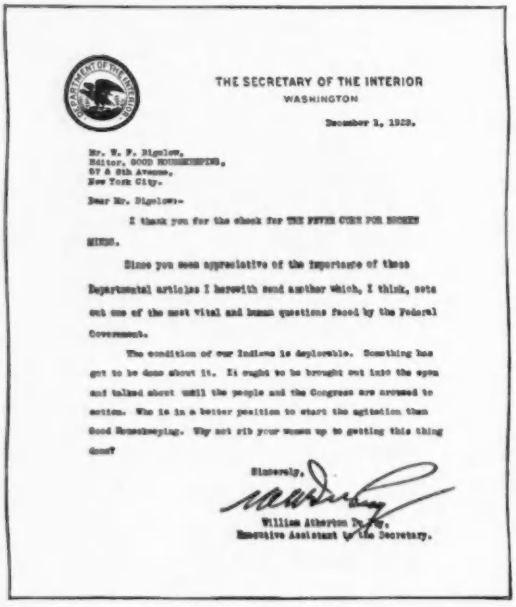
In using advertisements see page 6

Child Health Day

The President Will Proclaim It

WE NEVER consider it a duty to call our readers' attention to any movement that is afoot for bettering child life in America; we count it a privilege and are grateful for the opportunity. We are so careless about so many things in this prodigal age, we squander our resources, both natural and acquired, so recklessly, that we are, at times, prone to overlook the obligations we owe to the children who are to be the nation of tomorrow. And so, it seems, we occasionally need to be reminded of these things, lest they be not given the attention they deserve. That is why we bring to you this month the American Child Health Association's "call" for May Day—Child Health Day:

"To Mr. Herbert Hoover, as President of the United States, May Day, 1929, brings the opportunity to proclaim with the voice of highest authority that May Day is Child Health Day, and to call us urgently to consider what we have done for the children of America in the past year and what we should do in the new one. From other Presidents, Child Health Day messages were given to the American people as voluntary expressions of concern for the welfare of children. But in May, 1928, the Congress of the United States passed a joint resolution which established May 1 forever as Child Health Day and called upon the President to proclaim it annually to the people. Therefore, when Mr. Hoover does this, he will speak not only voluntarily, as he has spoken in the past, but obediently to the will of the people as manifested through Congress.



THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON

December 3, 1928.

Mr. W. F. Bigelow,
Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING,
57 & 8th Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

I thank you for the check for THE FEVER CURE FOR HUMAN MINDS.

Since you seem appreciative of the importance of these Departmental articles I herewith send another which, I think, sets out one of the most vital and human questions faced by the Federal Government.

The condition of our Indians is deplorable. Something has got to be done about it. It ought to be brought out into the open and talked about until the people and the Congress are aroused to action. Who is in a better position to start the agitation than Good Housekeeping. Why not rib your women up to getting this thing done?

Sincerely,

William Atherton DeLany,
Executive Assistant to the Secretary.

The Child's Birthright

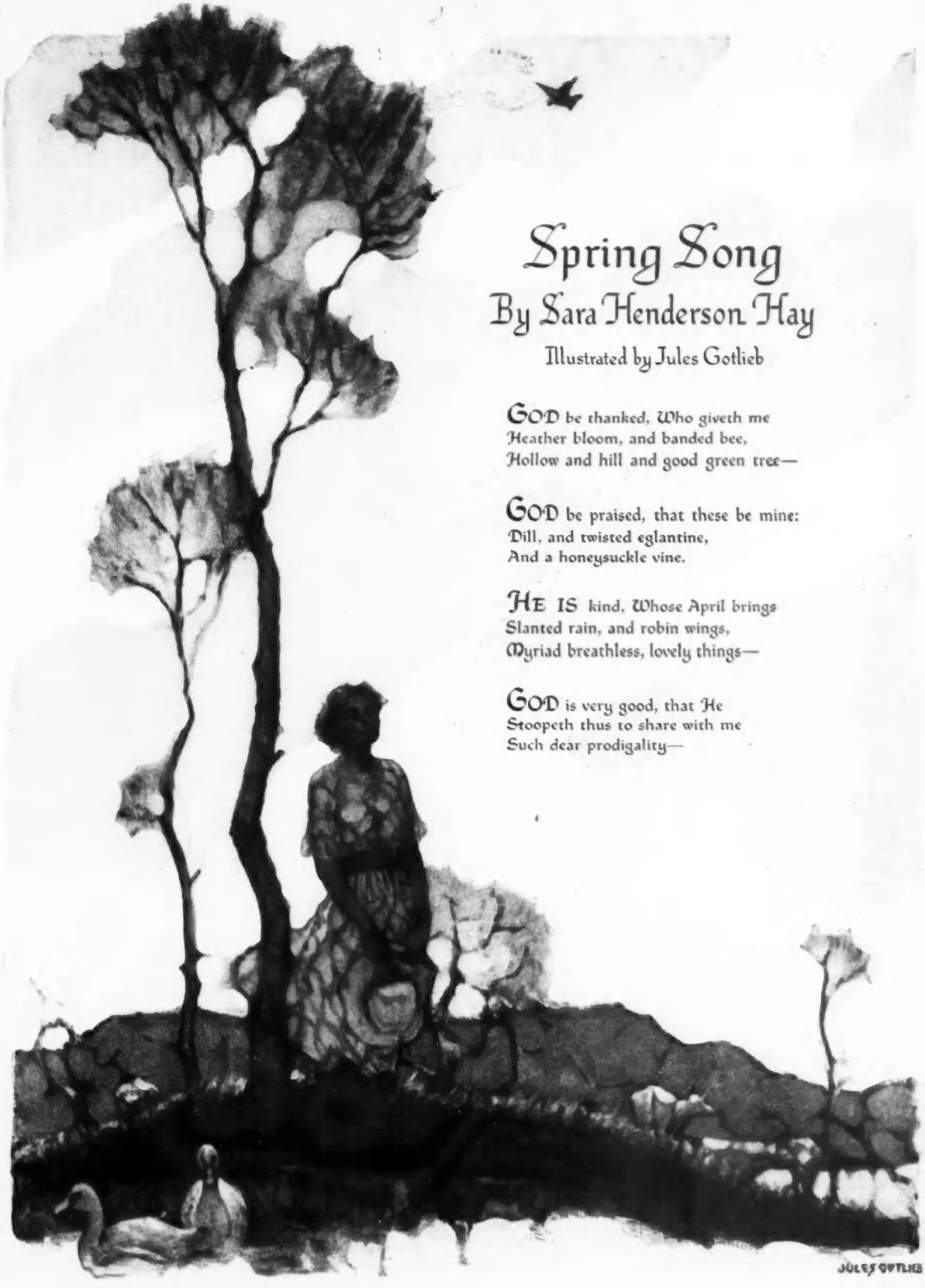
"IN HIS capacity as President of the American Child Health Association, Mr. Hoover challenged us to the cause of May Day—Child Health Day when he said, 'Everywhere this day let thoughtful people renew their efforts to assure to every child the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body.' Again he did so when he enunciated the articles of the Child's Bill of Rights, and when he approved the trenchant words of the seal of the American Child Health Association that tells us, 'The health of the child is the strength of the nation.' On May Day—Child Health Day, 1929, the nation again considers how far we have gone in assuring to children a sound mind in a sound body and what particular and new health problem the children and youth of America lay before us to be considered and solved. We are called upon to strengthen and expand all the work that has already been begun through which infant and maternal mortality is being reduced, young children are being freed from remedial defects and protected against communicable diseases, and all children of all ages are being taught and trained in habits and attitudes of health. To the work that produces these results, May Day—Child Health Day, 1929, offers increased impetus, as it stirs the imagination of the country by holding before us all the vision of every child made and kept sound and beautiful in body, mind, and spirit."

The Indian Question

AT THE request of Commissioner Burke, whose conduct of the Indian Bureau has been criticized by Miss Connolly—and by scores of reputable witnesses before the Senate committee investigating this same matter—the third article in Miss Connolly's series has been withheld from this issue. The Commissioner claims that we have been unfair to him in not giving him an opportunity to reply to the criticism of the Bureau, and further charges Miss Connolly with misrepresentation. We are convinced that our articles have not misrepresented conditions as they existed in August of last year, and there is no reason for believing that, except in a few instances, conditions are any better today. But we would not knowingly be unfair to any man, least of all the head of a great department of the Government. We have therefore turned over our material to an impartial judge, who will give the Indian Bureau an opportunity to explain what the evidence means if it does not mean betrayal of a great trust. Publication of the third article will be deferred for the judge's report. In the meantime we hope that our readers will not lose interest in the Indians. That all is not right with them we know. In this connection please note the letter reproduced herewith and this brief quotation from a letter received from a former governor of North Dakota, the Honorable J. M. Devine:

"Have long been interested in our Indians and the deplorable conditions which exist and have existed on their reservations for more than half a century. I very much hope that article will touch the heart of the nation and that every member of the Senate and House, at Washington, D. C., will read it. National, dependable, corrective legislation must be enacted and promptly in behalf of this great race of people, or it will be forever too late."

May we not hope that May Day—Child Health Day, 1929, will have a message also for the children of our first Americans?

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

Spring Song

By Sara Henderson Hay

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

GOD be thanked, Who giveth me
Heather bloom, and banded bee,
Hollow and hill and good green tree—

GOD be praised, that these be mine:
Dill, and twisted eglantine,
And a honeysuckle vine.

HE IS kind, Whose April brings
Slanted rain, and robin wings,
Myriad breathless, lovely things—

GOD is very good, that He
Stoopeth thus to share with me
Such dear prodigality—

AROUND

Beginning GEORGE WESTON'S

Delightful—And Mysterious—Story of A Girl who Went In Search of a Name

FOR three-quarters of a century—which is a long time in New York—the Van Heusens had lived in the same house on lower Fifth Avenue.

As the years rolled by, the old family residence had become surrounded by towering apartment houses, but even between these perpendicular cliffs, it still preserved some measure of its ancient and dignified composure.

This dignity—this composure—was partly achieved by the iron railing which protected its lawn, and partly by the letter-drop and knocker on the door. These latter two pieces of brass had been polished every week-day morning since the house had first been occupied, and on the dullest of days they shone with a stored-up brilliancy—as the earth in the dead of winter is said to be still giving up its latent heat.

They were shining thus, on a dull but modern October morning, when a taxi stopped in front of the railing and a few moments later Judge Stuyvesant—head of the legal firm of Stuyvesant, Ogden & Ritchie—was striding through the gate.

"God bless my soul!" he muttered as he rang the bell. "Just as we always feared, though. I must see the doctor myself today and have my pressure tested."

The door was opened by an ancient servant—one of the type for whom checked-gingham dresses and white-cotton stockings are still listed among items of current manufacture.

"Miss Celia's in the library," she said. "You're to go right in, sir."

"Thank you, Annie."

As Judge Stuyvesant entered the library, a quiet young girl turned from the window and faced him. She had been crying, but that was in the past. Indeed, as the Judge shook hands with her, she tried to smile—as one will, even in times of trouble, when greeting a tried old friend.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," he said, "but the *Leviathan* only docked this morning. I stopped at the office for a few minutes and then came right over. But—ah—she was buried yesterday, I understand?"

"Yes," said the girl, her voice slightly husky. "It was very sudden. Doctor Buchanan said it was her heart. We always had to be careful, you know."

The Judge almost absently nodded. He would certainly see the doctor himself that day. Pressure crept up on one. Before you knew it, you were hovering dangerously around two hundred, and then—a quick climb of a flight of stairs—or even bending over to tie a shoe-lace—!

"You say it was sudden?" he asked.

"Yes. She was in her sitting-room upstairs. Doctor Buchanan told me to keep the door locked—so you would see how it happened when you returned."

Unconsciously Judge Stuyvesant was all

the WORLD

Illustrated

By W. G. Ratterman

"Celia," said the Judge in a tone unusually grave even for him, "was Mrs. Van Heusen's granddaughter."
"She'll have to prove it," said Mrs. Blanchard quickly

attention—his absent-minded musings vanishing from his mind like so much mist before the sun. "So *I* could see how it happened?" he asked.

"Yes," said Celia in her quiet voice.

"Don't *you* know how it happened?"

"We can guess—that's all," she said. "I was up early last Wednesday morning, and at nine o'clock I asked Annie if Mrs. Van Heusen was down yet.

"Annie said: 'No; I guess she's sleeping late. When I rapped on the door with the coffee, she didn't answer. I guess she's having a good night's sleep for a change.' "

"She hadn't been sleeping well then?"

"Very poorly. So I waited till half past nine, and then I went up and found her. In a chair in her sitting-room," she added in a quieter tone. And, her voice still diminishing, "—Where she'd been all night . . ."

"You mean—ah—it had happened the night before?"

"Yes, sir. At least the doctor said so. On Tuesday night, I remember, she went upstairs about ten o'clock. There's an open fireplace in her room — and that's where we found her the next morning," continued Celia, her voice again diminishing, "sitting in front of the fireplace—with a tin box in her lap."

"A tin box?" quickly asked the Judge, as if it were highly important. "What kind of tin box?"

"The one she kept her papers in. From the ashes on the hearth, the doctor thinks she had been burning some old letters when the end came. Perhaps she had been bending over, he thought."

At the mention of the tin box and the fire, the Judge's expression, always grave, had taken upon itself an added seriousness. "I don't like that," he said. "When I stopped at the office just now, Mr. Ogden

"She had evidently been burning old papers as she sat here. Old letters, from the look of the ash. There—that was her will. I know it from what is left of the binding"

told me that Mrs. Van Heusen had called to see him the day before she died, regarding the making of a new will. But if she burned the old one before the new one was ready—!"

He suddenly rose, evidently in growing concern. "Let's go upstairs and see what we can find . . ."

CHAPTER 11

MEANWHILE Annie of the white-cotton stockings had gone down into the basement kitchen to see what *she* could find.

"The Judge is here at last," she said, guiding her old steps to the cupboard. "I'm going to mash a pot of tea, and we'll have a look what the tea-leaves say in the bottom of the cups."

Catharine, the cook, was peeling potatoes. She and Annie were about of an age—that age when the spring has departed from the knees, and one remembers events long past more clearly than the things which happened yesterday. But Margaret, the laundress, was younger. She still made an effort to hide the gray in her hair, and put a ring beneath her pillow every Hallowe'en.

"He's gone upstairs," continued Annie, sifting the tea into the pot with a liberal hand. "He'll take charge of things from now on."

"Ah," said Catharine, peeling on as though with the inexorable hand of fate. "He did the same when Miss Celia's father died."

"I remember old Mr. Van. Heusen—the husband of her that was buried yesterday," remarked Annie, pouring boiling water into the pot. "Only he wasn't so old then—and I wasn't either; a girl, you might say, just out of my teens—"

"That was before my time," said Catharine.

"I know it was," said Annie. "The cook then was a German girl. And not a bad cook either, except for her pie-crust, and on raw, wet days I can still feel that between my shoulder-blades. But what was I talking about?"

"About old Mr. Van Heusen," said Margaret, "husband of her that'll never use this table-cloth again."

"Ah, yes," said Annie. "He was about forty then, and I was less than twenty—a pretty, blue-eyed, little thing, my Uncle Malachi used to call me, and hoping for the day to come when some day I might have a kitchen—aye, and servants—of my own."

Whereupon she and Catharine both drew unconscious sighs—two gray-haired daughters of time and circumstance who had nevertheless chased their fairy butterflies and dreamed their golden dreams.

"One day," continued Annie, "when the mistress was out, Mr. Van Heusen rang for me to see if I could find the morning paper. And after I had looked for a while, he said, 'Come here,' he said, 'for I perceive that you are more interesting than anything I could find in the morning paper.' "

"Ah," said Catharine. "A gentleman, mind you—even in that—"

"And then," continued Annie, "what did he do but try to kiss me?"

"Ah," said Catharine. "Listen to that now. Be careful, Margaret, or you'll scorch the cloth."

"And what did *I* do?" continued Annie. "I slapped him! Slapped him so hard that every fingerprint showed across his face! And after that he left me alone, but believe me," she added darkly, "there weren't many who slapped him. I heard him talking over the 'phone too many times when he thought nobody was listening—ah, and so did she that was carried away yesterday to her last long rest!"

Catharine presently poured the potatoes into

a saucepan and reached over the table for a chopping bowl. "He was before my time," she said. "But you can't tell me anything about Master Robert."

"Master Robert?" asked Margaret. "Who was he?"

Catharine lifted her eyes to the ceiling for a moment. "Her son," she said.

"And a chip off the old block, if ever there was one," said Annie. "A dark, handsome young rascal. I wish I had a dollar for every tear his mother shed over him—even before he went to college."

"Do you remember that Brierson girl?" asked Catharine.

"And that Mrs. What's-her-Name with the dimple in her chin, who later had her picture in the paper?"

"And that English lady of title that he met in India—the first time he went around the world?"

Margaret put the finished tablecloth on one side and frankly left the napkins alone. "Around the world?" she said. "Was he a traveler, then?"

"Ah," said Catharine, chopping away at an onion, her head averted. "That's how he kept it up so long. He kissed and ran away."

"But he didn't always run away," said Annie with deep significance. "Or if he did, there was one who ran away with him."

Catharine kept on chopping.

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret.

"You'd better get on with those napkins," Catharine warned her.

"Don't you worry about these napkins," said Margaret. And again to Annie, "What do you mean?"

Annie, though, was silent, and in silence she went to the cupboard and brought out three cups and saucers.

"I knew your tongue was running away with you," Catharine told her.

"Don't you worry about my tongue," said Annie. "The truth's the truth. 'Tell the truth and shame the devil,' my Uncle Malachi used to say."

"Ah, I've heard that before."

"Yes," said Annie, "and perhaps you've heard this before." Turning to Margaret, she continued: "When Master Robert had run through the ready money that his father had left him, he didn't turn up for a couple of years. And then one night, there was a ring of the area bell. I went to the door myself, Catharine being busy at the stove, and at first I thought it was a ghost, God help us! but when he spoke I saw it was Master Robert."

"Ah, the things that happen in a lifetime," sighed Catharine, wiping her eyes from the onion. "We got him in, I remember—Annie and me—and we fed him—"

"Talking in whispers all the while so his mother wouldn't hear us," said Annie, almost whispering herself as she told it. "We kept a butler in those days—an Englishman named Symons—Symons was upstairs, I remember, laying the table for dinner."

"There was company that night," said Catharine. "Seven courses not counting the salad, and the top of my stove was so full of pots that you couldn't see the blacking for lids."

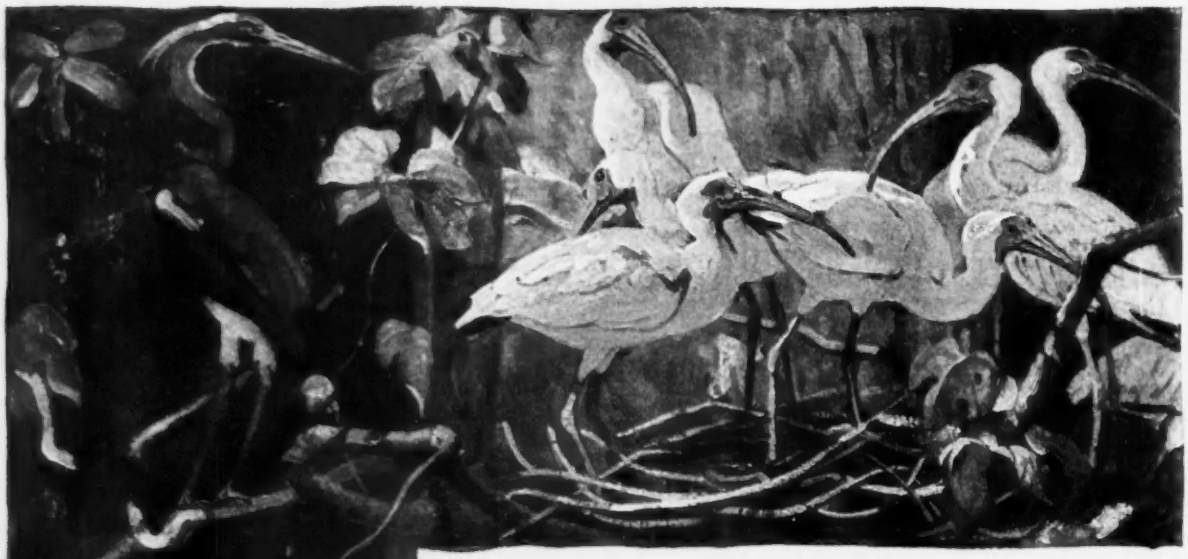
"And just as the soup went up the dumbwaiter, Master Robert slumped over the table, and there he was. Clean out of his head and seeming to think he was back on a ship again."

At this, both Annie and Catharine paused for breath and inward contemplation. Margaret, her ironing forgotten, seemed glad for the chance to catch her breath, too.

"What did you do then?" she asked. "Call the Old Lady?"

(Continued on page 118)

"We got him in, and we fed him—but suddenly Master Robert slumped over the table. Clean out of his head, and seeming to think he was on a ship again"



The Enchanted

An Exquisite Article By a Writer Who Shows that It May be Your Kingdom, Too

Illustrated by

I HAD been walking for a long while through an unbroken forest. It was a beautiful forest, composed principally of pines, and the two things that are most desirable in a pine forest had kept me company—sunlight and wind. It was not a strong wind, but a breeze just vigorous enough to sway the tall, slender trees gently and awaken their soft, mystical voices, so that all day long they were singing their low, crooning, unearthly song.

There were no flowers as yet, and no bird notes were to be heard, but I did not miss them or regret their absence. Only the softer rays of the sun filtered down through the high, green roof overhead to spread a misty, translucent beauty over the temple-like interior of the woods. In the straight, tall trunks of the pines were purple and lilac and lavender hues so delicately lovely that a bright flower or bird in that dim, exquisitely tinted setting would have been incongruous and perhaps displeasing to the eye; while any loud bird song, no matter how clear-toned or melodious, striking across the low, continuous harmony of the pines, must have seemed an alien and discordant voice. So to me, on this afternoon, the lifelessness of the forest—or, rather, its seeming lifelessness—was not a thing to be lamented.

This was no place or hour for those small shapes and voices of the feathered world which dart restlessly from twig to twig about their small affairs and fill the air with lively converse about inconsequential matters. Here one had a sense of the life beyond the life that we know—that mighty power or presence which is behind all visible nature and of which we are aware only in rare moments when the mystery of nature seems to pervade and possess the spirit. It was, in the main, the low, mysterious, unceasing music of the pine forest which was responsible for this mood—that music which came from everywhere and from nowhere, as though it had no earthly origin but sprang from disembodied, elusive beings floating invisible through the long, misty cathedral aisles of the woods.

I passed slowly down those dim, colonnaded aisles. The thick carpet of pine straw hushed the sound of my footfalls, and I moved carefully so that no twig snapped

Over all that day, in the hidden para- home, the glamour of an old enchant- world of the woods had come true: I was I had passed in an instant through the

KINGDOM

Herbert Ravenel Sass

James E. Allen

under my feet, for, as always at such times, it seemed to me that any sharp, sudden noise would be almost a disaster. Yet, though the spell of the forest was strong and seemed to lift me into a remote, tranquil world where all the little concerns of life were forgotten, my senses were keenly alert. Again and again, like a finger tapping on a window pane, a thought kept knocking at the back door of my mind—the thought that invisible eyes were watching, that unseen ears were listening.

It was a familiar feeling, and yet one to which I had never grown accustomed, this sense of surveillance, this feeling that I was being watched; and in that secluded, solitary place, where no voice of any living thing was to be heard but only the solemn, unearthly harmony of the pines, it thrilled me strangely. Empty as those woods appeared to be, I knew that they were the home of an abundant wild life, the haunt of deer, wild turkeys, bay lynxes or wildcats, and gray foxes. Here and there under the trees were low, dense thickets of bushes and vines—myrtle, gallberry, bay, smilax, jessamine, and other small evergreen growths. I had passed many of these coverts, sometimes skirting their edges closely, but I knew that it would be useless to enter them because, long before I could penetrate their outer defenses, any wild creature lurking there would make its escape on the other side of the thicket. Nevertheless, as that feeling that I was being watched took firmer hold upon me, I scanned with a more intense interest the thickets which I passed; and at last, yielding to a strong, insistent prompting which refused to be dismissed, I turned sharply to the left and made my way with redoubled caution towards a clump of myrtle bushes at the edge of a small, gently sloping opening in the pine wood.

It was not an especially promising place for an adventure. The clump of myrtles was too small and too far removed from any other covert to be a likely hiding place for a deer or a lynx, and just behind it the woods fell away, forming a sunny glade smoothly carpeted with pine straw and surrounded by the tall, straight boles of the pines. In fact, as I approached the spot, I realized that my hope of surprising one of the larger and (*Continued on page 310*)

dise of birds which was the white ibises' ment was spread. Again my dream- in the midst of its wildness and mystery. portals of my enchanted kingdom

"WHAT does a tot like yourself know of this Jesus?" the woman asked gently. "It is my leg," the little boy told her in a small voice. "I have been crippled since birth. But I have faith to believe that the Man named Jesus will heal me"

The HEM of HIS Garment

By Margaret E. Sangster

A Story of Faith

Illustrated By F. R. Gruger

THE little boy put up a thin, small hand to cover the trembling of his mouth. For the way had been long and dusty, and the road had been harsh with stones. Of course he hadn't minded the long hours and the dust. Not too dreadfully—not while he could tell himself that the Man called Jesus would be waiting at the end of the journey. He hadn't even minded the harsh stones—although they caught cruelly at his crutch. Not while he had been striving toward the village in which they had told him that the Man called Jesus would pause—would pause to rest, and to preach, and to bless those who came to Him in agony of soul or mind or body.

But now—now it was all different! It had been different ever since the little boy had come upon the straggling outskirts of the village. For even about the few houses clustered together, there at the town's beginning, there had been an air of anti-climax. One could sense, from the very beaten quality of the road at that point, that something had happened. That something had gone on. As the little boy limped painfully past the first of the houses, he saw another little boy, running through the tall grass after a dog. He called out to that little boy.

"Hi!" he called. And then, *"You have seen Him?"*

The little boy who could run gave over his pursuit of the dog, and crowded close to the stranger child.

"You hurt yourself?" he asked. And: "Where do you live, anyway? What kind o' wood is that crutch made of? Can I try walking with it?"

But the little boy who could not run clung to his crutch fiercely. Almost, at that moment, it seemed his only friend.

"Has He been here?" he questioned again. "The Man, I mean, that they call Jesus? Has He been here?"

The second little boy made answer, and suddenly his eyes were wide and soft. "He sat by the roadside," told the second little boy. "He wore white clothes. He had such strong hands—but they were more gentle than my mother's hands!"

The little boy who carried the crutch asked a swift question. "How do you know?" he questioned. "How do you know that His hands were so gentle?"

The second little boy was fondling the dog that had come bounding to his side. His eyes were still wide and soft. "He put them on my head—His hands—" answered the second little boy. "The men who were with Him, they tried to drive us away. 'Too many children—' one of them said. But the Jesus-man, He wouldn't let the other men frighten us. 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' He told the other men, 'and forbid them not. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!' What," the second little boy was asking the question, this time, "what is 'the Kingdom of Heaven'?"

The little boy with the crutch did not answer the question. For, with his tired face seeming more white and wan than ever, he was leaning forward. "But where," he wanted to know, "where has He gone now? Where, now, is the Man called Jesus?"

The second little boy answered readily. "After he had talked to the crowd of grown-up people," answered the child, "after He had blessed *us*, He went on with the men who tried to send us away. My mother said He was gone to Jer-usalem—Jerusalem is a city. Why—" the second little boy was staring into the face of the boy with the crutch—"Why, what's the matter? Don't you feel well? You look so strange."

But the little boy with the crutch had nothing more to ask—or to say. For his free hand was creeping up to cover the uncontrollable trembling of his mouth. He couldn't speak, not just then, for he wasn't very big, and the disappointment was too keen.

And so, after a moment, the other little boy ran off in pursuit of a golden butterfly. And his dog followed after him, barking joyously.

For almost three years, now, the little lame boy had heard stories of the Man called Jesus. Stories that seemed always too lovely to be true. Stories of sick people whom this Man had made well. Stories of broken people who, all in a second, had been made whole. There was something about a little girl who had *stopped*. Had been what people call dead. And it was said that the Man called Jesus had lifted her from her bed, and set her upon her feet, and let her run off again into a playtime world.

The little boy hadn't believed the stories at first. Hardly anybody had believed them. People had laughed about it and made scornful sounds deep in their throats. Even the little boy's mother had laughed—even his father had made sounds of scorn.

The little boy had, at the beginning, echoed the feelings of his parents. Until he had heard of a man who had never walked. A man who had never hoped to walk. And who—despite even a lack of hope—had answered with ready feet the summons of this Jesus.

After that the little boy had never laughed again. He had never again made scornful sounds. And once—once at the meal-time table—where he and his mother and his father had been eating their soup and their black bread—he had dared to speak.

"If I might see the Man called Jesus—" he began, "if the Man called Jesus might see me—"

The little boy's father paused in the dishing up of the soup. "He might make that leg of yours whole—eh?" questioned the little boy's father. And the corner of his mouth quirked into a sneer.

The little boy's mother spoke sharply. "Do not be unkind to the child," she chided her husband. And then, to the little boy:

"Your leg has been so," she said, "since birth. It will be so until—death. It is Fate."

THE FIRST CROCUS

By John Richard Moreland

I FOUND *a purple flower beside*
The crumbling shelter
Of a wall
Ere I had thought the winter done,
Or heard the robin's cheery call.

AND *at the sight of broken loam*
By that small flower
Of amethyst,
I glimpsed the open sepulchre,
And saw again the risen Christ!

Without quite knowing why he did it, the little boy was falling to his small, unsteady knees. Was folding tiny hands as the Man's hands were folded

The little boy choked over his soup. And then: "The man called Jesus has done what are called miracles," he said, and he spoke directly to his mother. "Surely, if He so willed it, I could be like other children. I, too, could romp and play, as they do. I, too, could grow to be a strong man!"

But the father was biting savagely into a crust, and he answered with his mouth full.

"The Man called Jesus—" he said, "will be at the next village tomorrow. To speak," he laughed, "to those who care to listen. The village—it is only five miles hence. Walk there, with your withered leg and your crutch, and see Him, if you must. And if you can make the town with your small strength, that will be miracle enough."

Something splashed down into the little boy's soup. For his head was bent low above his bowl. But the child's voice was steady when he answered.

"I will start," he said, "at sunrise. And mother will pack me a luncheon of bread and meat . . ."

AND so the little boy had started at sunrise. The mother, standing in the doorway to see him make his halting progress down the road, had shaken her head over his determination—and her own lack of faith.

"I should have stayed him," she told her husband later in the day. "It will be just another cruel disappointment."

But the little boy had walked through the dust and among the stones of the road. And the time of that walk seemed neither long nor lonely nor hard. Because beside him walked in spirit the people whom the Man called Jesus had made well. And among them was a laughing little girl . . .

IT HAD been five miles to the town. The town that might so easily have been the coming true of a dream. As the little boy dragged his way wearily along the road that was beginning to lead between homes, he felt the ache of a great sorrow. For everywhere about he could see sights that pointed to the visit of the Man called Jesus. The trampled grass, the beaten-down dust of the highway, the sold-out emptiness of the market place. There had been a multitude in the town—oh, certainly. But the multitude had dispersed. Because the Man called Jesus had vanished.

But all at once the little boy was remembering what the other child had told him! The Man called Jesus *had not vanished*. He had gone on to a city called Jerusalem. And Jerusalem, after all, might be reached in time—if one had but courage, and a stout crutch!

And so the little boy—with his small face set into white, tense lines of pain, came through the town. Walking laboriously in the path that Jesus had traveled only a few hours earlier. Perhaps the blunt end of his crutch fitted, at times, into the very hollow of a blessed footprint. Who knows?

TO STRONG men, marching strongly, the journey to Jerusalem was an easy one, accomplished in a comparatively short space of time. To a little boy with a fragile body and a dragging foot, the journey was a tortuous one, and the days spent

Was praying to Someone Whom he did not know and Whom he could not see: "Oh," he prayed, "let Him be happy! Who has made so many others happy!"

in it seemed nearly endless. He had no hope of overtaking the Man called Jesus—even though he knew well that the Man and His disciples would stop often to pray and to talk to the ever-increasing crowds. For the little boy also knew that when those brisk feet were walking, they would cover swift miles, ever widening the gap between them.

And yet always the little boy knew—knew in ways other than the signposts that pointed to the city of his quest—that Jesus had passed along the road that he now traveled. There were so many visible signs of His passing. Just as in the first town there had been signs. There was a woman who, one morning, gave him a crust of bread and a sup of milk. She had been a leper, she told him, all her life. Until only the day before.

"And then," she told the little boy, "a Man came striding down the path. And He laid His fingers on my brow. And suddenly—suddenly *my fingers were clean.* And in my wonder I forgot to thank Him."

There was the woman who had been a leper. And there were other men and women—yes, and little children—who sang the praises of Jesus. Who said His prayers. Who spoke of His miracles. When these people spoke, the little boy listened. And with them he broke bread. For they were generous to a lonely child—these people who had seen the light of the real generosity.

But, oh, there were others! As he came into the larger towns, the little boy was conscious of groups that stood together near temples and whispered with dark, angry eyes intent and heads bowed low. He saw, often, soldiers in knots, close together. Soldiers in shining armor who spoke in a strange tongue. Some of these soldiers laughed with an odd quirk of the mouth, as his father had laughed. Some of them were grave. The little boy hurried, as fast as his ebbing strength would permit, past these soldiers. He feared them—not only because of their strength, but because of the tones in which they spoke words that he could not understand.

A long journey for any child—the journey down to Jerusalem! An especially harsh journey for a little lame boy. Not that people passing did not give the child a lift whenever possible. Once, for a couple of hours, a friendly caravan made a place for him—for another hour he rode on the saddle bow in front of a silent, kind merchant. And there were shorter rides, too—that sometimes cut away a mile or two of road—rides in ox-carts and upon the backs of patient little donkeys. People were kind to a child, traveling alone—when the child would let them be kind. For with grown-ups the little boy was suddenly silent. One could not always tell, you see, which grown-ups would be radiant at the mention of the Man called Jesus. One never knew which grown-ups would curse at the sound of His name.

The nights were, all in all, harder than the days. For the days were sunny and warm—and the skies were bright above him. And there were always folk upon the road who would help a little boy over a bad mile, or would give him food without even waiting to be asked. But the nights—spent in a shed, under a haystack, in the shadow of a hedge! When tree shapes were (*Continued on page 332*)

Places

That You Will Surely Want to See, Now That

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Has Told You How Nice They Are

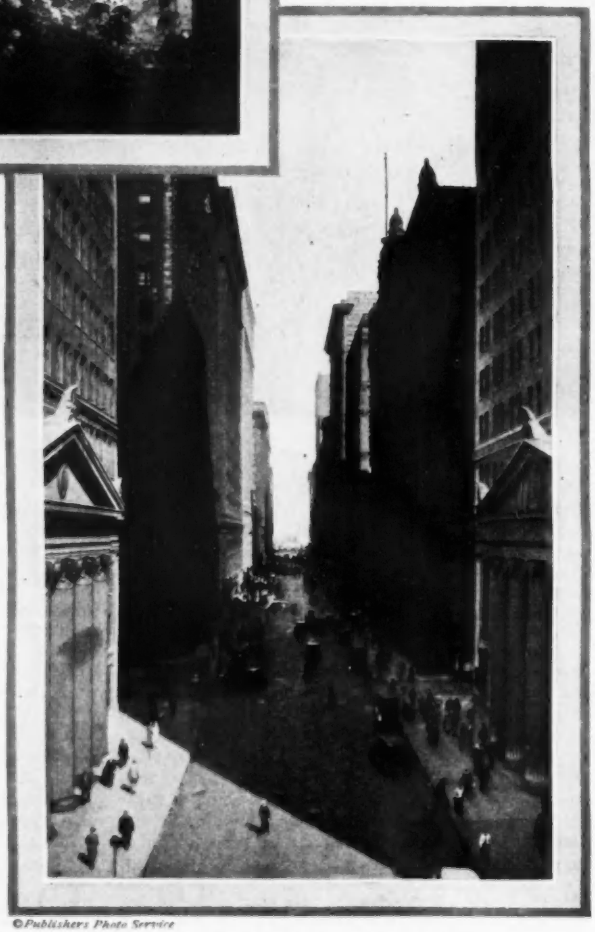
Photograph by P. P. S.

Victoria is softly green and decently British—Parliament Building and all that sort of thing. Gateway to a vacation paradise

IV

I WAS a lucky child. My father was always hitching up "Big Dick"—that was our horse—and going somewhere to see the world. It made no difference to Father that he seldom got beyond a twenty-five-mile radius. He didn't aim to be a Lindbergh. What Father wanted was a new face against a new background, a new person in a new place. And he got it by joining the traffic and seeing the world.

On Saturday, which was a half-holiday for Father and a whole one for me, we frequently went as far as Boston and spent the afternoon at Keith's. Father was nervous during the performance of the lady acrobat. He always *said* she was a man dressed up to look like a woman. I never could understand what he meant, for the person—whoever he or she was—wore blue silk tights, which wasn't dressing like any woman I knew or Father should have known. But anyhow we had a fine afternoon. And between train time and the acrobatic turn, I saw a good deal of old Boston.



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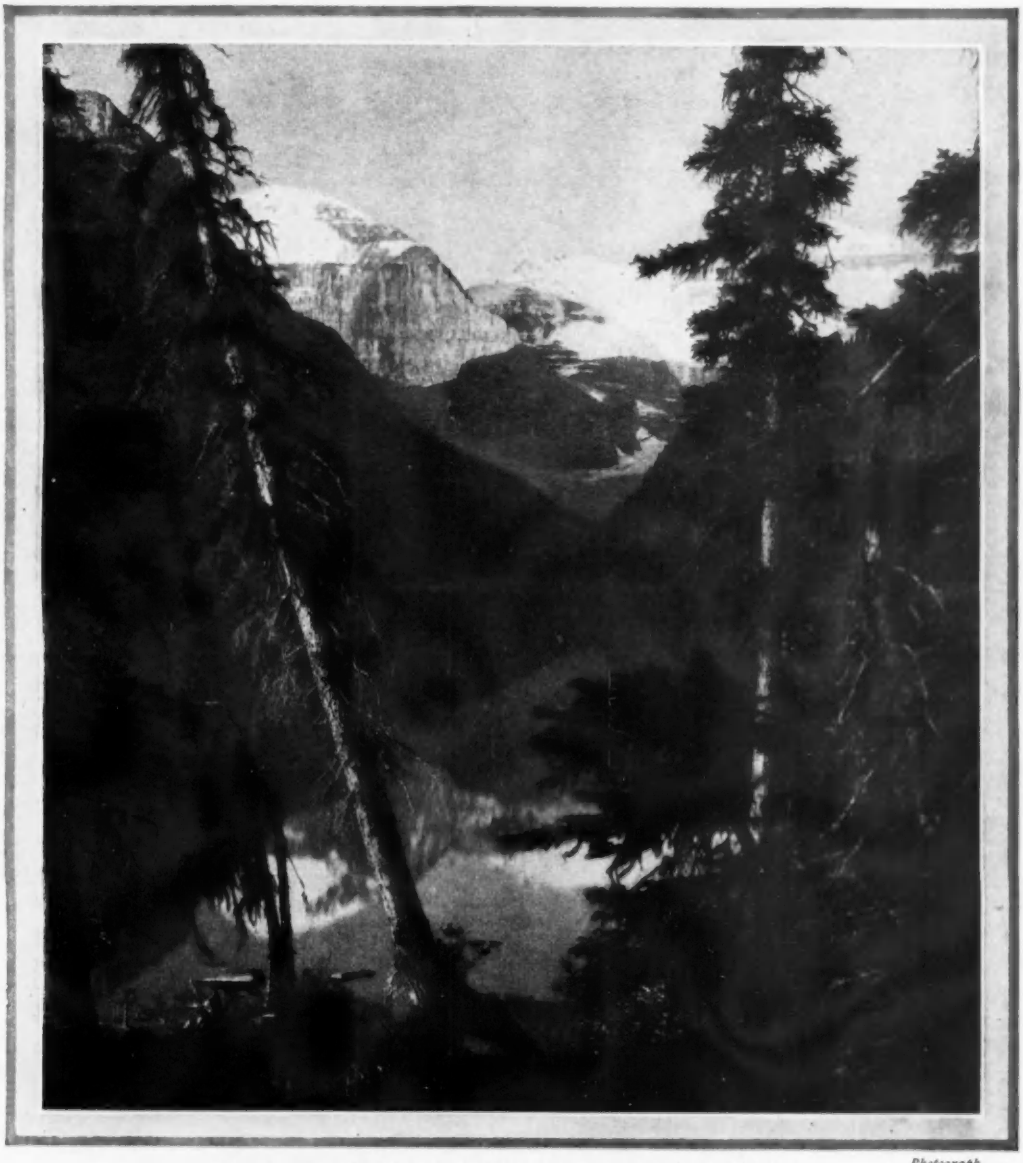
Less than a hundred years ago Chicago was a frontier town of 4000 inhabitants; fifty years ago it was a flaming ruin; today it is the second largest city in the United States

It's a grand place. Not just the Boston that Father showed me—the city of the Common and the Hill—but the Boston that knows no municipal boundary line: that stretches southward along the stern but not so rock-bound coast to Plymouth, northward through parkways and past roller-coasters to Salem and Marblehead and Gloucester, and westward over the highway used by Paul Revere to the historic villages of Concord and Lexington.

The road to Plymouth is sprinkled with Puritan and Colonial raindrops: Quincy, where John Adams and John Quincy Adams were born—where Dorothy Quincy married John Hancock; Hingham—where stands the oldest sanctuary in America in which services are regularly held; Scituate—where the Old Oaken Bucket still hangs in the well; and Marshfield—home of Daniel Webster and his bones.

Plain old New England towns, these—with filling stations and all that sort of thing. The least of them would make the tourist fortune of any part of the country except New England. But with Boston as a starting point and Plymouth as a goal, the great majority of sight-seeing visitors go honk-honking along with scanty thought for Adams and Quincy or Webster and the Bucket.



Lake Louise is the birthplace of the spectrum, the place which the rainbow calls home. A Grand Canyon reflected in a Lake Lucerne

Photograph By Ewing Galloway

The Standish Monument and the Alden home stop the procession on the outskirts of Plymouth. These two are among the great Puritan landmarks in spite of the fact that neither Miles Standish nor John Alden was a Puritan. Miles was a soldier out of a job. He made small secret of the fact that he just came along for the ride. John was a cooper who hired himself out to the Fathers on their promise that he might return to Europe with the ship. But neither counted—and of course the Fathers didn't!—on Priscilla Mullins. John stayed. And so did the Captain. And, thanks to the poet, they still hold the center of the Plymouth stage.

Except, of course, for the Rock.

When I first went to Plymouth, the Rock was exposed, as rocks should be, to wind and weather and wave; but now it lies cooped up in a near-Grecian, miniature temple, beautiful enough in itself but not exactly indigenous to the New England sands. What will these historical societies be doing next? Building a pergola across Niagara Falls? Or covering the Grand Canyon with a one-man top? Under its borrowed canopy Plymouth Rock looks as uncomfortable as the Pilgrim Fathers would have felt in a flappers' boarding school. But it is still the Rock—the most celebrated door-mat in the world.

Plymouth, itself, is a remarkably unspoiled town. And so—in spite of repeated invasions by Portuguese immigrants and New York artists—is—

Provincetown—where the town crier still cries, where the bayberry still grows, where piles of wreckage still lie suggestively about, where backbones of whales still protrude sphinx-like from the sand, and where sea captains still spin those yarns that put to shame the cotton mills of Lowell, Lawrence, and Fall River.

In Provincetown harbor, during the brief stay of the *Mayflower*, was born the first "native" of the new land, Peregrine White—so called because of the peregrinations of his parents. Mrs. White, less remembered than she should be for her part in this event, provided an excellent example of the fact that the race is not always to the swift. Her shipmate, Mrs. Hopkins, might have snatched her honors from her if little Oceanus Hopkins had not arrived a few nautical miles too soon!

Salem, "the strange, old-fashioned, silent town," is Boston with green grass growing all around. Chestnut Street is the most satisfying thoroughfare, architecturally speaking, in the New World. The Witch House—well, witches and Salem are as inseparable as Romeo and Juliet.

Marblehead waters are cheerfully bright with modern sailing craft and modern pleasure-seekers, but everything else in Marblehead is becomingly and solemnly old: Old Town House, Old Powder House, Old Gun House, Old Tavern, Old Brig, Old Burying Ground. The most useful thing in Marblehead town is that young-old painting, "The Spirit of '76." (*Continued on page 323*)

A Palm for VICTORY

Illustrated By Pruett Carter

"I nardly expected you were this morning It hurt! Oh, yes, it ling. "But we settled went to England," "There was to be

AS IT drew toward deep night, the wing chair holding Virginia seemed to shrink, to become not so protectingly high in the back, not so protectingly close on the sides. Yet the many candles comforted with the upward, steady pointing of their high and low flames. Virginia kept her eyes on the candles. She had collected them on the living-room table from every room in the apartment, the tall pink candles from her mother's dressing stand, the squat red candles from the dining-room mantel, the small green ones in the many-branching stems of brass from the library table.

Almost, with the lamps, these high and low flames banished shadows. They eased somehow the fear caused by her mother's not returning home. (Never before had she stayed away two whole nights in succession.) But if for a moment Virginia took her eyes from the candles, fear pounced from the corners and stirred the yellow telegram lying in her lap. That morning her father had sent her mother the telegram, and Lucille, the colored woman, had thought it best to open it. Virginia, after it had been read to her, had repeated it over and over until she knew it by heart.

"Arrive Chicago October 3rd. Telephone me Blackstone 10:30 morning or 11:30 night. Love. Jim."

Her mother had not come in time to telephone her father that morning, and now it seemed she might not be in time to telephone him at all. Yet Virginia was sure she was on her way, because the man in the primrose satin jacket had promised to find her. The night before, he had said to Virginia:

"I'll see that your mother comes home. You can depend upon that."

Then he had ridden away on his black horse that was so shining, almost as satin-smooth as the man's own primrose coat, and (the man in the satin coat as well as Mr. Jack Polling had said it) so swift.

Virginia wondered how the man on the horse would bring her mother without also bringing Mr. Jack Polling. It would be hardly polite, she thought, to leave Mr. Polling behind, considering that it was he who had invited her mother away with him.

Their going away had been exciting. It was brightly connected with a bar of sunlight across a portrait and with two hollows which a spoon had scooped in the orange-gold half of a cantaloup. On the morning of the going away, Virginia had waked early and wondered if she could venture to wake her mother. She had gone quietly and opened her mother's bedroom door and been arrested by the sun falling across her mother's portrait, which made a long panel between the room's two beds.

For some reason Virginia's father disliked this portrait. On those happy few occasions when he could be at home, he used to say, "The lady looks chilly." He would throw his shirt up on a corner of the portrait, or laden it with his pajama suit. Virginia used to laugh, until she discovered that it was her mother's bare, uplifted arms and bare, pirouetting legs that made in the portrait ascending and descending pink steeples from out a rosette of black

By Stella Ryan

The Story of a Little Girl Who Sat Through a Long Night Alone

to be so unkind as you over the telephone. hurt!" said Mr. Pol- all that before you said Virginia's mother. no more of anything"

chiffon. Virginia had come to learn that the portrait represented her mother in that mysterious, long-ago time when she had danced upon the stage with Mr. Polling.

Now the sun caught on the pink steeples all the uneven threads of paint, all the small folds and swirling lines. Virginia went to feel them, running her finger-tips across the pink toes.

Her mother's yawning voice said, "Leave a few toes, Ginny."

At sound of the voice Virginia leaped into the bed, crying:

"It's the most beautiful day. We could do something very wonderful."

Her mother laughed, putting her arms over her head to make a steeple like the picture's.

"Perhaps," said Virginia, "we could buy a horse."

"My goodness, no!" said her mother. "We have no place to put it."

"Then a dog," said Virginia.

"To tell you the truth, Ginny," said her mother, "I'm very poor this month. I shouldn't have bought that velvet coat or the blue dress. I don't need either of them. I don't know why I do such foolish things."

"But we ought to have something," said Virginia, "a horse or a dog or a cat or a duck or something."

Her mother laughed again. Virginia put her fingers on her throat the better to catch the silvery bubbling.

"I'll buy you a dog for your birthday," promised her mother. "Meantime there are squirrels in the park. We can go to the park and feed the squirrels."

"Then we'd better hurry," said Virginia. "I'll start the water."

She bounded from the bed into the bathroom to send a storm of water dashing into the tub. Suspecting her mother had not moved, she shouted above the din of the water.

"Oh, please hurry," adding "— before the telephone rings."

As though waiting to be mentioned, the telephone began to ring. Her mother leaned over and lifted it from the table, and Virginia listened intently for her laughter. Her mother's soft, pink mouth had in the depths of its under lip a dozen different kinds of laughter. Now, even though she laughed slowly, protestingly, catching the laugh almost before it came out, Virginia could tell because of its softness, its pleased, beguiling note, that she was talking to some man. There would be no trip to the park, no feeding of squirrels, because some man would come to take her mother out to lunch. She moved close to her mother, pressing against her, trying to remind her of the squirrels.

Suddenly her mother stopped laughing. She said into the telephone, "No, Jack, I won't." She quickly hung up the receiver, saying to Virginia, "For heaven's sake, turn off that water."

"Are we going to the park?" asked Virginia.

"As fast as we can get there," said her mother.

Giddy with happiness, Virginia ran to turn off the water, but her happiness dimmed a little at the sight of her mother coming with her big silver and crystal jar.

Apprehensively she asked, "You're not going to use your green bath salts, are you?"

"Don't be a goose," answered her mother, strewing handfuls of jade cubes into the lesser green of the water.

But Virginia could not help being apprehensive, for not only did her mother squander the jade cubes, but after the bath she put on her best chiffon tea-gown, worn only once before, whose folds held beautifully all the shades of strawberry ice-cream melting into raspberry ice.

"We're not going to the park," said Virginia.

"Of course, we are," insisted her mother, nevertheless taking the trouble to look in the dining-room mirror and to press more deeply into place the slight waves in her soft, yellow hair.

They sat down to breakfast. Virginia was now sure the doorbell would ring, and she was hardly settled in her chair when she heard its tinkling.

Lucille, the colored woman, who had been cooking for them only a few weeks, bent her grave, thin face into the room and said with awe in her voice, "It's Lord Tattenham."

"Let him come in here," her mother said and dropped a clattering spoon.

She told Virginia,

"Don't go away and leave me, Ginny."

Virginia leaned forward to catch sight of this noble-sounding person and saw it was only Mr. Jack Polling home again from England.

He came in just as usual, giving a little jerk of his head before he said hello, and immediately after saying it putting his hand up to smooth his hair that was so very dark and smooth on top and so very rough and silvery at the sides. Some of this rough silver always seemed to melt and run into Mr. Polling's eyes when he smiled.

That morning he did not smile. He said rather sternly, "If you derive your name from fields or meadows or woods, the things that make your substance, why not also derive a name from the things that take your substance away?"

The door opened and the black horse came in, said Virginia. The black horse lifted a fore foot Virginia's mother stood terrified. She began to

He sat down, saying, "I'm explaining the 'Tattenham.' Most of my substance vanished at that famous corner."

"Oh, Jack," said her mother, "you've lost again at the races!"

"Single-handed," said Mr. Polling, "I seem to have financed the Derby." He leaned across the table saying: "And yet in spite of that disaster I hardly expected you to be so unkind as you were this morning over the telephone. It hurt! Oh, yes, it hurt!"

"But we settled all that before you went to England," said her mother. "There was to be no more of anything."

"Haven't you been reading the papers, Anna May?"

"I don't know what you mean, Jack," said her mother, "but I can tell you are going to try to make me feel sorry for you. That's not fair."

He said: "You're wrong. People do not feel sorry for the permanently defeated. They save their sorrow for those slight mishaps that occur along the way of the inevitably successful. You know quite well I'm done for. A failure in London after a near failure in New York means the end."

"Don't be absurd," said her mother.

"You were a success in London," he reminded her. "You have no idea how overwhelming, how crushing, a failure there can be. The British audiences have such a genius for driving it in. They drove it into me with cabbages."

"You are ridiculous," she told him.

"Well, possibly they were only brussels sprouts." He picked up a spoon and, reaching absently, scooped a piece out of the orange-gold half of a melon.

"Won't you have some breakfast with

flicking his ears. "She's not here," and pawed until the screen fell over. weep. She said, "Perhaps, if I pray—"

us?" asked Virginia's mother sweetly.

"Thanks, I've had breakfast," he said. "It's the color of these melons that lures me into eating them." He scooped out another piece. "In spite of Tattenham and a failure on the English stage, I can still afford breakfasts."

"You are trying to make me appear rude," said Virginia's mother. "That isn't fair either."

"And if I took you to lunch," said Mr. Polling, "I would not embarrass you with the bill."

Her mother began to eat her melon very fast, saying nothing.

"It might interest you to know," said Mr. Polling, "that I am now living in one of those small oblongs called a hall bedroom. That, you understand, is to insure the proper housing and feeding of my car. I could, of course, give up the car, but I believed that in my present low estate, seeing how harmless I have become, you would take at least one more ride in it. It's still a very nice car."

Her mother continued to eat her melon.

"And it's downstairs now, waiting at your door."

"I'll go this once," said her mother, "if you'll take Ginny, too."

The silver ran into Mr. Polling's eyes, but he said sadly, "It's such a long time since you've been out in my car, you forget it seats only two."

"But there's a rumble seat," said her mother.

"But remember my hall bedroom. The rumble seat is an annex to the hall bedroom. It holds all the remnants of my prosperity, the things that won't fit in a bureau, or on a table top, or on the seat of a single chair."

Mr. Polling smiled at Ginny.

"I'm very sorry," he told her, "but while your mother's getting ready I'll try to make up for the smallness of my car by telling you a story. What kind of story would you like?"

"About horses," said Virginia.

So while he was waiting for her mother, Mr. Polling told Virginia an old tale of how, long ago, an American horse had almost won the Derby. When her mother came in dressed for the street, he had not finished, and he went on telling the tale to Virginia, who rode down in the elevator with them. He was still telling the tale as they walked from the door to the curb. He even leaned out of the car across Virginia's mother to say,

"And the English horse and the American horse were so close that only two pairs of ears showed, like this." He made two pairs of ears with his fingers. "Then suddenly the American horse bolted over the ropes, and that was that."

Then Virginia stopped seeing the galloping horses and realized that Mr. Polling was taking her mother away. She called to her mother,

"Be home early."

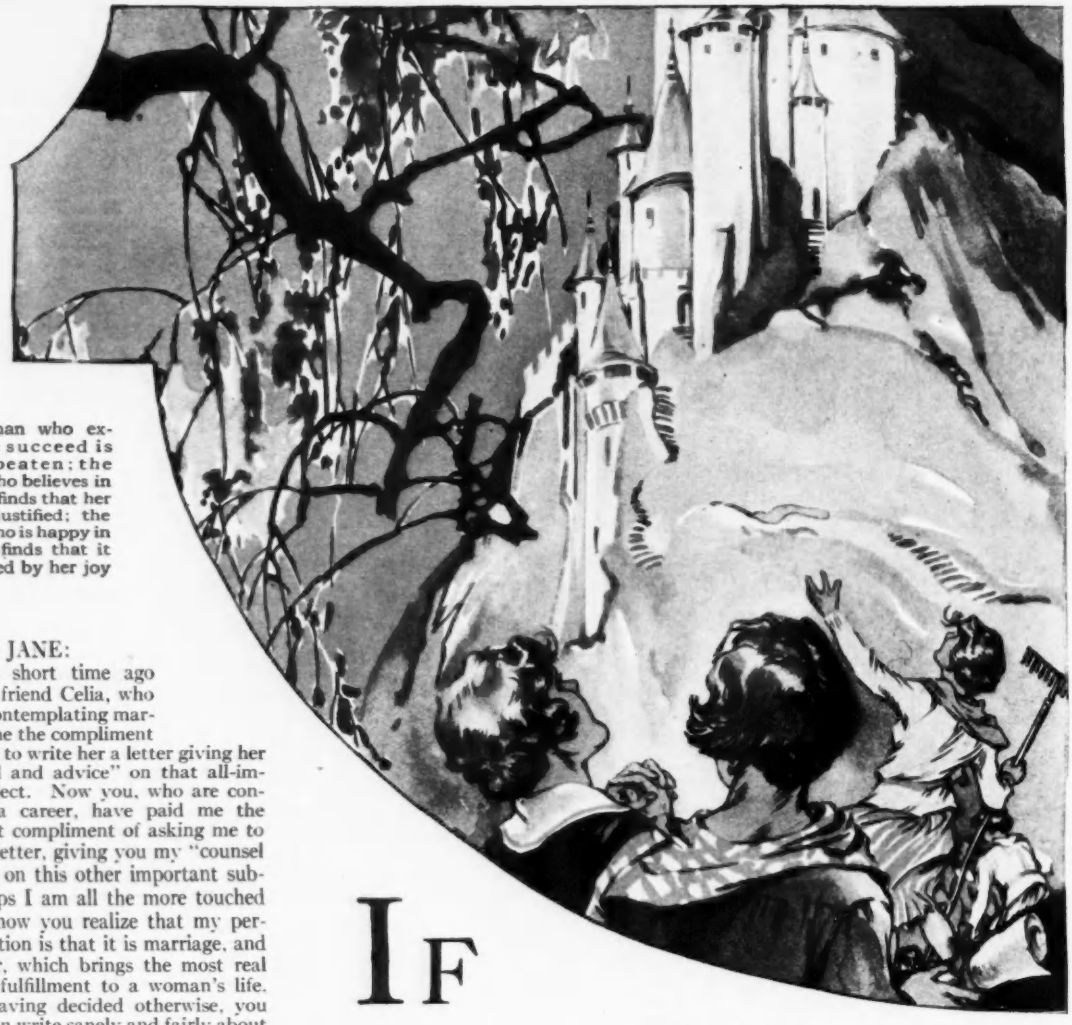
"I'll be home very early," her mother promised. "Before dinner time."

Virginia's mind went back to galloping horses. She wondered if there would be any pictures of horses in the shop around the corner. On the block where she lived, the doors of apartment houses occurred on only one side. On all other three sides were the glittering windows of endless small shops. These windows looked in on brocaded slippers, on flowers and ferns, on ladies' hats, on necklaces and bracelets and earrings winking up from dark velvet. But the most bewitching window of all looked in on colored sporting prints. Sometimes there were gray birds flying over green grass; sometimes there were white ships flying over blue water, and sometimes men in scarlet jackets flying over hedges on brown horses.

She loved the horses best. She would stand endlessly admiring them with a nose cold against the cold glass. Old men standing to admire with her were usually eloquent, especially, if she questioned them. Many of them, resting on their canes, had, during the year Virginia had gazed into this window, explained in detail the history of the American clipper ship, the evolution of duck shooting, and the nice points of horse racing and steeplechase riding.

It had been marvelous talk for a small pair of ears on either side of a cold nose. Not more than one word out of ten had ever been fully understood. That had been the talk's great fascination. Like the clippers and the horses it had had power to lift, and had gone soaring with Virginia's mind. Her thoughts, flying high on dark rolls of words, had glimpsed something of the wonder and mystery of the world.

But that day there was no brightness in the window, no red coats, no brown horses. The pictures were all small and dark. Virginia did not (*Continued on page 192*)



The woman who expects to succeed is seldom beaten; the woman who believes in her work finds that her faith is justified; the woman who is happy in her work finds that it is illumined by her joy

IF YOU Want

Remember There is No

Says FRANCES

DEAR JANE:

A short time ago our friend Celia, who is contemplating marriage, paid me the compliment of asking me to write her a letter giving her my "counsel and advice" on that all-important subject. Now you, who are contemplating a career, have paid me the equally great compliment of asking me to write *you* a letter, giving you my "counsel and advice" on this other important subject. Perhaps I am all the more touched because I know you realize that my personal conviction is that it is marriage, and not a career, which brings the most real and lasting fulfillment to a woman's life. And still, having decided otherwise, you feel that I can write sanely and fairly about a career. You point out that I have had one myself; and you remark that I am now "old enough, both in years and in that profession, to have something to say, with authority, to the young girl who is hoping to embark upon one."

At the very outset, then, let me say that it is not the career itself, but your attitude toward it and your preparation for it, which we must consider first of all. This attitude must be a happy one. If you feel a little sorry for yourself, no one else will feel sorry for you; if you think that no one appreciates you, this will soon be the case; if you consider your work a burden, it will become one; if you are approaching it with the idea that the world owes you a living, that other people have all the luck, that no one else, in your line or any other, has to work as hard as you do, you will not get far. The world is singularly indifferent as to whether its inhabitants live or not, and seems blissfully unconscious of any debt toward them. "Sink or swim, survive or perish, just as you like!" it says to you; "that's up to you, not me!" While as for "luck," there is "no such animal," and the people whom you imagine to be in possession of it have chased it just as vainly as you have yourself. If you are working hard, that is only what every one else, in every line, must do, in order to hang on at all! The slackers and clock-watchers are soon supplanted by persons with more energy and more industry; and though it is usually possible to "hold down a job" if you do what is expected of you and no more, such a course of action is not likely to lead to a better position. It is the men and the women who are willing to work overtime—all day and even all night in an emergency—who do not remind their employers that they were hired to do thus and so, not this and the other, who put as much effort and as much enthusiasm into a task which brings them no recognition as into the one which throws the spotlight on them, who feel that nothing is too hard or too tedious or too insignificant to be worthy of their attention, that in the end secure the sort of position which every one would like to have. It is dangerous to generalize, of course, but I can safely say that of the persons I know who are failures at their work, most of them have neglected opportunities which were simply crying out to be seized; and of the persons I know who are successes, *all* of them have attained that success by the very hardest kind of hard work.

Let me give you a concrete example of what I mean: I know a woman who has a certain amount of ability as a writer, who has a good training for writing, and who needs the money which professional writing could bring her, but who never has met with much success as a writer—and who never will. Often I have heard her say:

Illustrated By Clara Elsene Peck

A Career

Such Thing as Luck,

PARKINSON KEYES

"I have been asked to write a series of articles for such and such a newspaper. But it offers me a ridiculously small sum for the work, and so I have decided that I shall not consider the assignment. Such and such a magazine has asked me to take a short trip as its representative; but it suggests that I should go to a section of the country which is so uninteresting that I would rather stay at home."

The series of articles, written for meager remuneration, would be followed by another at a modest raise, if they were well done—and so on, at an ascending scale; the trip to a dull place would be followed by another to a thrilling place if the magazine's representative "brought home the bacon" the first time—and so on, until the harbors of heart's desire had been reached. In both cases a foothold would have been gained in an organization with which it means something to be associated in any capacity, and in which the possibilities of ultimate advancement are practically limitless.

On the other hand, I know another writer, whose education is inferior to that of the woman just mentioned, and whose initial opportunities were not nearly so varied. In fact, her contacts were so limited and her handicaps so great that it appeared impossible that she should ever succeed. But she squeezed, with amazing dexterity, through every narrow opening she saw; she grasped with both hands every slim chance which presented itself; she declined to admit that an assignment was impossible to carry out, or even that it was hard, or disagreeable. Once she sat at her typewriter for thirty-six consecutive hours when a printers' strike was threatened and an editor needed a long article in a hurry; once she "covered" a convention when a better-known reporter was taken sick at the last moment, and saw her "story" go through under his name, cheerfully and as a matter of course; once she wrote ten thousand words overnight when her mother, whom she was nursing, and to whom she was utterly devoted, lay dying in the same room—

And now her yearly income, through her writing, runs well into five figures, and all her friends say, "Oh, how *lucky* she is!"

So I would urge you to give full measure, pressed down, running over, when you are gaging your work; and I would urge you to approach it in a spirit of confidence and enthusiasm and joyousness. The woman who expects to succeed, and refuses to recognize defeat when she sees it, is seldom beaten; the woman who believes in her work finds that her faith is justified; the woman who is happy in her work finds that it becomes more and more illumined by her joy. There are some periods, of course, that are harder than others; some days when it seems that the burden which has been laid upon us is too heavy to bear; when discouragement, and drudgery, and disillusionment almost overwhelm us. And during these periods it is not enough to work, no matter how hard. We must set our teeth and struggle; we must bow our heads and pray. For those who "fight the good fight" somehow manage to "finish the course and keep the faith"; and those who pray discover that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Let us remember the message that Phillips Brooks left to all laborers, and which, if he had left no other, would have been enough to insure his lasting fame:

"Do not pray (*Continued on page 160*)

Thomas Willson and his wife, Narcissa, joined the great trek across the United States. They packed their two covered wagons frugally. No luxuries allowed. And since in those days children were not classified as luxuries, three flaxen-topped, red-cheeked boys, with blue eyes, went along

THESE

A Story of Two Young People Who Didn't

By Sarah Addington

Illustrated by

IN THE spring of 1835, Thomas Willson and his wife Narcissa joined the great trek then wending its slow, relentless way from East to West across the map of the United States. They packed their two covered wagons frugally. No luxuries allowed. Bedposts and feather mattresses, six chairs of Thomas's own making, a blanket chest filled with homespuns, a table, a few copper and iron vessels, bags of corn and flour, sides of ham, tools, clothing, a crate of chickens were stowed carefully away, and, since in those days children were not classified as luxuries, three flaxen-topped, red-cheeked infants with bright blue eyes, chapped hands, and Herculean appetites were swung high to the front seats and told briefly to be good boys.

Narcissa sighed over a Hepplewhite sofa which had once graced her father's Philadelphia home. But it was too big, and besides the Willsons did not expect to do much sitting out there in the new country. She sighed, too, over other treasures, a china washing set painted over with blue roses, a steel engraving of Lincoln Cathedral, a silk patchwork quilt, old and too frail now for the rigors of the frontier. So they were given to the Warrens next door. And Grandpa Warren repaid the family debt richly. The little boys licked their chops at the bags of brown sugar, the jars of maple sirup, the sacks of dried fruit, that Grandpa Warren packed into the wagons as his part in the great adventure.

Thomas drove one wagon, Narcissa the other. They had set out for Kansas, but the black loam of Illinois made them pause. Surely this was fruitful land. And time was fleeing. They explored the Fox River valley and finally decided. Here they would build their house, plant their fields. Here into this fat earth would they put their roots. This now was home.

The Willsons survived. Young Zeb, the fattest of the three blond cherubs, died the first winter and was buried under a sapling maple brittle with winter ice. In the spring came the first girl, Narcissa. And that summer Thomas's corn was full and lush, and Narcissa made red calico curtains for the log house.

Each season brought its hardships and its triumphs. Thomas's draught horses brought forth stout offspring; Narcissa's

PIONEERS

Know Courage when they Saw it—in Themselves

Thomas Webb

arms and back never failed. A school was started only two miles from the Willsons' house. A circuit rider came every three months for the necessary rites of the faithful. And a lean-to had to be added to the house for the accommodation of the older children since the advent of Susan and Peter, born in 1841 and 1842 respectively.

When the village of East Aurora was incorporated in 1845, Thomas was on the town council. When, in 1853, East and West Aurora were united under a city charter, Thomas helped draft the charter.

The pioneer had become a man of affairs. The covered wagon had pushed civilization to another far outpost.

IT WAS of these ancestors that Miss Cissy Willson, of the city of Chicago, of the year 1928, had come in a straight, unbroken line.

Thomas Willson of Aurora had given way to his sons and daughters. Peter was killed at Gettysburg. Thomas and Nathan came home unhurt to set themselves up in sound businesses. Thomas in lumber, Nathan in building. Susan married into a worthy Illinois family. Narcissa the second remained to fill the rôle of spinster aunt that every proper family required in those days.

And of them all now, after the turn of the quarter-century, were left only Thomas Willson the third and his children, Tommy and Cissy. Nathan's only son was killed at St. Mihiel. Susan's babies had all died at birth until poor Susan herself finally died with them. Narcissa and Nathan were gone.

Tom Willson used to look at himself and his children and wonder what particular fate had been so busy over the Willsons. A fine, strong family shrunken to just himself and his two children. Good pioneer stock reduced to one little trio, a golf-playing, money-making man, a prep-school boy, and a flapper.

And Tom, who revered with all his man's heart that first staunch Thomas and stauncher Narcissa, was saddened at what he felt was the disloyalty of himself and his two children to those two old trail-beaters. He squirmed to think what old Thomas would have thought of—well, especially of Cissy. For, after all, he, Tom, had worked to make his money, and young

Tommy, gilded youth though he was, was rugged and active and keen-minded, was even a good student in his own careless fashion. But Cissy—what would old Thomas say to her? Old Thomas had known heroic women, women who worked and saved, who bore children, who reared them, who suffered and endured and finally died, all in the splendid, mighty manner. What would he say to a girl of twenty-two who had never done a day's work in her life, who spent money as if it grew on trees, who dawdled through life as if it were a pleasure jaunt, who had never known a real hardship, had never faced a real danger, never even been called upon to make a real sacrifice?

Then Tom would pull himself up in shame. Cissy, for all her twentieth-century ways, was as straight as a string and as sweet and healthy as an apple. She was also a spoiled, idle brat, but he had done the spoiling himself. Besides, weren't they all spoiled these days, the girls of Cissy's class? Too much money, Tom would decide. Well, he couldn't help making money. That was all he knew how to do. If you have money, you spend it, especially your women spend it. And he had it, and Cissy spent it, and she was lazy and extravagant and heedless as a consequence. Almost then, but not quite, Tom wished himself poorer so that Cissy—and Tommy—could carve their own fortunes out of the raw stuff of life with their own bare hands. That was what their ancestors had done, and that was what he himself had done after a fashion. For certainly Tom's father's lumber yard had had very little to do with Tom's own millions made in soft-metal castings and Chicago real estate.

After such reflections as these, Tom would light a long, black cigar and feel better. No use worrying. Cissy was a darling. And whatever her faults, Tom would add in self-congratulation, she wasn't "wild." What Tom meant by "wild" he was not quite clear about himself. But girls were "wild" these days, Tom had heard. So when you've got a daughter that's sane and sweet and charming, that's something to be thankful for, Tom would finish up. Even if she is a lazy little loafer.

CERTAINLY the youngest Narcissa Willson had never suspected once in all her twenty-two years that her father was anything but highly pleased with her. Indeed, Cissy's nature was so blithe and unquestioning that she thought the whole world was pleased with her, as she was with the whole world.

Cissy's chief charm was perhaps just that delight that she took in her every waking moment. In her own words, she had a grand time all the time. And if it ever turned out that she found herself not having a grand time, Cissy's remedy was simple: she merely went off and did something else. Consequently she was never bored, or rather she did not remain bored. If a young man bored her—and few did—Cissy showed him the door sweetly and firmly. If a play did not interest her, she went to sleep. If a book did not amuse her, she put it down. If she bought a frock she did not like, she gave it away. If it rained when she wanted to play golf, she got up a bridge game. If she could not get the required four for bridge, she curled up on the *chaise longue* and read. If what she read proved dull, she went to the kitchen, shooed out the cook, made fudge, and ate it until it was all gone. Incidentally, a faultless digestion was one direct legacy Cissy had from her forebears. Perhaps from the first Narcissa, too, Cissy had inherited her long-legged body—the Willsons had all been tall—but her eyes were her mother's, gray and laughing, and her broad, frank, gamin grin was nobody's except her own.

Cissy was shopping. Nothing did Cissy enjoy more than a good old-fashioned shopping bout. And on this bright autumn morning she was stepping happily up and down Michigan Avenue, in and out of shops, looking, admiring, buying, ordering. She wore a gay coat of fur the color of *café au lait*. A little helmet of felt in precisely the same shade capped her ears. Her shoes were lizard. Her stockings were fine-meshed and thin. She carried a lizard-skin purse crammed with bills. In her right hand was a bright green leash, at the end of which trotted Quirk, a freshly washed, immaculately white, and enormously mournful Sealyham.

That morning Cissy bought a dozen pairs of stockings of "moon-mist" and "rose-nude" and "dawn-glow." She ordered another little helmet, this time in royal blue. She found some amusing new handkerchiefs with the days of the week embroidered in French on them, and bought two sets of them, one for herself, one for old Lydia, as she called her choicest friend. She watched statuesque, impassive young ladies step and halt and twirl and step again, a lively succession of them, parading for Chicago's best Madame Hinkman's latest imports. She screwed her eyes up at a sage-green velvet and rejected it. She had a blue taffeta brought back, and said,

"Oh, no, I don't like the back at all."

She thought well of a flesh-pink satin, even better of a black velvet, best of all of a silver lace, and ordered them all. And then, because Madame was very persuasive and because she did look nice in the silver tissue evening wrap, she yielded, although certainly, she remarked thriftily, the price was absurd.

"But the chinchilla, madam!"

"Yes, I know," admitted Cissy.

She then had lunch at the Noonday Club with old Lydia, after which they sauntered up to an art gallery to look at some new and much-talked-of modernistic screens.

It was four o'clock when Cissy got home. Home was a gray stone house on the upper Boulevard. She was slightly tired. It had been a long day. But she had accomplished so much. And incidentally, in that accomplishment, she had spent just $1,731.50.

She stretched out on the *chaise longue* and, sipping green tea, considered what she would wear that evening. Old Lydia's aunt was giving a ball, one of the old-fashioned balls that dowager was so famous for. Something decorous, of course. Aunt Agnes's balls resembled nothing so much as a presentation at the court of England. She decided on the powder-blue chiffon.

"But it ought," she murmured, dozing off, "to be white, with three feathers in the coiffure."

CISSY was sitting on a yellow damask sofa in Aunt Agnes's nineteenth-century drawing-room, waiting for Harry Fowler to come back with the grape ice he had promised her. Upstairs, in the rose-and-gold ballroom, the rest of Chicago was dancing, or that small part of Chicago which Aunt Agnes favored with her script-engraved invitations. But Harry did not return. And if he never returned, Cissy was thinking, how little would it matter to her. She mused pleasantly on this theme: useless young men, all alike, all equally unimportant, good for nothing except to fetch ices for young ladies.

"Hello!" said a voice.

She looked up to see a strange young man with red hair bending over her.

"We were introduced," said the young man. "I'm Dugald Stuart."

"Oh, yes," said Cissy, sweetly vague.

"Let's go somewhere." He frowned around him. "Isn't there a little room somewhere? Without any satin chairs?"

Cissy laughed. "Uncle Rufus has ye old-fashioned den."

"That's it," said Dugald. "Come on!"

Cissy rose, led the way to Uncle Rufus's den at the back of the hall. It was an horrendous room, papered in chocolate brown, spread with red Turkish rugs, tiled around the fireplace in green and black, hung with antlers, crammed with black walnut, draped with Navajo blankets, but it had suited Uncle Rufus in 1894, and it apparently suited young Mr. Stuart now.

"This," said he, "is something like. Will you have the Morris chair or the die-van?"

"I'll have the die-van," said Cissy.

Mr. Stuart leaned back comfortably.

"I'm no good at balls," said he.

"No?" said Cissy. (Who was this young man? she asked herself vainly.)

"Nope. Out of practise. Can't think of back-talk for pretty young things. Don't

PRAYER FOR ANY OCCASION

By Rosalie Hickler

NEVER, O God, to be afraid to love,
Since out of love comes every lovely thing:
To find new courage fallen at my feet,
A flaming feather from an angel's wing:
To know the merciful, high-hearted dreams
Born to all men that cleanse and make them whole:
To take the gifts of life with fearless hands,
And when I give, to give with all my soul.

Cissy and the red-haired young man sat in front of the fire in the library and in three hours had accomplished a great deal in the matter of falling in love

know what dowagers are interested in these days, if any. I like to get a girl in a little room like this and talk, really talk, you know."

"That's nice," Cissy smiled.

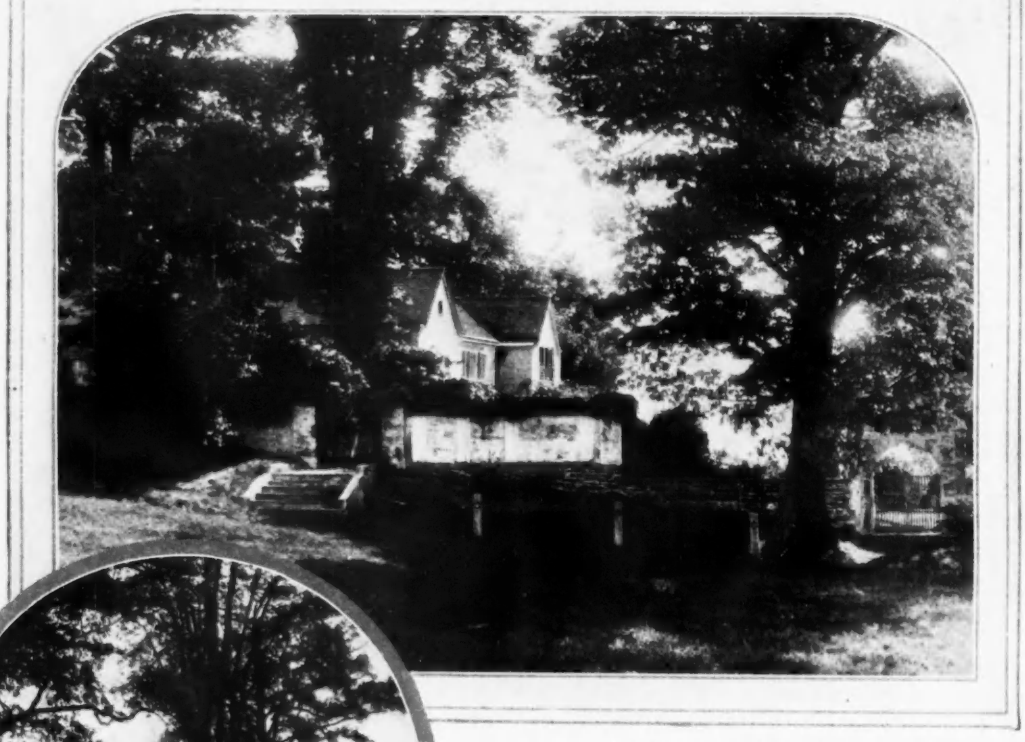
She was regarding the young man with friendly interest. Red hair, long, gangling body, narrow, keen face, evening clothes gone a little green. She looked at his hands, nervous, restless. On one forefinger showed a small gray ink-stain. Who was he? What was he?

Then, "Oh, I know!" she cried. "You're Red Stuart! Johnny's Harvard friend."

"Of course." His eyes were a trifle surprised. "Didn't you know?"

"You're an advertising man."

"Going to be. (*Continued on page 160*)



The house was built dodging oak trees and rocks; it has a beauty and style all its own, conforming to no special period

The pool is never so fascinating as when the first autumn-tinted leaves float idly on its surface

A House That "Just Grew"

Maxfield Parrish's Home In New Hampshire

By Ruth Boyle

ONCE an architect told me that a woman almost never admits that an architect designed her new house. "I designed it, and I hired him to draw it up," is the way she puts it.

This is only natural. She has followed her house from the stage of vague dreams, to the study of pictures and clippings, through the development of an actual plan and design, and finally through the construction, watching every step eagerly and called upon constantly to make decisions about details, until by the time it is completed, she has lived with it so intensely that she really believes she designed it.

The truth is that all of us cherish vague ideals of the perfect house we should like to live in, and we feel a certain reluctance about trusting all these hidden longings to an outsider for expression. We should all like to be our own architects. As a matter of fact, though, few houses of architectural beauty are designed by men or women untrained in this highly technical art. Consequently the house which is pictured on these pages has a double interest; first, because of its own beauty and individuality, and second, because it is a true personal expression of the man who owns it, designed it, and lives in it—Maxfield Parrish, the artist.

Obviously it is a house which has been lived in and cherished for a long time, and a great deal of its charm lies in the fact that it was not all planned, built, and landscaped complete in a few months, as so many houses are, but developed slowly as the needs and tastes of its owners dictated. It began modestly, twenty-five or thirty years ago—a little cottage with a kitchen, a living-room, and a couple of bedrooms on a rocky hillside in New Hampshire. The informal manner of its planning is told in a letter from Mr. Parrish after we wrote him that we had seen some beautiful photographs of his house, and wanted to show them to our readers, and would he please send us the plans and tell us the name of his architect.

"The place has been photographed so much that the corners are getting rounded," he wrote in answer. "But what is of interest here is the setting of the house, and no photograph can show that, unfortunately. As for the house itself, it is rather funny. It was built dodging oak trees and rocks; you go upstairs and come out on the ground floor again. There was no architect. Heavens, no! It just grew. No plans were ever drawn. 'We'll bring the corner

out to here'—and made a mark on the ground. That's the way it was built. There was nothing here at first—a grove of old oaks and a sheep pasture and an outlook of which one never tires."

This informal plan for a small cottage, literally worked out on the ground, was the genesis of a long, low house with two gabled wings—rambling, individual, possessing a certain stateliness not often found in a house of so personal a character. The broad gables, the white-painted clapboards, the small-paned windows, and many of the details reflect the influence of the New England Colonial designs in which the homes of early New Hampshire settlers were built. It has an idiomatic, local flavor, but it is not, strictly speaking, built in the Colonial style. It has a beauty and style all its own, and an irresistible hominess which undoubtedly is the result of the fact that the owners were in no hurry to complete it. They built enough to shelter them comfortably for the time being, and in leisurely fashion made a terrace and planted bulbs, seeds, and flowering shrubs. There was no need of haste because they intended to live here always. Garden and house and the family who loved them were to grow old together. When the owners outgrew the cottage and needed more room, they could add a wing. When the inclination seized them, and time and circumstances were propitious, they could make changes. Such a house always has the merit of being perfectly adapted to those who live in it—a virtue which is sadly lacking in the majority of ready-made houses.

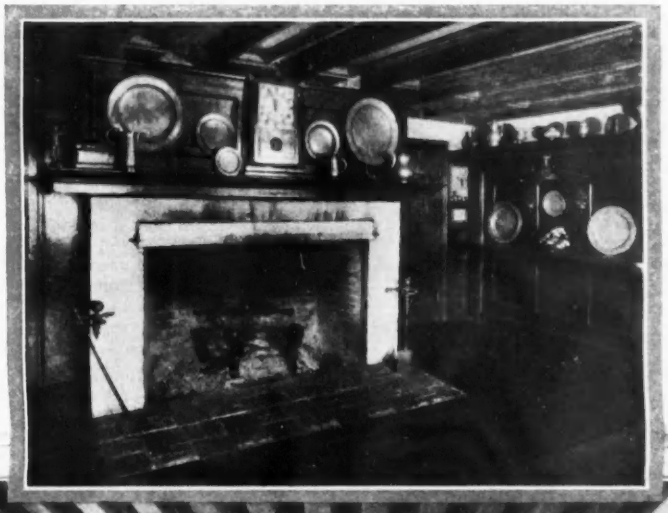
It would, of course, be unwise for the average man to attempt to be his own architect. He would have neither the necessary training and experience, nor the gift for recognizing and creating beauty. In this case the owner happened to be peculiarly well fitted to design his own house. Maxfield Parrish is an artist, a painter, whose pictures are so familiar that it is scarcely necessary to recall their characteristic glamorous landscapes accented by beautiful buildings—the work of God and the work of man, each harmonizing with and setting off the other.

Architects say that painters as a rule can not design a good building because they do not think in the third dimension; painters often criticize architects for failing to take full advantage of an exquisite setting. Mr. Parrish happens to have both gifts. He knows the full value of the location under the great old oaks, with its wide view of hills and sky, and he has a fine, innate sense of architectural form, as his paintings show. So he has been able to make his house veritably a part of the setting, and to improve and accent the natural loveliness of the latter with the formal beauty of the terrace, wall, pool, or gateway. The result is a house expressing the individuality of its owner; a house which is in the New England tradition and at the same time subtly suggests that the designer has a rich knowledge of and association with Old-World architecture.

There are about fifteen rooms and five bathrooms, put together in a plan as ingenious as it is unconventional. At the north it ran into rock, and instead of getting rid of the rock, Mr. Parrish built upon it, so that you may enter on the first floor, go up to the second, and emerge to find yourself still on the ground floor.

(*Continued on page 255*)

Photographs by Mattie E. Hewitt



The mellow charm of copper and pewter brightens the paneled walls and beamed ceiling above the hearth in the dining-room

The living-room has fine proportions and great dignity—and at the same time it is comfortable, livable, and beautiful, an individual room

A Story of Youth and Truth
At the Mercy of Modern Society For

THE INCREDIBLE YEAR

The Letter Began It

JULIE MONTGOMERY sat a long time with her father's letter unopened between her palms. Her father was dead; but in this letter he would speak to her again, Mr. Dean had told her.

Presently she went upstairs to her bedroom, and with shaking fingers opened the envelope. The writing, black and vivid, leaped out at her. She asked herself why it should seem so alive. It should be faint and faded and uncertain.

"My dear child (her father had written),

"When you read this, you will be alone. I know what that will mean to you. No one else can know. You will grieve for me—but you are my brave girl, and I would have you remember how happy we have been together. I would have you know that you have given me no single sorrowful moment in all your life, and that I have only pride in you and love for you in my heart as I write.

"I have felt for some time that I have done you an injustice by permitting you to lead your sheltered and isolated life with me. I know you have been happy, my dear. But when I am gone you will be terribly alone. You will have the responsibility of a great deal of money. It is not fair to you to shut yourself away from the world with your memories. You must go out, you must learn, you must experience. And with that in mind I have made such provision for your future as now seems to my fallible human love a wise and good thing.

"I want you to go to New York and take up your life there, making your home with Jack and Hildreth Desmond. Mr. Dean will explain to you the arrangements I have made for your future and theirs. Hildreth will be a good friend to you, the sort you need. I want you to put yourself in her hands. She is near enough your own age to be a companion to you. Yet she is so many years your senior in experience that she will be a guide as well.

"I realize that I am asking a great deal of her and of her husband, yet I feel that they will accept my trust because of their interest in you and their friendship for me.

"It will be hard for you, Julie, to leave your woods, your own country. And harder still to adjust yourself to the ways of the city people, the rush and confusion of modern life. Yet I believe that you will do this for me.

"I am not laying any command upon you. While I think you will do as I wish, because I have asked it, you need not be bound by my wishes. You may live on, with Cecile, at the home farm or wherever you please, if you honestly feel that you can not bring yourself to go to these strangers. You are your own mistress, my dear. As a baby, force was never the way to rule your small wilfulness.

"Whatever you do, whatever you decide, your father loves you.

"God bless you, dearest.

DAD."

Julie read the letter, dropped it in her lap, and reread it. The full import of it did not at first register upon her bruised mind. She gathered vaguely that he wished her to go away—away from the place she knew so well and loved so deeply. The place in which they had lived together. That was all. And if he wished it, she must go.

"Not yet," she said aloud—"not yet, Dad."

"If I live a hundred years," Julie thought, "I'll never get used to breakfast in the middle of the morning, and things on my feet that fall off when I take a step"

By

FAITH BALDWIN

Illustrated

By

Charles D. Mitchell

The tears came then, suddenly, torrentially. She lay across her bed, the letter crumpled in her hot hands, and cried her heart out.

Early in February Julie began to pack. Dean arranged all the details of travel for her, and in the end went with her. He felt he could not see her start off alone.

She had been insistent that the Desmonds should not meet her, so while she and Mr. Dean drove from the station in a taxi, Jack and Hildreth waited in the apartment which John Montgomery's lavishness had made possible.

A man-servant moved noiselessly about the pleasant dining-room. There were good odors of coffee and bacon.

Jack looked at his watch for the twentieth time. "I'm starved. The train must have been late."

"You've already had a cup of coffee," Hildreth reminded him, walking restlessly about, fingering here an ash-tray, there a book.

"You're nervous!" Jack accused her.

"Why not?" she asked—just as the bell rang.

Hildreth went out into the square hall. A man stood there, lean and tall. Behind him, a girl in a well-cut, worn tweed suit, the coat collar furred about her face. She was tanned, and her dark eyes were black. Only her mouth had vivid color.

The girl said, as Hildreth hurried toward her, speaking the half-heard word of welcome,

"I'm Julie Montgomery."

CHAPTER X

TEN DAYS later, Julie Montgomery opened her eyes to sunlight struggling through drawn blinds and glanced at the frivolous enamel clock by her bed. Seven. It would be three hours before the household was astir, before breakfast would be brought to her upon the little green tray painted with hollyhocks. Not the breakfast she was accustomed to, moreover, but a dainty, half-portion affair, decorated with a single rosebud in a slender vase.

She got up and moved swiftly across the room, her tall, beautiful body veiled in a cloud of sea-green chiffon. She snapped up the shades, picked up a negligée from the chair by the bed, thrust her feet into mules, and gingerly returned to the window and stood there looking out at a sweep of blue sky, frosty and clear.

"If I live a hundred years," she thought,

Julie had chanced upon a youthful "petting party" in the conservatory, and wanted to know if the custom were universal. "They all do it," Hildreth told her. "But don't think I approve—I don't!" "It's hateful," remarked Julie

Julie, rueful as a child, said: "I was discourteous to Pat? I didn't mean to be." Bruce shrugged. "He won't stay offended long. He's a happy-go-lucky creature," he said

"I'll never get used to breakfast in the middle of the morning and things on my feet that fall off when I take a step."

Hildreth had decorated the room with Julie's coloring in mind. The keynote was Lanvin green, deepening to jade in the draperies. Curious copper bowls filled with violets were set on the small tables, and the thick carpet was dark violet. Across the lovely painted bed a violet down puff was flung.

One door opened to a green-tiled bathroom in which basin and sunken tub were mottled, darker green marble, and the note of violets was repeated in lavender soap and the great glass jars of bath salts. Another door gave on a small, perfect sitting-room decorated in shades of copper, henna, and gold, with the same note of green in cushions and chintzes. A small log fire was burning there now on the little hearth, and Hildreth had put one etching on the walls—a lovely thing of pines and hemlocks rising from the snow. Across the darkening sky was a flight of wild geese.

Julie entered the living-room and sat down in a low chair by the fire and took her head between her palms. Everything had been done for her comfort—everything was beautiful and quiet and ran on oiled wheels. She had her own maid, a pleasant Norwegian girl.

"But I don't need a maid!" she had told Hildreth, in despair.

"You must have one, my dear," the older woman had said firmly. "She'll see to your hair and nails, and she's an expert masseuse—facial, body massage, and all. She'll keep your ribbons run and your gowns fresh—and she'll look after you when you go away on trips."

"I've always done my own hair and nails!" remarked Julie, a little sulky.

Hildreth said nothing. But she raised one smooth eyebrow and smiled a little—not a malicious smile at all, yet Julie had felt a flush creep over her neck and face. Well, naturally, at home she hadn't been oiled and alcoholed, patted and scented! She hadn't done more to her hair than keep it brushed and clean. She hadn't taken more than ordinary care of her nails. What did Hildreth think one did up in the woods—sit before a mirror and prink all day?

"I don't see any sense in petting and pampering your face and hands and body," she flung out. "At home cold water was enough!"

"Yes," said Hildreth gently, "but it is different here. You have city dirt and dust and winds to combat. You have late hours and rich food to counteract—you have the glare of electric lights and steam heat. A woman is as old as her skin, Julie. Yours is lovely—but we have to keep it so. Living in New York is a tiring proposition."

Now, having lived there for ten days, Julie was inclined to agree with her. She who had tramped the woods and fields for hours on end, who had camped and roughed it, who had walked miles with a gun in the crook of her arm, who had patiently followed the fish up-stream, who had spent thrilling long hours on skates or snowshoes or skis, found herself marveling at Hildreth's endurance.

They had done a good deal of shopping since her arrival, for Hildreth, after one look at the contents of poor Julie's trunk, had ordered out the new car, and they had gone the rounds of shoe shops, gown shops, hat shops, lingerie, perfume, and stocking shops. Why, thought Julie now—toasting her toes before the little fire which Helma had laid the night before and set a match to before Julie awoke—why on earth was it so fatiguing to step from an upholstered automobile into a store where one sat down and was waited upon? Why were fittings so deadly? Why did she drag herself home in the afternoon and find that she welcomed Helma's deft hands and was listless and weary listening to Helma run her bath? Why did a cup of jasmine-scented tea seem the one thing in the

At the other table Naida Trevor spoke indifferently—but Pat and Hildreth saw her angry eyes. "Bruce seems quite taken with your Julie. She's his type, I should say"

world she wanted and needed? Tea! In the afternoon!

In the great, cedar-lined closet, with its stands for hats and shelves for shoes and drawers for sweaters and underwear, there were new frocks for all hours of the day and night, shoes for every occasion, and row upon row of sheer silk stockings, pile upon pile of sachet-scented underthings, negligées, bed-jackets, nightgowns. Julie's clothes, brought from home, were banished to a second closet.

"Unless we go somewhere for winter sports next year," said Hildreth, eyeing them, "you won't need these—and probably not then. The shops have discovered that even winter sports clothes can be made gay and attractive. And as for riding things, you'll have to have a new habit—of course."

Remembering all this, Julie shrugged her shoulders under the clinging satin of the robe. There was etiquette in what you wore, what you ate, down here.

She was hungry and wide-awake. But she would not go back to bed and wait for Helma. Hildreth breakfasted in bed. Jack ate and read his paper alone in the breakfast-sunroom every morning. It was taken for granted that Julie would lie quietly among her pillows until the tray appeared. Well, not today!

She ran to the bathroom, took a cold shower, brushed her shining hair, and looked for and found the simplest—but not the least expensive—of her suits—a good-looking, brown-and-tan tweed with a pull-on sweater. It was not cold out today—not cold according to Julie's standards. She pulled on stockings of softest, sheerest wool and silk and put her feet into smart brown oxfords. She put on the suit and sweater, hooked a fur about her throat—three sable skins, sleek and dark and shining—and jammed a small felt over her eyes— It had been a task to get hats for Julie. "Why," asked Hildreth, in despair, "why *won't* you cut your hair?"—and was ready.

Upon her dressing-table was an array of crystal and enamel jars and bottles, there were lotions and creams and powders, and there were rouge and lip-sticks all carefully selected by Hildreth to enhance and englamour Julie's natural coloring. She shot them a look of scorn. And quietly, like a naughty child—even chuckling a little—she left the apartment.

When Hildreth's maid brought her breakfast tray, she had a report to make:

"Miss Montgomery is not in the house Helma says. She has dressed herself and gone out. When, Helma doesn't know."

"Good heavens!" murmured Hildreth.

She called Jack in from his dressing-room when the maid departed.

Jack appeared, his face lathered, his dressing-gown belted about him.

"Julie's vanished!" announced Hildreth dramatically, pouring herself a cup of coffee from the little silver pot.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, stupid! She isn't in her room or, for that matter, in the apartment!"

"Well, no harm will come to her," Jack said easily. "She's gone for a walk or something."

"Oh, don't be so matter of fact! She's apt to get run over—she is so confused in traffic. I've seen her start and tremble when there's a crowd or when it's particularly noisy and jammed. She's like a wild animal."

"Drink your coffee and don't worry. She'll get back."

"She's never been out alone since she came!"

"Well, she has money in her purse and a tongue in her head, hasn't she? New York has several million inhabitants, including cops, all of whom speak some English—after a fashion. And there are taxi drivers."

"She'll be so conspicuous," mourned Hildreth. "The way she walks—striding like a boy—and her chin up—and her hands in her pockets." (*Continued on page 283*)

The Boy Who Became King

By Bruce Barton

Children of the Bible, No. IV

THE record of his rule will, seemingly, live forever, and the immortality of his songs is equally secure. David set more people to singing, and gave them more splendid songs to sing, than any other man in history. We can forgive him a great deal for that. He showed himself temperamental, and did some things that mar the record, but so have many gifted and temperamental people in every age.

His boyhood is full of great pictures. Let us look at a few of them.

The scene is a hilly pasture. Through the valley at the foot of the hills flows a sparkling stream; all around are the woods. A flock of sheep grazes on the hills, and above them, sitting on a rock which commands a large view, is a red-haired boy. He has a harp in his hand, and there in the great stillness he plays and sings.

He could not play and sing at home without embarrassment; there were too many older brothers.

"What's the use of all this singing?" they would have said. "Singing and harp playing are for girls. They will never get you anywhere."

But there in the wilderness were no critical observers. He could practise the songs over and over again, raising his voice to the top of his lungs, and listening to the echoes from the hills. He could work at it until he was perfect. Useless work? There is no useless work. Never get him anywhere? All work gets one somewhere. This music, which he mastered merely to give himself pleasure, was later to take him to the court and to produce the world's most treasured songs.

Another scene. He has laid aside his harp and is practising with his sling. Picking up smooth stones, he takes careful aim and hurls them one after another at an enemy—a distant tree. The point where the first branch leaves the trunk is the enemy's forehead. Stone after stone he hurls, until he can control his shots with fatal accuracy. He picks up his staff and practises with it, fencing, lunging, striking out against an inoffensive bush. Suddenly, while he plays, there comes a startled movement among the sheep. Something has happened, something serious. He told the story later to Saul, when that monarch doubted whether so young a stripling could be of any use against Goliath.

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him."

Still another picture. There is much excitement and some apprehension at the rural home of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, for a report has come that the great judge Samuel is on his way there. Samuel rode in circuit, judging the people of Israel, but he held court in only the larger towns, and never before had he come to little Bethlehem. "And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably? And he said, Peaceably."

No one knew it, but the real reason for his coming was to pick out from among the sons of Jesse a new king over Israel. One by one they walked before him. "And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely the Lord's anointed is before him." But he was wrong. It was not to be Eliab, nor Abinadab, nor Shammah, nor yet any one of the seven who were present. Perplexed, Samuel inquired whether these were all the sons of Jesse. No, not all. There was a lad away from home, a youngster named David, but he was unimportant. Just a little boy, in the pasture, tending sheep.

"And he sent and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he."

So the gray old judge poured over the head of the boy his horn of wine. And the boy, confused and embarrassed, went away again into the fields, to sit and dream and wonder what it was all about.

Again, the palace. There is gloom and terror at the court, for the king is seized by one of his awful hours of melancholy. Nothing can be done by the physicians; the disease is spiritual. The king is a prey to bitter thoughts of his own incompetence; "an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him."

Suddenly rousing himself, at the suggestion of a courtier, he issues a command. "Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me."

Another courtier is ready with a nomination. Up in the country he has heard the playing of a shepherd boy. They send for David, and he comes, clad in his honest country garments. And while he plays, the lines gradually fade out of the face of the king. Memories drift into his mind, happy memories of his own carefree boyhood, when he ran wild in the country; when there was no pomp, no politics, no pressure of problems, no constant urge for decisions. We watch them together, the big, handsome, unhappy king and the red-headed lad. The king who was so great a failure, and the boy who in so short a time was to sit upon his throne.

Finally the great scene of boyhood, the scene which will endear its hero to every new generation of boys forever, the original of all the Jack the Giant Killer stories—David and Goliath.

On opposite sides of the valley the army of the Philistines and the army of Israel were drawn up in battle array. Every day the Philistine giant strode forth to taunt his opponents, calling on them to produce a man who would stand in single combat against him. Day after day the morale of the Israelites sank lower, and the king hung his head in shame.

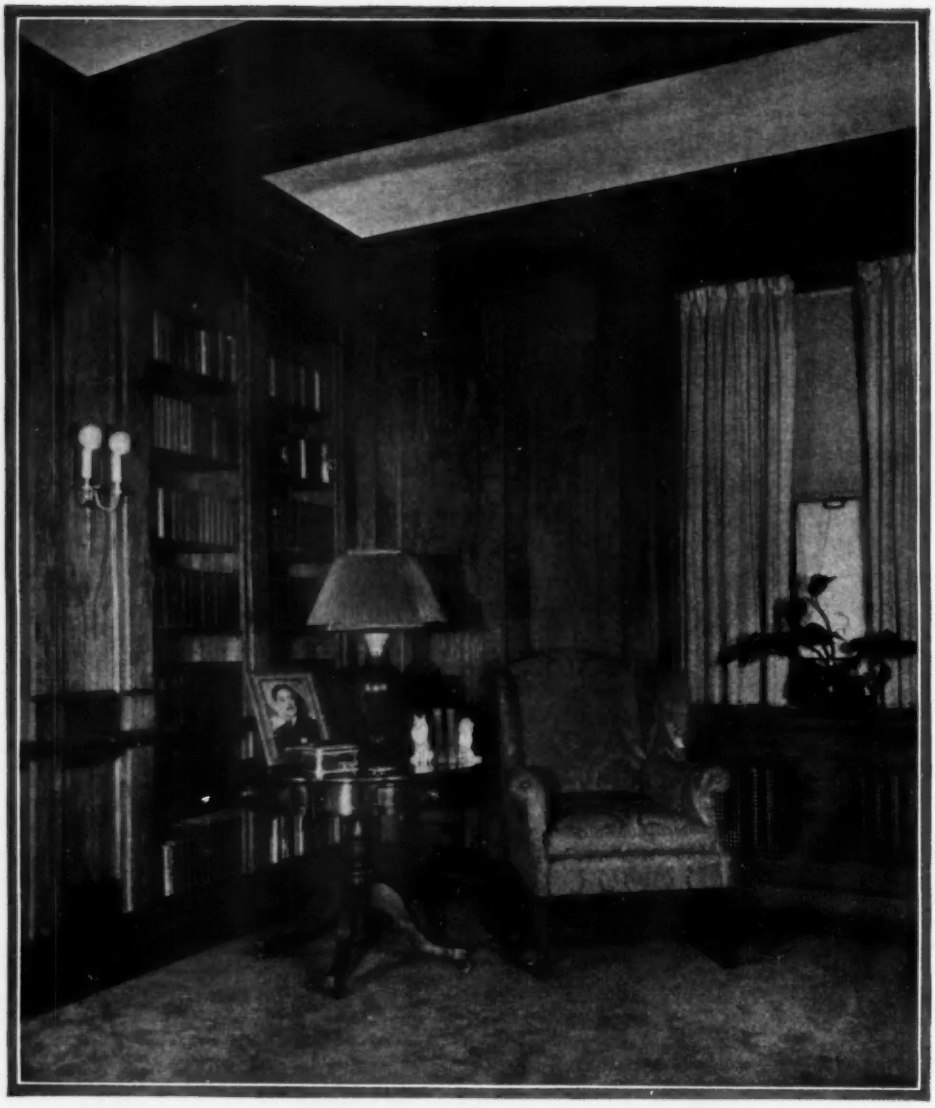
With all the dramatic quality of a stage scene, the youngster, David, appears in camp, bringing supplies from home to his older brothers. They criticize him and pick on him, as older brothers do; they accuse him of running away from his sheep herding in order to gratify his curiosity about the war. But on the next day they have changed their tune and are proud to boast to everybody that the youngster is their brother. For on the next day the body of the giant lies prone upon the field; the head of the giant is carried in triumph before the victorious Israelites, while the girls dance in front and sing, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

Small wonder that Saul was disturbed. He knew too well his own shortcomings, and here was a hero whose boyish shadow was already falling across the throne. Women loved him, even Saul's own daughter; men, in all his after years, paid him the supreme tribute of being willing to die for him. And he showed himself not unworthy of this devotion.

His first days of glory at the court were brief, and all too quickly the anger and jealousy of the king drove him forth, a fugitive. In the bitter days of the *(Continued on page 340)*

Painting by
N.C.Wyeth

FINALLY, the great scene of boyhood, the scene which will endear its hero to every generation of boys forever, the original of all the Jack the Giant Killer stories—David and Goliath



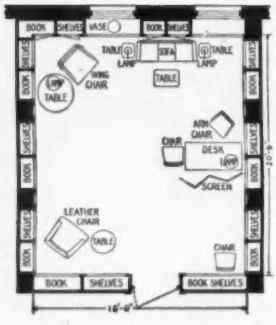
Library designed by the consultant architect of the Studio, Henry Ives Cobb, Jr.

Good Housekeeping Studio Builds a Walnut Library

By Helen Koues, Director

A LIBRARY should be primarily a place to read and to write in—two occupations which demand comfort; but to comfort may be added dignity, pleasant color, and attractive arrangement. This month the Studio built a walnut-paneled room the walls of which are lined to the ceiling with bookshelves arranged to hold three thousand books. In shape, the room is nearly square—18 by 20 feet 6 inches—with two windows facing the entrance door.

The plan we have followed is one adaptable to fewer books if desired, as panels of wood could be substituted for the bookshelves in the center on each side of the room, or if even fewer books were to be housed, the end of the



room where the door is could be paneled and still keep the symmetry of design. As we wanted this room to have dignity of proportion, height was necessary, so instead of hanging a ceiling to conceal the steel beams which appear in the construction used in modern apartment houses, they were left exposed and encased in walnut veneer to match the walnut used for the paneling.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this room is that a dignified and formal decorative result has been obtained by very simple means, both in construction and in the type of material employed. Such a method makes the cost moderate. The preliminary construction necessary is an ordinary firred studding to line the

A red tôle shade on a brass base makes the attractive student desk lamp above. The sturdy porcelain horse stands guard over the inkwell

Translucent, green, Venetian glass holds the Japanese lilies on the window-sill. On the drum table is the oxblood porcelain lamp above

walls, which could be erected by the average carpenter. A firred studding is a rough partition of two by four inch lumber used to line a wall. On this studding, walnut veneer, which was used for this paneling, was nailed to form the background of the bookshelves and the back of the cupboards, which are set in the two panels in the end wall with the two windows.

The system of architecture used was a simple Doric order, with a dentilated cornice; pilasters form the divisions between the bookshelves or between the panels. In other words, there is a pilaster on either side of the panel, as shown in the photographic detail at the right. The architectural elevations below give a clear plan of the room. At the end of the room where there are two windows, a nice architectural feeling was given by a symmetrical spacing of panels between the two windows and between the window and the wall. These spaces were used for closets, the panels being set in

place with blind hinges, and opened with a simple keyhole and escutcheon.

From an architectural standpoint, the room is made up of a base, a dado which runs at the height of the window-sill all around the room, the panels, the pilasters, which are the uprights between the bookshelves, and the cornice, which runs from the top of the bookshelves to the ceiling. From the point of view of the carpenter, the material is extremely simple, as shown by the accompanying table. The footage required should, of course, be estimated for the individual room to be paneled.

The materials used were all walnut:

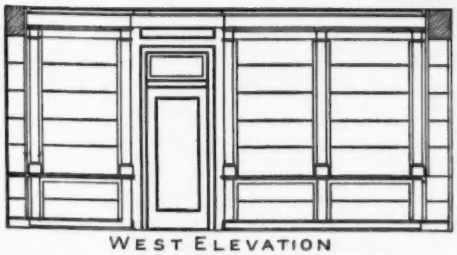
BASE—½″ x 5″ flat—dressed four sides; ¾″ x ⅜″ base molding.

PANELS—½″ x 5″ flats—dressed four sides; ⅜″ x 1″ panel molding.

Stock walnut plywood veneer panels.

PILASTERS—⅞″ x 5″ flat for the shafts—dressed four sides; with caps and bases made from stock panel moldings.

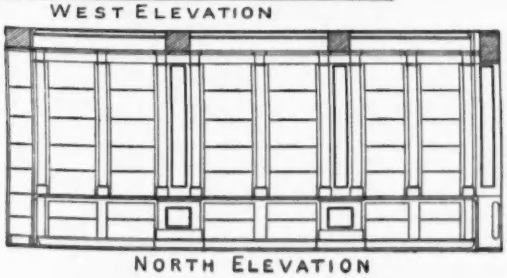
CORNICE—⅞″ x 5″ flats used for



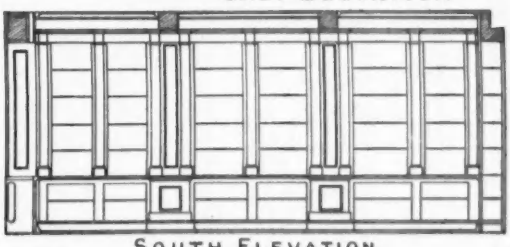
WEST ELEVATION

The illustration above shows a panel flanked by two pilasters, and a bit of the beamed ceiling and dentilated cornice. The spacing of shelves and panels is shown below

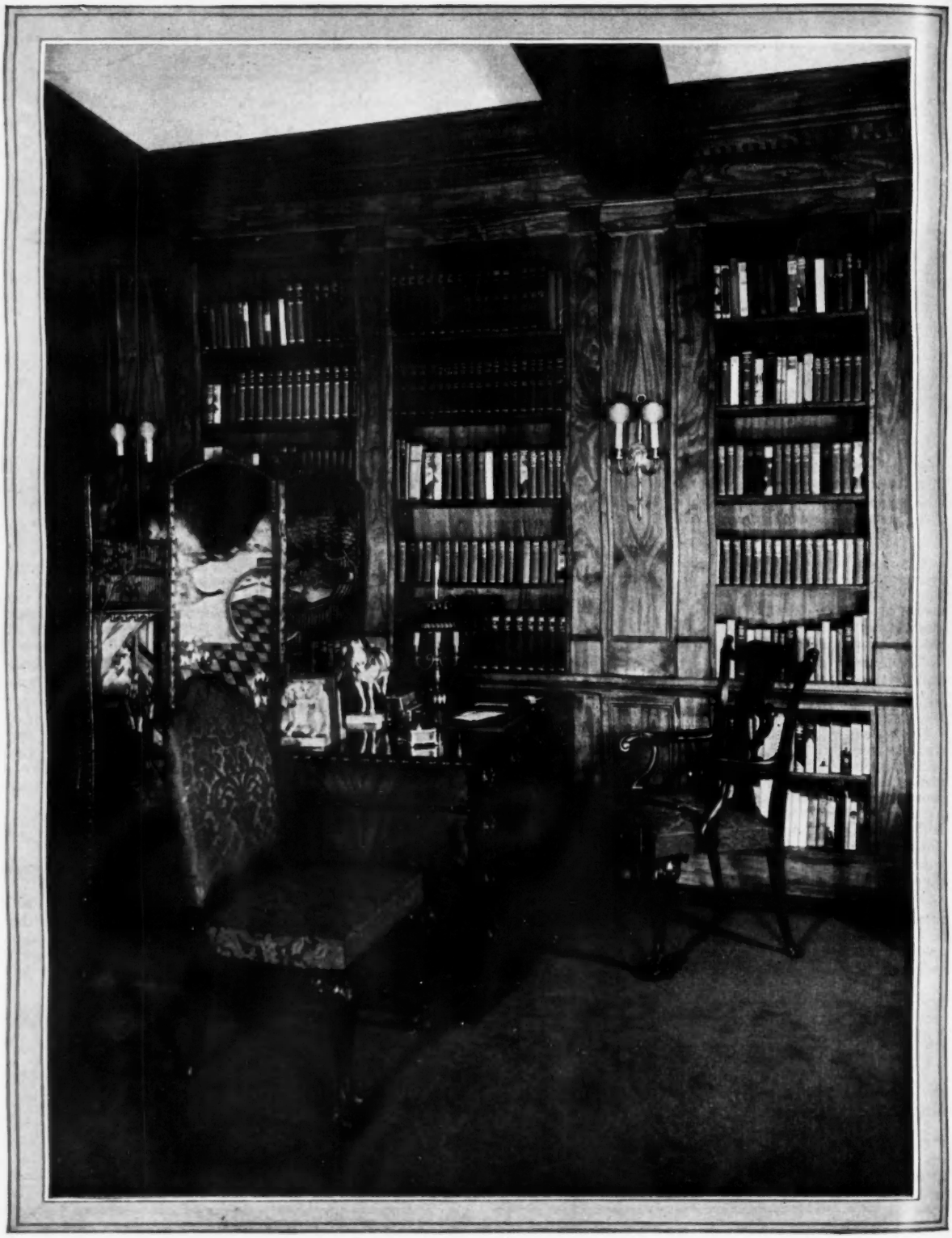
EAST ELEVATION



NORTH ELEVATION



SOUTH ELEVATION



A CHARMING and well-arranged group is shown above. The book-lined wall provides a pleasant background for the gleaming mahogany desk, the crimson damask of the chairs, and the multi-colored leather screen. In addition to the lamp and horse shown on the preceding page, the desk holds a silver inkwell, a cigarette box, a porcelain ash-tray, and a leather desk pad

Tan casement cloth with traverse-rigging curtains the large, deep-recessed windows. A restful group is formed by the comfortable couch with its flanking tables and well-arranged lighting

the facias—dressed four sides; ⅞″ x 5″ crown molding; dentils cut out of ⅞″ flat boards.

SHELVING—1⅛″ boards.

Walnut and walnut veneer used in this dignified but simple manner, with the dentilation as a part of the cornice, and the simple pilasters between the shelves of books, leave enough wood exposed to show the beauty of the grain, and form a delightful contrast with the many-colored books.

In color, the room is especially delightful. The walnut was shellacked and waxed to bring out the warm brown tone of the wood. The architectural feeling is of the third quarter of the eighteenth century—a formal early Georgian—so in furnishing the room Queen Anne chairs and tables, a Chippendale desk, and even a drum table in the feeling of Sheraton were happily combined. The soft tones of brown mahogany and walnut repeat the color of the paneling, while the plain, deep-pile rug is of a brownish-gray tone over a hardwood floor. But the room is by no means somber, as color has been introduced in the blue-green friezé in the covering of the two overstuffed sofas, and the crimson in the damask covering of the chair seats. These colors, crimson and blue-green, with the green of the plants and the yellow of the curtains, are repeated in the books.

As light is an all-important thing in such a room, the large, deep-recessed windows are hung with simple curtains of casement cloth which may be drawn at night and adjusted to suit the light requirements during the day. By night the room is lighted by antiqued silver electric wall brackets, holding two candles.

The arrangement of the room was planned for comfort. Between the windows a sofa was placed to give an excellent reading light by day; at each end of it is a small table with student lamps to assure light at night. In one corner of the room are the wing chair and the drum table, also by a window, with another comfortable reading light. The desk is placed at right angles to the wall, at about the center of the room, with the light from the windows coming over the shoulder. At night it is lighted by the wall brackets and by the handsome tôle student lamp illustrated on page 53. A screen is so placed as to prevent a draft from the door, or may be used merely as a decorative bit of color and to assure a certain privacy near the desk, which is delightful. Across the room from the desk is a sofa matching that between the windows, and conveniently near it a table with a light, and in the corner opposite the drum table is a big leather chair with a low table by its side. Some side chairs in the Queen Anne feeling, covered in damask, are placed against the wall. A small Queen Anne coffee-table is conveniently placed in front of the sofa between the windows and may hold a tea-tray, or a cigarette box, ash-tray, and flower vase.

The Studio's Folios

To help you in solving your decorating problems the Studio publishes many folios prepared by experts on subjects of interest to our readers. Some of these are: A Garden Calendar, 50c, which tells you what to plant and when; Porches, Terraces and Sun Rooms, 25c, a subject of great interest at this time of year; Drapery Fabrics and Fashions for Doors and Windows, 25c; Smart New Slip-Covers and How To Make Them, 25c; How To Paint Furniture—How To Refinish Natural Wood Furniture, 25c; Dressing Tables, Bedspreads and Sofa-Cushions, 25c; and Color In Your Home, $1; Helen Koues on Decorating the House, $5. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service Department, 8th Ave. and 57th St., New York, N. Y.

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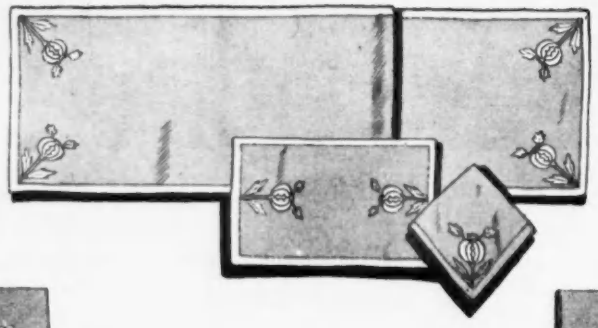
Needlework for Every Room

By Anne Orr

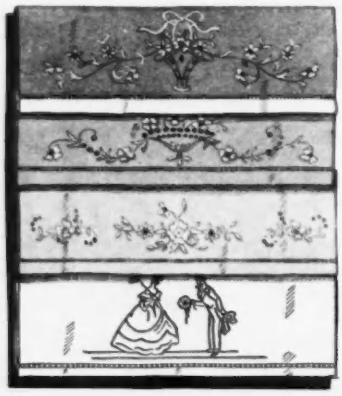
Old-fashioned darned net is again becoming popular. The oval piece below, 11″x17″, has two smaller ones to match, 6½″x10½″. They may be used on a dresser or as tray covers. The cambric pattern is No. 9806, 50c. Net, 50c; floss, 30c; edging, 20c; total with pattern, $1.50

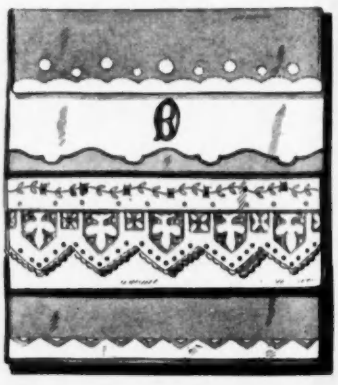
Lovely shades of blue, red, tan, green, and yellow on natural-colored material are used for the crewel-work pillow in Kashmir design at left, 18″ square. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9801, 25c, carries design and full directions. Wools, $2.52; total with the pattern, $2.77

Pale green linen with hems and appliquéed design in lemon yellow makes the Sunday night supper set at the right, consisting of a runner, 9 doilies, and 6 napkins. The old Spanish apricot design and full directions are in Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9802, 25c



An amusing net and embroidery pillow is shown above. It gives the effect of cutwork, but is much easier to do, and would be suitable for a child's room. It is edged with footing. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9803, 25c, carries design and complete directions for doing this new work.



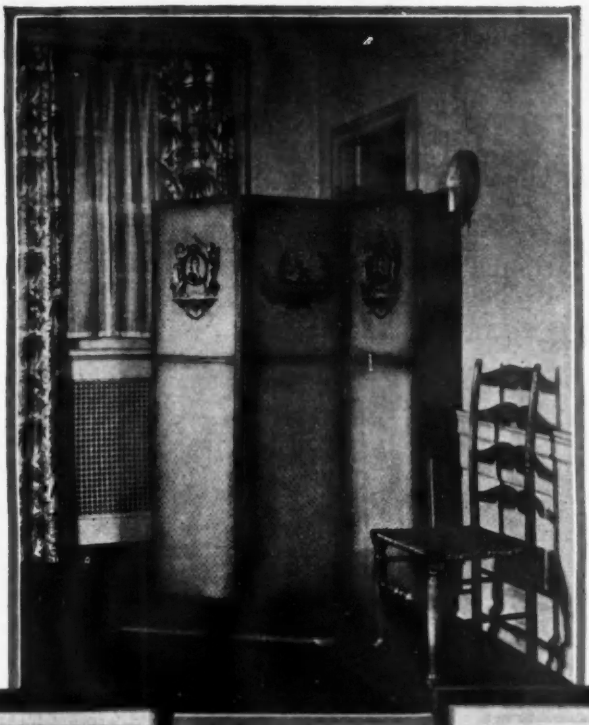


HOW TO ORDER

For all Hot-Iron Patterns mentioned on this page write, giving the number and enclosing the correct remittance in stamps, check, or money-order, to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City. We will send you at once the materials offered for the crewel-work pillow and the net dresser set if you will send the correct remittance to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

The colorful towels above are from Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9804, 25c, which carries designs and directions for 2 each; initial from Hot-Iron Pattern No. 98-9010, 25c, which carries 4 alphabets of different sizes. The towels at the left are from Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9805, 25c, which carries designs for others not shown. Unbleached muslin decorated with bias tape in pastel shades makes the colorful kitchen set. Designs and directions for the curtains from Hot-Iron Pattern No. 98-7801, 25c; those for the doilies, napkins, and pillow from Hot-Iron Pattern No. 98-1009, 25c

FROM THE SMART DECORATING SHOPS



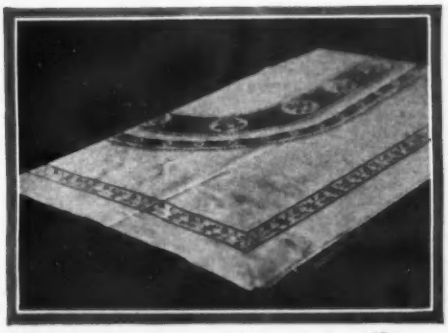
"Constitution" wall-paper screen in blue-green, with old-fashioned prints; 5′ 6″ high, $70. Curly-maple, ladder-back chair with rush seat, 41″ high, $23, express collect. Green glass basket vases: 10″ high, $1; 14″ high, $2.50. Engravings, colored by hand; at left, "The Happy Cottagers"; at right, "Preparing For Market," $33 ea.

Bathroom set of crystal with colored border decorated with white flowers; all colors; consisting of soap dish and two tumblers, $6.50. Powder box to match, with gold knob, $6. Double-damask white tablecloth at right, 72″ square, $6.50; 72″x 90″, $8; 72″x108″, $9.50; one dozen napkins to match, 22″ square, $8

Satin, hand-quilted pillow at extreme left, embroidered in wool, 16″ square, in rose, blue, tan, or green, $16.50. In center, satin pillow with hand-embroidered Chinese figure, 16″x18″, in rose, tan, blue, or green, $16.50. At left, taffeta hand-quilted pillow, stag design, 14″x14″, in rose, blue, gold, or green, $12.50

HOW TO ORDER

We will send you at once any of the attractive articles shown on this page on receipt of the correct remittance in stamps, check or money-order. Address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.



NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton

OBSERVE, my friends, this little Mountain Goat,
Who lives up where the coldest storm clouds float.
He has wandered down below the ice and sleet,
And his mother fears he'll "catch his death" of heat.

COPYRIGHT 1929 BY JAMES SWINNERTON

WHY do you walk upside down?"
I asked the little sloth in fun.
"To walk upright is crude," he said.
"In our set it isn't done."

Sigrid Undset, latest winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature, in "The Axe" and "The Snake Pit," does that rare and difficult thing of writing of another era as if she were writing to readers of the same time

If You Wish to Be Well-Read

Alternate New Books and Old, Advises

Emily Newell Blair

YEARS ago Clara Paige, who was then and is now a systematic seeker after knowledge, said to me: "Whenever I finish a new book I take up an old one. Thus I make up for the deficiencies of my education while I am keeping up with current literature."

I recalled this the other day when I heard that a young matron of many interests and much interest, Theodora Miller, reads an old book every time she reads a new one. And now my efficient little secretary, Frances Ullmann—E. S., I call her—tells me that she has adopted the plan.

"There are so many of the old books I've missed," Frances says. "Of course, I did the required reading at school and college. I tried to keep on at these older books for a time afterward, but then I got busy with my work, my time was limited, and there were always at hand these new books I read about in reviews or heard discussed at dinners. My curiosity was roused. I went into them. And there is never any time left for those old ones. I've put off reading them 'next time' long enough. When I finish this book I will begin an old one."

How wise she is! For these old books, as she well knows, are our literary inheritance. And by them we may know our ancestors. We may also know ourselves. Indeed, it is through acquaintance with them that we may learn how to enjoy to the fullest these other books of today, our own production, so to say, on which we surely do not wish to turn our backs. What better way, then, than to divide our reading between the new and the old? What more natural, for instance, for Frances, after finishing with enthusiasm the new biography of "Leonardo the Florentine" (Harpers, $6.00) by Rachel Annand Taylor, whose fine writing, gorgeous picturization, and thorough scholarship have fired the appreciation of critics, than to turn from this thrilling biography of that outstanding man of genius of all time, engineer, mathematician, philosopher, inventor, scientist, courtier, artist, shown against a reconstructed background of Italian cities—Rome, Milan, Florence—Italian art, Italian personalities, to my shelves and take down the translation made for the Modern Library of "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" (95c) in which the Russian Dmitri Merezkowsky galvanizes the era into life and explores the heart of this flower of the Renaissance.

Or, if Mrs. Taylor's biography had not come E.S.'s way—and her good fortune that it did—perhaps Merezkowsky's recently published mystical interpretation of "Napoleon the Man" (Dutton, $3.00), which I recently saw in her hands, will send her to his "Leonardo." Having seen him cast his almost clairvoyant eye upon the habits of that man of action, his strange faith in dreams, his worship of Destiny, his gift of prophecy, his curious exactitude, and resolve the historical enigma into "the fateful executor of a command unknown," she must wish to know what the same keen eye finds to be the meaning of a soul more enigmatical even than that of the man of action—of the man of both thought and action, dreamer and performer, mystic and realist, apotheosis even today of the capacities of the human intellect.

Since Dmitri Merezkowsky, revolutionist and exile, is still, at the age of sixty-five, alive and writing in Paris, one may wonder why I recommend his "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" to Frances as an "old" book. But not all "old" books need be hoary or gray-headed. We use the term to mean books that, having passed from the trickle of current writing into the stream of literature, are not allowed to drift into the ocean of the forgotten but are rescued by new editions that they may be preserved for the edification of future generations. Sometimes the rescuer is a publisher, sometimes a critic, once in a while a public demand.

Already Merezkowsky's "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" has been called by some critics the greatest historical novel in the world; by others, the greatest in Russian literature, and to those who know Russian literature this may mean almost the same thing. It is a throbbing story placed in three worlds: the actual, physical world of rocks and mountains, palaces and furniture, canvases and paint; the political world of happenings, courts and battles, churches, ceremonies and intrigue; and the psychical world of ideas and philosophy, sorrow and joy, youth and age. Each of these worlds the author brings alive. The story is laid in a period which he (*Continued on page 230*)

"All *the* King's *Horses*—"

HIGH in the budding branches of the maple tree a song-sparrow exulted over the faintly greening earth. Beside the river the willows were draped in fringes of light jade, and on the school lawn the crocuses—gold and white, blue and amethyst—opened fragile cups to a passing shower.

By all these lovely signs and tokens, April! April surely — for above the blackboard in Grade 6 wabbly lambkins gamboled over several yards of crêpe-paper meadows, arsenically verdant, and bedight with violets which never grew on earth. At either end a dropsical Easter rabbit displayed her eggs to the admiring if slightly wall-eyed gaze of a damsel in a bilious Greenaway gown, and made an effective background for the Easter-card box, a gorgeous affair of frills and bows, and a joy to the beholder, *if* the latest depositor of postals had remembered to keep the printing on the *undecorated side* — "Prepared Spaghetti—Ready to Serve"—turned discreetly toward the corner.

Genevieve Gertrude, her ruddy head on one side, her hands folded according to recent pedagogic orders, shifted a lack-luster regard from these sad mementoes of Miss Hewitt's reign—mementoes haled from the dusty seclusion of the storeroom—and dismally inspected the New Teacher's flushed countenance. Hm'm. She was good and mad, *she* was. She didn't care 'bout no postals, like Miss Hewitt always done. No, *sir!* All *she* wanted was to keep the room so stilly you could hear a pin drop, and learn your ole lessons forevernever.

Maybe if she got any madder, she wouldn't let the class *have* the Easter-card box, nor the egg hunt, nor nothing. Maybe if she had to scold just *once* more, 'cause the kids wouldn't pay no 'tention—

"*Peter!* How *many* times do you require a warning about those foolish little cards? A great boy like you! *Put that pen down!* If you address another postal in class period—Irma, that applies to you, young lady, and to Rick, and to Anne, and to all the rest of this inattentive group. Well, Chetwynd Jones? I *believe* I asked for the difference between an adjective and an adverb. You don't mean to say *you* know it!"

"I—I only rised my hand because I don't know how to spell—spell somebody's front name," Chetwynd faltered. "Could—could I come up and whisper it to you?"

The New Teacher took out her handkerchief and mopped a high and shining forehead. "Talk about single-track minds—*Children!* Once and for all, place every one of those bits of pasteboard *inside* your desks—*and keep them there!* I shall go raving mad if you show me another rabbit wheeling a barrow or driving a motor car! This room has been perfect bedlam for a whole week. Why under heaven I allowed you to put up these idiotic decorations and start this card-box nuisance, I don't know. *Peter!* Don't you touch that pencil! If I catch you—Anne Kincaid, put your hands on your desk where I can see them

Illustrated By C. D. Williams

"Cheerio!" announced the junior Bryant. "Say, you don't look it, and I don't feel it," retorted Genevieve Gertrude severely. "I've got big worries on my mind"

A Story that Only One Person In the World Could Have Written—

MARIEL BRADY

every minute. Genevieve Gertrude, what did your idol, Miss Hewitt, do about this foolishness? You know very well there *is* no Easter rabbit."

Genevieve Gertrude arose and eyed her teacher with extreme caution, for you could never tell how she would take things on her cranky days.

"But we like to make believe they *is*," she answered gravely. "We *like* to, so we *do*. And Miss Hewitt made a big brown bunny on the board last year. 'Twasn't such a *nawful* good one, but we could tell by the little white cotton-tail what she meant it for, you know. Then all week she tole us *and* she tole us to think *hard* 'bout the boys and girls what wouldn't likely get no cards a-tall, or maybe just one or two, and to send *them* some, so as they wouldn't feel bad when Irma and Anne hogged 'bout thirty or forty—"

"I never!" denied Irma hotly, tossing golden curls. "*You* can't help it if your boy friends send you lots of cards and eggs. *You* can't help it if you're pop'lar, nor you can't *get* pop'lar if you're not. So there!"

"I never neither!" Anne declared. "Being pop'lar is called having *It* now, and my aunt Jessalie says a girl might as well be dead if she was behind the door when *It* was passed out, 'cause she's just a flat tire at the dances—"

"That will do!" ordered the New Teacher, stamping a sensible shoe. "Your Aunt Jessalie's philosophy has no earthly place in this school-room. Genevieve Gertrude, go on with your saga of Miss Hewitt's perfections. Arabel Hoyt, bring that card *here!* My word! If the behavior of this class is any— *Why* don't you go on, Genevieve Gertrude?"

" 'Cause Miss Hewitt learned us *two* folkses can't talk to once and be polite," remonstrated Isabel Hewitt's well-trained pupil. "Well, when the day before Good Friday come, she let the *best* children be the postmen and knock on the desks and give out the cards, and then we hunted for Easter eggs, only not on the floor 'cause they's billions of germs *there*. Peter, he found the most, and he got a little choc'lit egg for a prize, but the one what didn't do no pushing and got hardly *none*, she give a whopping big rock-candy egg to, with a glass in front and a peep-show inside. Yes, *sir!*"

"Beans!" observed Peter conversationally. "You could of sold me for a bent cent. I had sixty-two of them little measly jelly-bean eggs, you know. A smart guy wouldn't have done no grabbing. If I'd a just stood still in the aisle, I'd of got that big egg myself. But she never yipped, you see. *After*, she said it was to learn us being piggy didn't *always* pay so much as it might."

"*Very* edifying!" observed the New Teacher, biting her lips. "And may I ask *where* Peter's sixty-two eggs and doubtless several hundred more came from?"

"From out'n a great, large box what the baldy editor carried in for her," explained Genevieve Gertrude promptly. "They was ten whole pounds in it, too! And we had a *nawful* good time, and we talked *right spang out loud* in school when we counted all our cards and eggs."

"*You would!* And then, after squandering part of her hard-earned salary on those silly candies, *she* went home with a splitting headache. Don't tell me she didn't. I've had a week of this nonsense, *and I know*. Well, that spoiling of you children is—providentially, I feel—over. I thank my stars I had sensible parents and teachers, and I can not recall ever having an Easter egg, although once when a mere baby I wanted a gaudy affair I saw in a confectioner's window. Now, if I may have a *small* fraction of your attention, class, I shall ask Peter to demonstrate the difference between an adjective and an adverb. You will remember he failed utterly in this yesterday."

Genevieve Gertrude sat down with a thud, her thoughts diverted from the Easter-card box. Sweet mama! Ole adjectives *again!* But you'd gotta know which words was them before you could pass to Junior High and get away from the New Teacher. You'd *gotta*—and if Peter had jammed them through *his* head—

"Well, I got a swell story here," announced Peter briskly, pulling a much

creased paper from his pocket, "and it's packed full of adjectives and adverbs. I looked in the dictionary and picked good safe ones—not them sneaky kind that can go and be nouns and verbs or something else on you. It's called

"A Graceful Story"

"Once in the graceful land of Ireland, a graceful maiden was gracefully milking a graceful cow. The graceful cow gracefully kicked over the graceful pail. Gracefully the graceful maiden ran away, and gracefully the graceful cow butted her over the graceful wall. The graceful birds gracefully stopped singing and gracefully laughed at her. Then she gracefully began to cry, and a graceful rabbit gracefully leaped away and told her graceful father, who gracefully rode his graceful horse to the graceful wall and gracefully found his graceful daughter. Then he—"

"Stop!" commanded the New Teacher, spots of red on each cheek bone. "Does that *dis*graceful tale go on forever?"

"Only to the end," replied Peter, scowling and turning his paper over. "Beans! Now you've made me lose my place— Oh, yes . . . 'Then he gracefully lifted her upon the graceful horse and gracefully took her to his graceful home. The graceful end.' There! I put a perfectly good adjective front of every noun like you said, and the adverbs is all O. K., too. Don't I get an A on it?"

"You'll get a few words with Mr. Cornish, young man," said the New Teacher grimly, reaching for a pad upon her desk. "You *couldn't* have written such an outrage as that in good faith. Here! You march yourself down to the principal's office with this note, and the class may come to order—*instantly*. It's time—thank a merciful providence!—for the gong."

Half a block away from the school-yard gate, Genevieve Gertrude, by dint of rapid sprinting, overtook Irma and Anne. They were hurrying along, their arms about each other, their heads touching.

"Where's the fire?" demanded the runner-up breathlessly. "Say, Irma! What *you* going to wear Easter Sunday? My Aunt Mayme in N'Yawk's sent me the spiffiest outfit. It's all blue and tan—"

Irma looked down her straight little nose and lifted her eyebrows. "My mother wouldn't *'low* me to wear new clo'es on Easter," she announced coldly. "*It's common!* She says there are folks what *never* go to church only when they want to show off clo'es, like on Christmas or Easter. She says she'd rather wear a reg'lar wreck-of-the-Hesperus dress than all Fifth Avenue on Easter. *Nice* people don't do it any more. It's all gone out— Oh, I forgot. I'm mad at you, Vieve, for what you said about me and Anne hogging the cards. C'mon, Anne."

Genevieve Gertrude's flaming head came up with a snap. A spark glowed in her gray eyes. "Lookit here, Irma!" she said bluntly. "I know how you and Anne and all the other Itters get by. You let them quarter-wit boys talk, and talk, *and* talk, 'thout saying nothing your own selfs—only a-smiling awful sweety all the time. You let them think they're stronger'n you, when I can tell the world you pack a pretty mean wallop. You let them think they know a lot and can tell how everythin' had ought to be run in the whole country, so they'll send you cards and eggs and presents. Hm'm! *All* us ladies, less'n we was cross-eyed and bow-legged, could be Itters if we wanted to. It's dead easy."

"Is it?" taunted Miss Irma, brushing a burnished curl over her finger. "Why don't you try it, then? Listen, Anne! Did I tell you Rick is going to give me that great *big* egg in Bryant's window, and my best out-of-town boy friend is going to send me a *box of roses?* If you won't breathe a word to a single soul, I'll tell you his name."

Golden head resting against a crisp

Genevieve Gertrude's flaming head came up with a snap. A spark glowed and Anne and all the other Itters get by. All us ladies, 'less we was cross-

in her gray eyes. "Lookit here, Irma," she said bluntly. "I know how you eyed and bow-legged, could be Itters if we wanted to. It's dead easy"

brown one, they sauntered on, with never a backward glance at the scarlet-cheeked alien left behind them.

The alien, after a moment's stunned and bitter reflection, clenched sinewy little hands. "Say," she remarked with asperity to a crack in the sidewalk, "I think I'd wait to get the goldy wires off'n my front teeth before I talked 'bout my boy friends. But I guess Itters begin real young. *Boy friends!* Oh, Fido!"

With light feet but a strangely heavy heart, she turned about and fled down Main Street. A troublesome lump was in her throat . . . *Irma.* Irma had *everythin'.* And now Rick was her boy friend and a-going to give her the beauty egg. Them what has, gets. *Always!* It wasn't *fair!*

In the drug-store window, on a nest of silver paper, reposed the wonder—white, glistening, a band of frosted gilt girdling it, a marvelous tower of violently pink rosebuds and green moss crowning it, a wreath of even pinker blooms surrounding the glass through which one peeped into fairyland.

"Say!" exploded the fascinated observer. "I betcha it's *just* like the one the New Teacher wanted when she was little! If somebody'd only give *her* this, maybe she'd be a lot more sweety. Oh, I wisht I could have it, too, 'stead of Irma!"

She dropped upon her right knee and screwed one eye into proper focus, but alas! Elfland was hidden by a dangling price tag, bearing the incredible amount of two dollars and fifty cents!

"Sweet mama!" mourned the young person on the sidewalk, dusting socks and scuffed pumps with her clean handkerchief. "Why ain't it a million and done with it? Hm'm. I betcha Rick can't buy that egg a-tall! I don't care a smitchereen if Irma *don't* get it. She was nice as pie when boys was just boys, but she's darn snippy now boys is *boy friends.*"

The town hall clock boomed one solemn note, and Genevieve Gertrude sighed gustily and abandoned reverie, for it was half-past three and Thursday afternoon, and on that day she took the Ponsonby twins—Irene and Ione—for an airing, and was the richer thereby to the tune of a quarter.

Half-way down Pleasant Street her business-like jog-trot was halted by an imperious tapping on the Fairchilds' front window, followed by the beckoning of Eliza Fairchild's gnarled old finger.

"I gotta take the twinnies out," protested Genevieve Gertrude hastily to the shawled figure raising the sash. "Honest, I can't come in and lissen to no bad feelings. Not today."

Mrs. Fairchild leaned over the sill and lowered a paper bag tied with a long string. "I been watching for you," she announced fretfully. "Your Easter present's in that there bag—a big, double-yolked egg. You can bile it any color you want to. And the bottle's for my tonic. Benjamin Bryant can send it right straight up here if he wants to keep *my* trade. I don't feel one mite well. That Birdie Morgan's been in here, blabbing and talking about her operation being worse than my appendicitis one. She got me all flustered. I don't know nothing about Birdie's insides, and she don't know nothing about my insides, and I wish she'd lay off me. You hurry that druggist up, will you?"

The window slammed. After a moment the receiver of a unique Easter gift opened the bag and bent a dark gaze upon the obese egg it held. Gingerly her fingers touched the ridge about its middle.

"Hm'm. This is the kind of mizzable Easter egg you get handed if you ain't a Itter," she observed somberly to the sunny April world. "Chock full of them ole min'rals and vitamins what is so good for you, prob'bly, but not a single honest-to-gosh thrill. Oh, well, you can't eat thrills, anyways."

Sustained by this (*Continued on page 222*)

Madame Agnès Poses in a Hat of Her Own Design

And Sends from Paris Two Other Hats of Bakou

PARIS LAUNCHES THE SPRING MODE

EVERYTHING CARRIES A SOFTER LINE

VIONNET

MOLYNEUX

YTEB

PATOU

Vionnet designed this silk coat; Molyneux, the printed ensemble with short jacket; Yteb, the afternoon frock with pointed hem; Patou, the youthful summer frock; and Hélène Thibault the hat with upturned brim and clinging back; all selected for their smart fashion points

FASHIONS

Helen Koues, Director

THE spring mode is here. The changes from last season, though slight, are important. It is not merely a question of fabric and color, but a question of the cut itself. Instead of the tailored clothes which we have worn for a decade, there is a softness, a suppleness, a dressmaker's touch in the new finger-length jackets, in the full-length coats, in the various and ever-present print dresses which are worn with them. The importance of the ensemble remains and is accented by the softer handling of the material.

Where we used to consider an ensemble a dress and coat, it now may consist of three or four pieces—blouse, skirt, cardigan, and coat; or a dress, jacket, and coat; or again a jacket and a dress. And even then the ensemble is not completed until the right hat, the right shoes and stockings, and the right bag accompany it.

HÉLÈNE THIBAULT

Perhaps there is no other point more interesting this spring than the advent of the blouse and the short jacket. In its newest form, the blouse is sleeveless and is one of a three-piece ensemble. The whole effect is soft. The jacket has no stiffening (is often without a lining) and either is finished at the neck by a scarf worn open or tied as in the Vionnet model above, or is collarless. The skirts are a little longer for the daytime, and are noticeably so in afternoon dresses, while evening clothes, like those of the winter, have uneven hemlines which nearly touch the floor at one point or another. (*Continued on page 254*)

IRENE DANA IRENE DANA CHÉRUIT

LIGHT-WEIGHT WOOLENS IN NOVELTY WEAVES

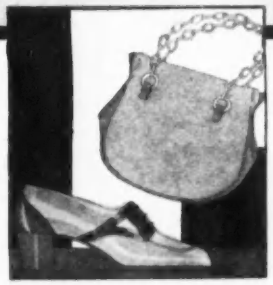
THE suitability of clothes for the spectator of sports is today as definitely established as the fitness of costumes for the participant in the game. Just as the golfer and the tennis player wear the type of clothes that allow for freedom of motion and plenty of play, so should the onlooker select clothes that have that casual, informal, country feeling.

These three—the costumes above—were chosen in Paris for the sports spectator, although the cardigan costume from Irene Dana's (center figure) could be worn either for golf or for looking on. The changes in the silhouette for sports fashions this spring and summer are few, but there is a slight tendency to raise the waistline, giving a sort of tucked-in effect, and belts are worn close to the normal line. The really big change in the sports field is the use of interesting and different fabrics. Colorful tweeds of all varieties are smart—bright blues, greens, and reds in the lighter as well as the usual heavy-weights. There are also many new light-weight woolens.

The jersey frock was designed by Chéruit, in beige with irregular strips of two darker shades. The striped frock is Irene Dana's. Homespun in a brown and white mixture is used for the cardigan suit, with a plain, dark-brown sweater. The sweater that is darker than the suit is a new fashion, and nearly every costume for sports has a belt.

MOLYNEUX

PATOU



IN THE spring there are two appropriate fashions which appear every year—the coat dress and some modification of the suit. There are always some smart women who wish a tailored suit in their wardrobe. For them, here is a Patou model. The cloth dress is wearable, practical, and always smart. For travel, for shopping, for a walk in the park, it is more nearly perfect than anything.

The two models above are both essentially right, each with new and interesting points. Molyneux designed the cloth frock, which is smart in every detail. It is brown and white, in a plaided, checked effect which is exceedingly smart this season, and it has a white collar and cuffs. It is tailored in effect and buttons in front. It is worn with a leather belt and has enough fulness in the skirt to follow the new fashion for wider skirts. This is the ideal frock to wear with a fur scarf, a small felt hat, plain, pull-on gloves, and medium-heeled, calf walking shoes.

The suit, designed by Patou, shows the slightly fitted line that is new even for suits. It is double-breasted, and its coat is the new finger-tip length. This, too, could be worn with a fur scarf or without. It is of blue cloth, the skirt is plaited all around, and its shirtwaist blouse, with a turn-down collar and necktie, is also Patou's, a type of blouse Patou sponsors this spring to wear with suits.

Too much emphasis can not be placed upon the importance of the right accessories. The effect of the smartest suit or frock may be completely marred by the choice of the wrong shoes or the wrong bag, so a word here *(Continued on page 261)*

PARIS SENDS ITS SPRING FASHIONS FOR EVENING

PATOU

IN A review of the spring openings in Paris, the evening mode is the dramatic mode. Beauty of line, richness of fabric, subtlety of design, quality of color, soft details—all the new high spots of the mode of 1929 clearly appear in the evening. Everything is softly elaborate, irregular.

Here the molded bodice, the snug, flat hips, the normal waistline, and the long and flowing hemline are the rule, both gowns and wraps carrying a slim yet flared silhouette. But where the line follows this one general description, the new mode of fabrics, colors, and details for the evening is as varied as the French designers could conceive. There are tulle, satin, warp-printed taffeta, and flat crêpe. Then there are georgettes and chiffons, either printed or plain, with prints definitely favored for spring and summer, and crêpe romain, with, of course, lace. The colors are black or white, pink, new and smart, the yellowish greens, blue, and innumerable shades of red.

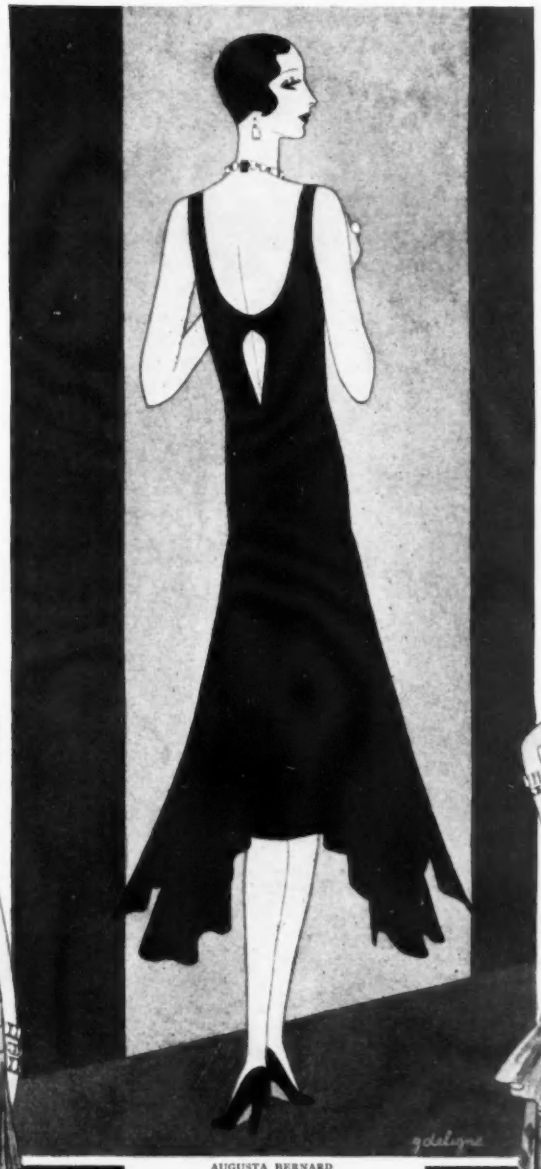
CHÉRUIT

Chéruit sends this smart new evening gown of white chiffon, with its tiny silver dots

VIONNET

Vionnet designed this evening frock of dull-pink crêpe Georgette, with graceful scarf

WAISTS HIGHER, SKIRTS LONGER, SLIM AND FLOWING



AUGUSTA BERNARD

JENNY

Jenny created this reseda-green crêpe Romain evening frock with double, crossed scarf

AUGUSTA BERNARD, Louiseboulanger, Jenny, Patou, Vionnet, Chéruit—six of the great couturiers in Paris designed these evening fashions.

The charming back arrangement and the skirt long on both sides, shown in the black satin frock, above, of Augusta Bernard promises to be one of the important fashions of the spring. The Louiseboulanger gown at the right shows the small bustle ruffles this house sponsors, an idea similar to the peplum which is so smart this spring. This frock is made of soft, silk material of silver and pink, the ruffles of pink chiffon. The youthful Jenny frock, at the left, is in reseda-green crêpe Romain and shows the high, crossed neckline that Jenny sponsors for spring. The long scarf line hanging in the back is graceful and flattering, and one end may be brought forward. On the opposite page, Patou's evening coat of white satin is lined with white chiffon velvet and collared (*Continued on page 261*)

LOUISEBOULANGER

Louiseboulanger's evening gown of silk has small bustle ruffles and a divided back

TAILORED CLOTHES ADOPT DRESSMAKER LINES FOR SPRING

BONWIT TELLER

A softly feminine white silk blouse completes the black Mousseen jacket suit, above, from Bonwit Teller, and also the gray, chiffon-covert, collarless ensemble, from Kurzman

KURZMAN

BONWIT TELLER

Less severity of line and a distinctly dressmaker feeling characterize tailored clothes, as seen in this London Trades one-piece dress of bright blue tweed, from Bonwit Teller

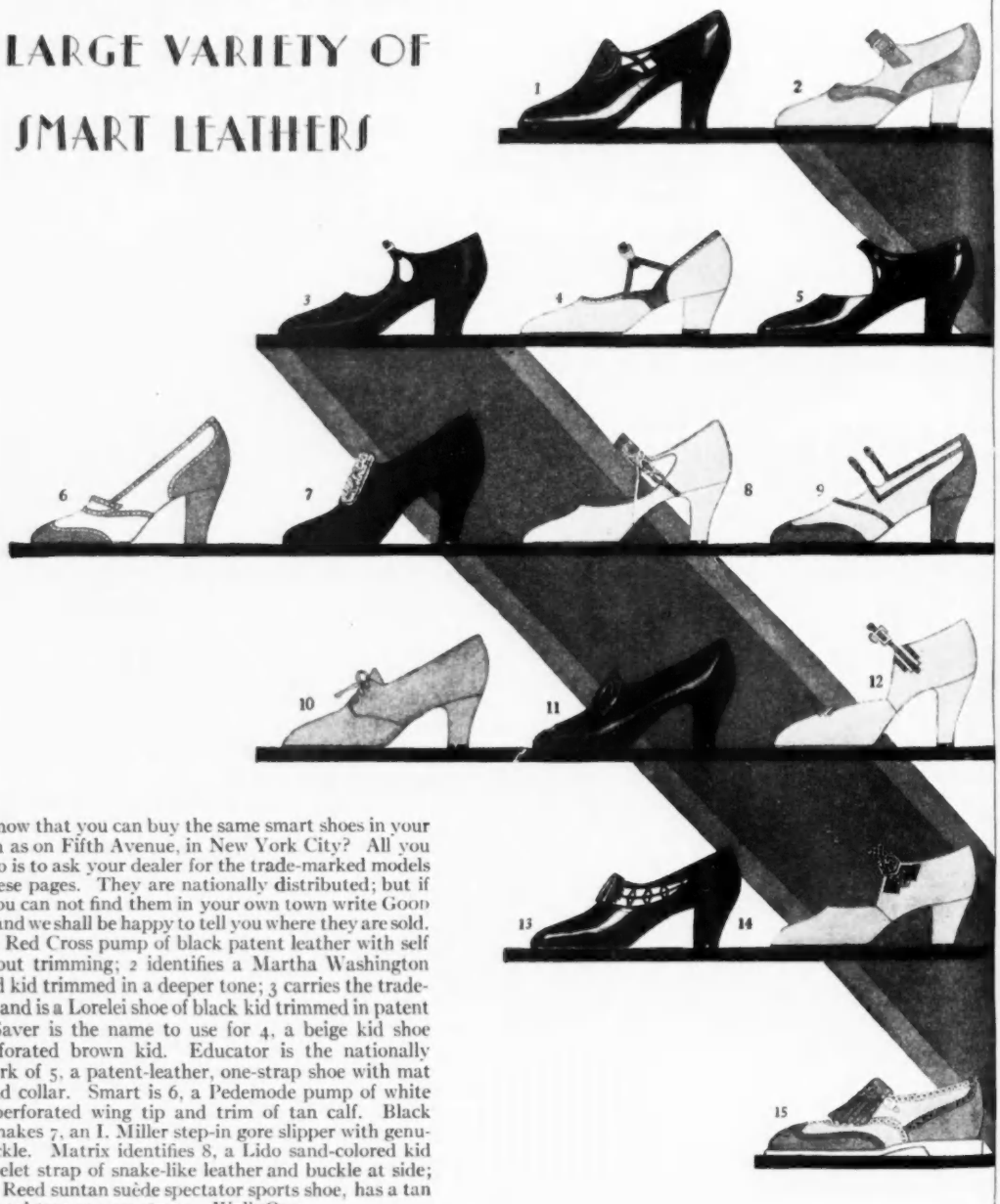
SMART WOMEN WEAR A JACKET BY DAY AND NIGHT

MODELS ON THIS PAGE FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

Black printed silk and chartreuse jersey smartly combine in this jacket ensemble, while the beige Alençon lace gown in center points to the importance of jackets for evening

That jackets can be shorter than blouses is proved by this dressmaker suit of red silk crêpe, which develops flare in its sleeveless blouse and skirt by means of inverted kick plaits

KEEPING STEP WITH FASHION IN A LARGE VARIETY OF SMART LEATHERS

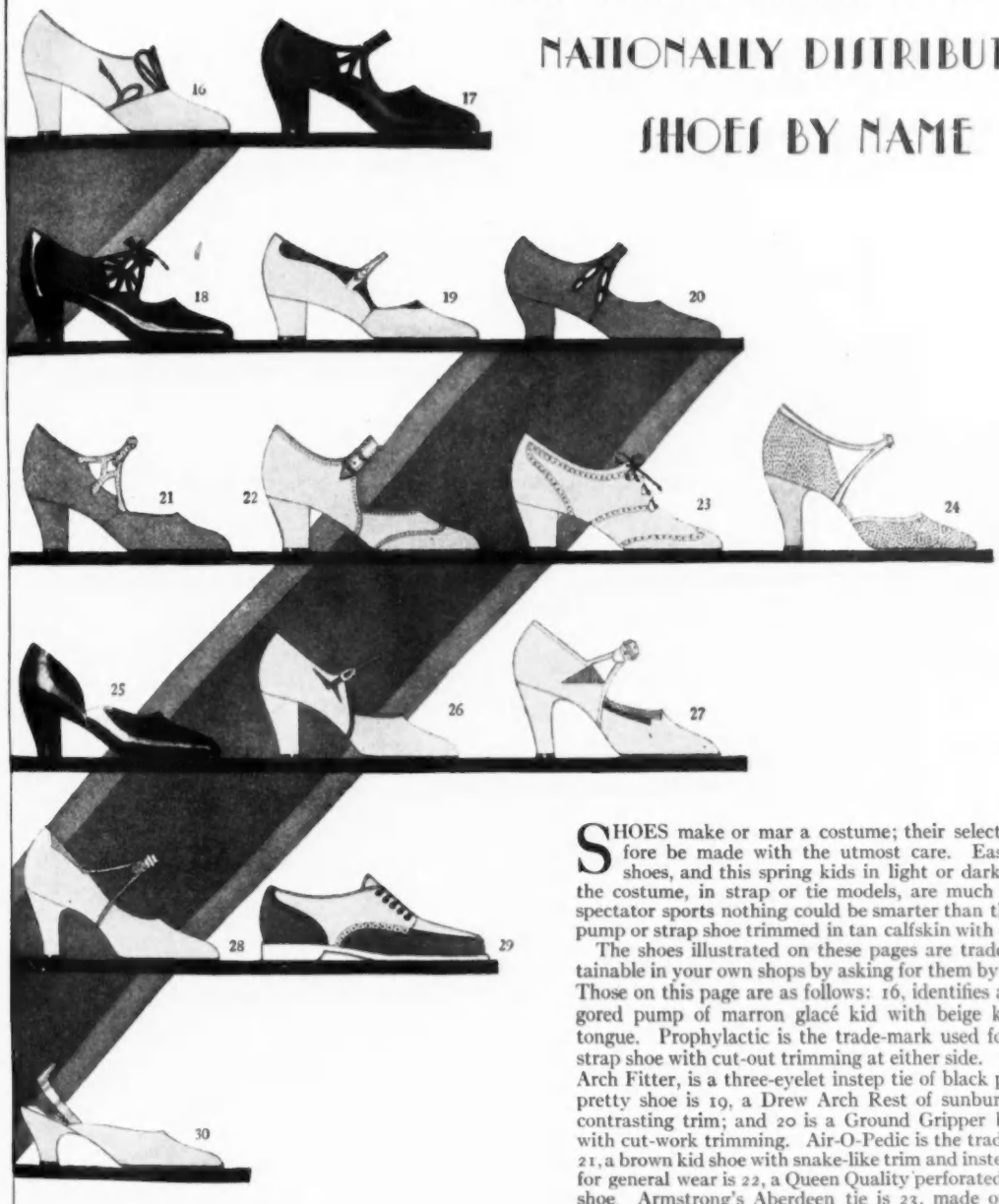


DO YOU know that you can buy the same smart shoes in your own town as on Fifth Avenue, in New York City? All you need to do is to ask your dealer for the trade-marked models illustrated on these pages. They are nationally distributed; but if for any reason you can not find them in your own town write GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and we shall be happy to tell you where they are sold.

Number 1 is a Red Cross pump of black patent leather with self buckle and cut-out trimming; 2 identifies a Martha Washington shoe of Lido sand kid trimmed in a deeper tone; 3 carries the trade-mark Cantilever and is a Lorelei shoe of black kid trimmed in patent leather. Foot Saver is the name to use for 4, a beige kid shoe trimmed in perforated brown kid. Educator is the nationally known trade-mark of 5, a patent-leather, one-strap shoe with mat calf underlay and collar. Smart is 6, a Pedemode pump of white buckskin with perforated wing tip and trim of tan calf. Black Velvetta suède makes 7, an I. Miller step-in gore slipper with genuine cut-steel buckle. Matrix identifies 8, a Lido sand-colored kid shoe with cut eyelet strap of snake-like leather and buckle at side; while 9, an E. P. Reed suntan suède spectator sports shoe, has a tan Russia wing tip and two narrow straps. Walk-Over is the well-known trade-mark of 10, a three-eyelet tie of light-weight brown calf. Brownbilt is the name to give your dealer for 11, a black-kid bow pump. Smart is 12, a Laird Schober shoe of light-beige Velvetta suède with opalescent kid trimming. Use the name Natural Bridge Arch for 13, a black patent-leather pump with leather buckle and cut-out trim. 14 is a Body Balanced shoe of brown kid with Python-trimmed strap. Melanson identifies 15, the brogue sports shoe of dark smoked elk and tan elk with gristle sole and heel, particularly smart for golf.

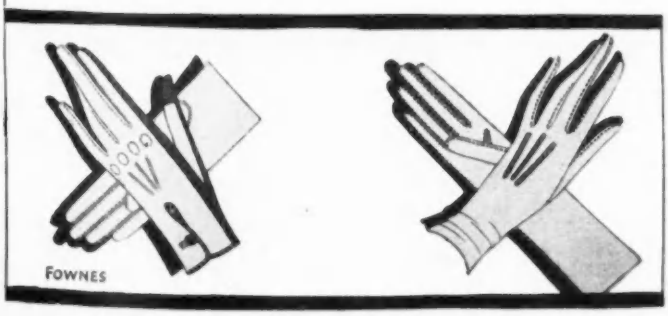
The Fownes gloves, right, are of two kinds: first, a slip-on pair of washable beige suède with self-colored stitching for general wear; second, a slip-on glove of powder-pink washable suède suitable for afternoon.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED SHOES BY NAME



SHOES make or mar a costume; their selection should therefore be made with the utmost care. Easter calls for new shoes, and this spring kids in light or dark shades to match the costume, in strap or tie models, are much to the fore. For spectator sports nothing could be smarter than the white buckskin pump or strap shoe trimmed in tan calfskin with solid leather heel.

The shoes illustrated on these pages are trade-marked and obtainable in your own shops by asking for them by their trade-name. Those on this page are as follows: 16, identifies an Arch Preserver gored pump of marron glacé kid with beige kid trimming and tongue. Prophylactic is the trade-mark used for 17, a black kid strap shoe with cut-out trimming at either side. 18, a Slender Foot Arch Fitter, is a three-eyelet instep tie of black patent leather. A pretty shoe is 19, a Drew Arch Rest of sunburnt-beige kid with contrasting trim; and 20 is a Ground Gripper brown suède shoe with cut-work trimming. Air-O-Pedic is the trade-name to use for 21, a brown kid shoe with snake-like trim and instep strap. Practical for general wear is 22, a Queen Quality perforated tan-calf Winston shoe. Armstrong's Aberdeen tie is 23, made of ivory porcupine calf. Smart is Cammeyer's pale-beige lizard sandal, 24, outlined in opalescent kid. Maid-Rite identifies 25, a patent-leather bedroom slipper; while 26 is an Arnold Glove-Grip beige kid strap shoe trimmed in deeper tone. 27 stands for Fashion Plate, a Lido sand kid shoe trimmed in genuine snake. Then comes 28, trade-marked Peacock, of creole kid trimmed in chinchilla calf. A Bass moccasin sports oxford is 29, with cork-colored quarter and tip, tan elk vamp and foxing, and gristle sole and heel. Dainty is 30, a Daniel Green coral crêpe de Chine mule with gold kid heel seat and strap.



For sports are the Fownes gloves, left; first, a pair of yellow Doette and tan capeskin golf gloves; second, a pair of slip-on, imported suntan, washable-suède gloves, smartly hand-sewn and stitched in black.

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Gábor Eder, Photographer

Letting it Grow?

By Ruth Murrin

"THEY are letting it grow."

That is what all the hairdressers tell me, those who preside over the exclusive shops patronized by women of leisure, as well as those who marcel the youthful heads of schoolgirls, college girls, and girls who flock into offices to earn their daily bread. The younger girls decided some time ago that they preferred long hair, and the question is whether every one else will follow suit. In some shops I am assured that there are still many new bobs every day, but I feel that these optimists are simply whistling to keep their courage up. Of course, there will always be women who accept a new fashion with reluctance, and having once accepted it, let it go with reluctance. There are brave souls who make up their own minds about what is becoming, and cling to it regardless of what other people do. But all the signs at present point to a new popularity for long hair.

This approval of long hair does not mean that hair long enough to sit on is restored to its former glory. On the contrary, the dictum has gone forth, "Not too long and not too thick." Short enough so that it will tuck away unobtrusively, just thick enough to look healthy and still permit the close, sculptured effect which cropped heads made popular—that is our aim. There must be no thick coils, braids, puffs, wads, frizzes, or anything that will spoil the modern ideal—a neat, simple, contour-revealing coiffure. Various ways of thinning the hair are practised. Some women like the quick and easy way of shaving off sections which do not show. Others prefer the thinning-all-over method. To do this the hairdresser ruffles up the shorter hairs of a strand, and cuts out the longer, older hairs, thus thinning and shortening the hair at the same time. The process is rather tedious, but the thinning is very even, and it is impossible for any one to detect where it has been done.

Just at present there is not much individuality in hair arrangement. The most popular style is to part the hair on the side, slanting the part a little if this is becoming. Curled or waved to make a soft frame about the face, the hair is brought back so that it shows part of the ears, and pinned in back in a flat crossed knot, a small coil, or a figure eight. Young and pretty girls sometimes find an old-fashioned, parted-in-the-middle, and straight-back-behind-the-ears arrangement charming, and certain types can wear the hair drawn straight back from the forehead without a part. The front hair may be kept short and curled and the back arranged in a small knot. This is a good arrangement for the troublesome growing-in period. A hair piece can be bought to make the knot in back.

Older women, who have found that short hair is dignified, becoming, and beautifully neat, are wearing a rather long bob. The hair at the crown is allowed to grow long, and that underneath thinned out so that the contour is preserved. A swirled arrangement in back is best. It is important to remember that the obviously bobbed or shingled look, front or back, is no longer considered attractive.

Like short hair, the new coiffures are charmingly simple and revealing. Consequently they demand exquisite cleanliness. The hair must look brushed, healthy, lustrous, with not a sign of dandruff, dust, or excess oil.

Daily brushing, a five-minute massage several times a week, thorough shampoos whenever the hair and scalp need them, and the use of a good tonic are sufficient to keep the normal crop beautifully vigorous and lustrous. But if you are doing all these things and still have hair troubles, look to your health. A fine constitution means nice hair.

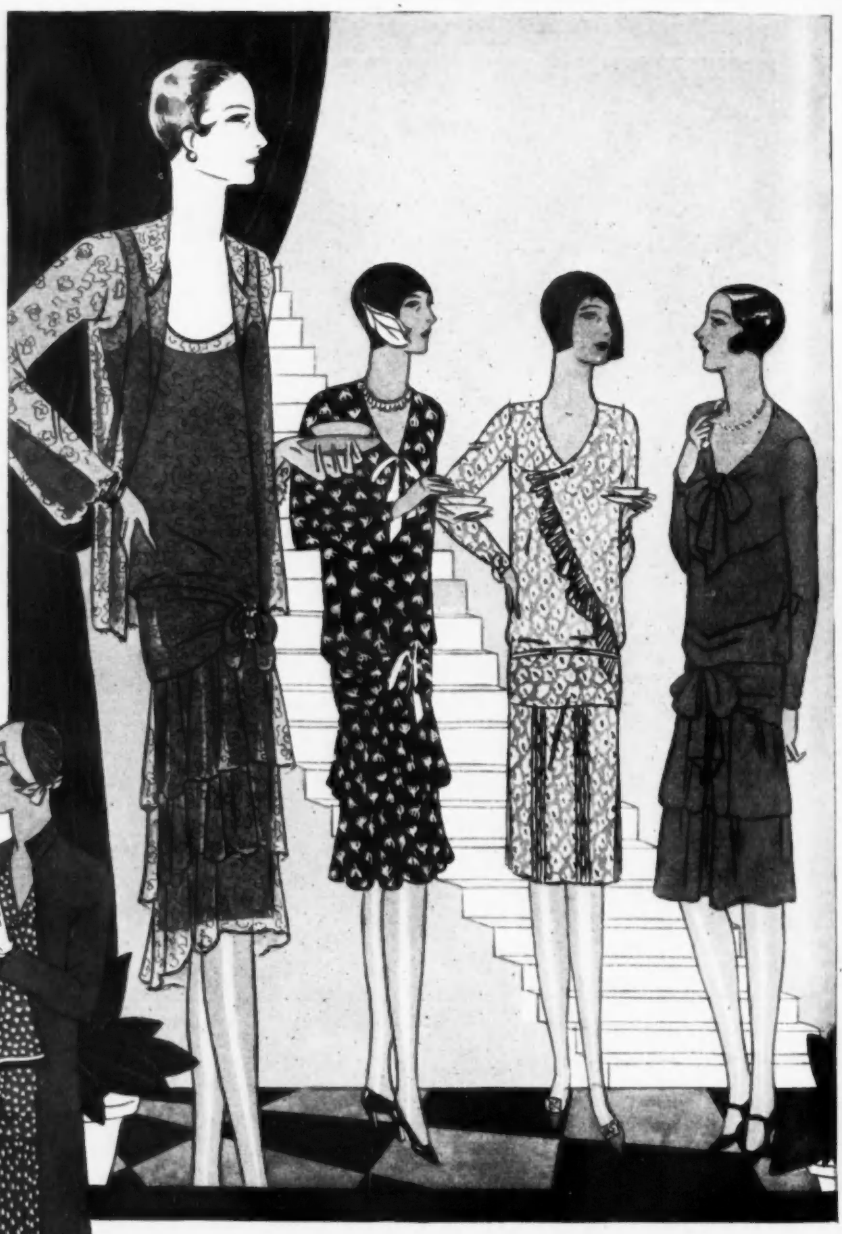
Modern treatments for the skin and the hair are briefly described in "Daily Care of the Skin" and "Caring For Your Hair," which will be sent you if you enclose a stamped envelope with your request. "The Primer of Personal Loveliness" tells you simply and clearly what you can do to improve your looks. Send 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. and 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

GABOR EDEN, PHOTOGRAPHER

LET US BUY YOUR SATIN WEDDING GOWN

Good Housekeeping Shopping Service

Chosen from a smart Fifth Avenue shop, this lovely, parchment satin wedding gown, with appliqué of wide ribbon and thread lace, may be ordered in any size from our Shopping Service. It follows the new princess line, is shorter in front than in back, and is only $95. (10 days to order.) The bridal tulle is $2.50 a yard; our bride's folio is 25c; and tells all about the trousseau, invitations, and decorations. Send order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.



FOR BRIDES

Remove the little long-sleeved jacket on this lace ensemble (1st fig. right) and you have a lovely, sleeveless, evening frock for dinner or dancing —two dresses in one, really! It has a harmonizing satin slip attached inside, the top outlined in white chiffon. The frock has the new flat hipline with tiny bows and rhinestone trimming in front, and three-tiered flounces; in red, black, royal-blue, beige, or pink; 14 to 20; $29.50

New printed frocks are the two in the center (right), the first charmingly youthful, of silk crêpe, with a flared skirt, flat hips, and two lovely bows; in navy with cornflower predominating, or in sand with white; 14 to 20; $16.75. The one with diagonal effect and plaited frill is crêpe de Chine, one-piece, with a belt, and plaits in front and at the sides; black with white and gay colors, or navy with beige; 14 to 18, 38 to 40; $16.75

LET US BUY FOR YOU FROM THE SMART

Two smart silk ensembles for the bride or for any spring wardrobe are these (left), one with new finger-tip jacket and lovely bow frock, both of crêpe de Chine. The frock has long sleeves, a plain back, seaming and plaits in front; champagne-colored frock with a brown, a marine-blue, or a black coat, or green frock with a brown coat; 14 to 20; $29.50. The long flat-crêpe coat with dotted radium-silk frock has a skirt plaited in front and a jabot with rhinestone pin; in navy with white dots, tan with brown dots, or green with white; 14 to 20; $15.95

All cut out to your own size in the loveliest colors of flat crêpe for spring, the bow frock above (4th in the row) is semi-made. This means that all the difficult sewing, like the tucking in the blouse and the tiers in the skirt, is finished. All you have to do is sew up the seams and hem. What an economy for the bride who has to count her pennies! Or for any one who wishes to include in her spring wardrobe this type of charming afternoon frock for tea parties or bridge or informal dinners at home! It comes in peachblow-red, green, beige, or navy-blue; all the directions and all material included, sizes 14 to 40; and the price is only $8.95

HOW TO ORDER

Let our Shopping Service speed to you these smart, new clothes for the bride or your spring wardrobe. Just send check or money-order, together with size and color wanted and hip and bust sizes, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. See pages 280, 281, and 282 for wash frocks, accessories and lingerie

Especially designed for spring brides is this going-away ensemble with skirt and coat in a new soft, woolen fabric; the slip-over, long-sleeved blouse of silk in a softly contrasting color. The skirt is on a silk bodice, is box-plaited all around; and the blouse has a stitched yoke front. The collar turns up or down, there are flat pockets, and the sleeves are lined. In brown, or beige, or Independence-blue; 14 to 40; only $49

THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU
NEW YORK SHOPS

Checks are smart for the daytime, and above is the bride's sports frock of knitted wool-and-rayon sweater and skirt, the skirt on a band and with plaits in front; in green, orchid, powder-blue, or eggshell beige; 14 to 40; only $16.50. The three-piece costume, with wool-tweed cardigan and skirt and white bow blouse, is semi-made. All the difficult sewing is finished, ready for you to sew up the seams and hem. The blouse has long sleeves; the skirt comes with white silk bodice, and has plaits in front; comes in a tan, gray, or green light-weight tweed effect, which is smart for spring, the blouse white silk; 18 to 44; only $11.95

Charming is this printed, handkerchief-linen, one-piece frock (right) with plaits in front and white linen jabot; blue, red, or green; 14 to 44; $9.75. Lace-trimmed silk negligée in coral, peach, or French-blue with satin brocaded effect; 36 to 40; $12.75. Above (3rd in row) is one of spring's smartest fashions — washable crêpe de Chine, sleeveless, one-piece frock in white, green, maize, or blue; 14 to 20; $16.50; the dotted silk cardigan, blue, tan, or red, in sizes 14 to 20, is $10.75; and the matching silk bag, $7.50; the belt, any size, $1.95

A Little HOUSE of HerOwn

The Story of a Woman who Found a Home in the Heart of her Grandson

By MARY SYNON

Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower

"If you go away without your pose so," sighed the boy. "But

ALL the way down the Tyler Road to the rickety tenements near the steel mills Ellen Courtney clutched the worn purse which held her bank book.

Shabby, thumb-marked, dog-eared, the little, brown-leather volume had been only another item in the day's work to the young teller of the First National Bank of Lebanon when he had credited in it the twenty dollars which an old woman had thrust beneath the brass bars of the A-G window; but to the old woman who had passed it to him with gnarled and trembling hands it was a tome of achievement, an indisputable, triumphant record of the accomplishment of an ambition. That final entry brought the sum of Ellen Courtney's savings to exactly four thousand dollars; and four thousand dollars was the price of the cottage on Collins Street for which she yearned with all the passion of her long-landless race for ownership of a place of dwelling.

More than that, the book was a scroll of long hours of toil, of back-breaking work in the mill offices, of scrubbing and of rubbing, of heart-aching privations and want, of years of dull, corroding misery. Most of all, it was a key to the opening of a door to that independence for which her silent soul longed, and old Ellen Courtney took a long breath of the smoke-laden air of Lebanon as she trudged onward.

"I'll be free of him now," she told herself, and shook her clenched fist at the thought of her daughter's husband, Big Con Quinlan. "I'll sit by his fire no longer. I'll make my bread and brew my tea in a little house o' my own."

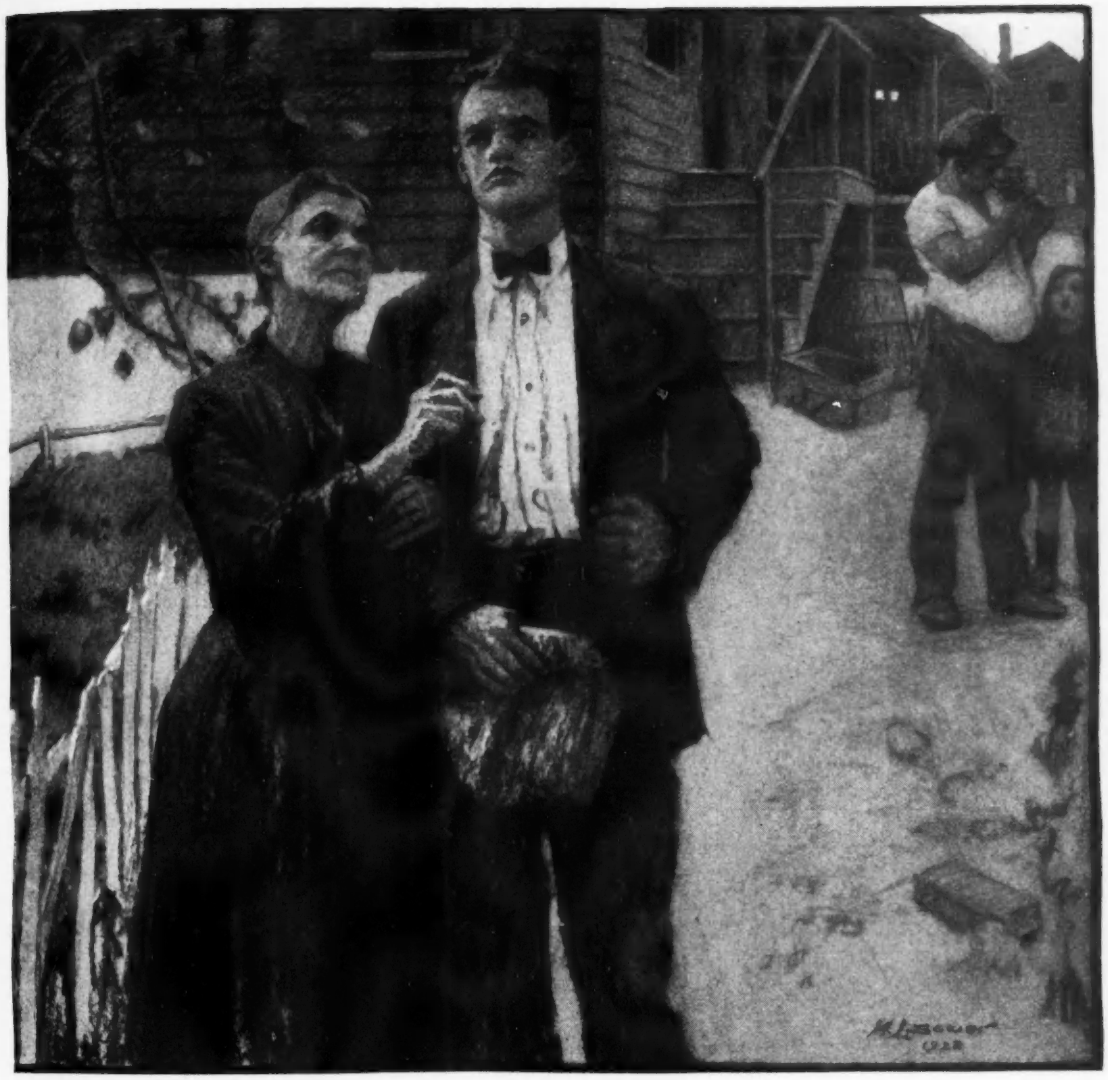
From a turn in the road, as it passed the Second Ward School, she could see the sweep of Lebanon, a town of mills and hills sprawled under heavy saffron smoke belching out from tall chimneys of blazing furnaces. It was a town of labor, of strength, of power, of promise, a proving ground for men; but to Ellen Courtney it was both less and more than its outward seeming. It was the only place in the land of her adoption she had ever called home, and now, at the summit of her long climb to set a stake of possession on a tiny bit of its soil, she gazed on the scene with eyes of visioning remembrance.

It had been a town far smaller, far less awesome than its present aspect when she had come into it, straight from Castle Island, to work with Stasia Sullivan for Mrs. Amos Tressart; but to a homesick girl from a tiny village in the Connemara Mountains Lebanon had seemed a great and terrible place, its furnaces gaping maws for the destruction of men's bodies, their flames the fires of hell for the burning of men's souls.

"God save us all from them," she had prayed the first night she had seen the fires of red and orange and blue leaping against the dark shadows of the hills.

Afterward she was to know the mills for kilns of opportunity, for arenas where men earned the bread of the day for themselves and their families, but through all the years she had dwelt within sight of them she had never quite overcome her first impression of their menacing power.

That dread, and her sense of loneliness, fostered rather than alleviated by Stasia Sullivan's rough kindliness, sped her answer to young Tom Courtney's wooing. He was a steel worker, country-born, but cousin to the Carrolls who lived in Slane, the town next but one to her own at home, and who had written him to call upon her. Young, strong, ardent, ambitious, he seemed a rock on which she might build a safe, secure structure of life, and she married him not only because she loved him, but because she saw him working



father's word, he'll make your mother's life naught but misery." "I sup- oh, Gram, I want it more than I'll ever want anything in all my life"

with her to the common end of their desire.

"We'll have our own house one day soon, Ellen alanna," he had told her on those Sunday afternoons when they had wandered up to the tops of the hills that look over Lebanon.

The day did not come, however, in Tom's lifetime, although the little cottage of their renting became a place of the joys and sorrows, the fulfillment and disappointments, the defeats and the triumphs which make a home. There Martin and young Tom and Madeleine and Agnes were born; and there four other men from the hills bore back Tom Courtney, paying toll by death to the steel by which they had lived. Ellen had come back to it from the bleak Calvary on the farther hills to take up the problem of her children's future. Even then she had pondered on using for the purchase of a house the money the Tressart Mills had paid her for Tom's insurance, but one demand after another for clothing, for food, for the daily needs of living, cut off that hope.

She managed, however, by use of the money and by what she could earn in day work in some of the big houses on the high hill, to educate her children. God knows how she struggled to keep them there, but the Courtneys went through high school with Tressarts and Wainwrights and Carolans and Stannards, while their neighbors' children worked in the ever-spreading mills. Ellen Courtney's success in that endeavor had seemed to give her anchorage against any storm of adversity, but the storm found her without mooring.

It struck her after a calm which had revived her dream of the house she would own. Young Tom, who had put himself through medical school, died in the year of his interneship at the city hospital. Madeleine, who had gone to New York to study dramatic art and who had for a while written glowing accounts of her success, ceased to write at all. Martin, with his father's look and his father's ambition, went to work in the Tressart Mills, only to come home one day as his father had come. Agnes, the last though not the flower of the flock, married Big Con Quinlan against all her mother's protestations and pleadings.

For three years after that marriage Ellen Courtney lived alone, fighting the thought of letting herself dwell under Con Quinlan's roof, but at last Agnes's illness and little Marty's need of her care drove her to them.

From the first day of her residence there she struggled against the idea of its permanency. " 'Tis only a little while now," she would tell herself, striving to hold grimly to the dwindling money of her savings.

She could not see her daughter and her daughter's child go without what they needed, however, and she kept loaning money to Agnes until the smallness of her bank balance appalled her. Then she went to Frederick Tressart and asked him for work. Because she had once worked for his mother, he gave her the only job available to a woman of her age, the task of cleaning the mill offices. For more than ten years she had scrubbed and oiled and polished floors and chairs and desks while Big Con Quinlan grew uglier, and Agnes sadder, and Marty shot up into valiant boyhood.

Her thoughts focused on Marty as she turned away from the wide look over Lebanon and tramped down the road.

She would miss him, she faced the issue, more than she dared consider. His bright youth in that tenement flat where his

mother wept and his father growled shone like the one star in a clouded sky. His hopes, his interests, his studies, his ambitions bounded Ellen Courtney's horizon. He was Tom, and young Tom, and Martin, composite of husband and sons she had loved and lost. He was himself, and joy, and comfort, and promise; but even her love for him could not alter the fact that she dwelt unwillingly in his father's house.

"Marty can come to me when he pleases," she told herself, and turned off the Tyler Road into a street of shabby grimness.

Against the gray gloom of her tenement a long and shining limousine purred a steady throb of engine. Recognizing car and chauffeur, and seeing them harbingers of a not too welcome visitor, Ellen surveyed them with a snort of disdain.

"I'll show that one something now," she made promise, and faced in to meet the Stasia Cassidy who had been Stasia Sullivan.

A big woman in a black which managed to suggest festivity rather than mourning, and in diamonds that gleamed and glistened with her heavy movements, Stasia sat in comfortless state on a hard chair, nodding inattentive punctuation to Agnes Quinlan's dreary monotone of narrative.

"Sure, you took your own time," she reproached Ellen.

"I'd business to do," Ellen said with dignity.

"What business would you be doin'? I'd like to know," Stasia wondered audibly.

"Plenty."

Ellen sat down on a stool across the table from her old crony, folding her hands with a gesture which invited her caller to bring on the bears of an ancient and hidden antagonism which stalked through the woods of an ancient and open friendship. Agnes, knowing from long custom their desire to be rid of her, slid out of the room. Stasia's look, fraught with patronizing commiseration, followed her.

"She's a hard life, poor soul!" she sighed.

"No harder than many another woman."

"True for you. No man's easy to live with." She sighed prodigiously, then regarded her diamond rings with grave approval. "The best you can ask is that he's been a good provider." She laid a wreath upon the memory of the departed Cassidy.

"My Tom was."

"'Twas so long ago, you've forgotten."

"I'd forget nothing about a man as good and honest as he was."

"I've been thinkin'," Stasia shifted the topic from what might be a stone heap for the pelting of the sources of the Cassidy money, "that 'twas none too happy for you to be livin' here with Big Con Quinlan, even though he is your own daughter's husband."

"If I didn't like it, would I stay?"

"And I've that big house, and I'm all alone in it, now that my tribe's all married, and I can't see why you won't come and live with me, Ellen Courtney."

"We're better apart, Stasia."

"Now what's the sense of that, woman dear? There I am with ten rooms, and not even a hired girl takin' up one of them since, faith, they come by the day now, and never in time to get a decent breakfast. And Ann, and Mildred, and Margaret May talk to me over the telephone every day, askin' me why I don't get some one to stay with me. I told Mildred today that I'd want no one but yourself, and in ten minutes the three of them were callin' to say for me to come and get you as fast as that gossoon on the box—and, sure, he's worse than no man at all—could bring me."

"I thank you for the thought of me, Stasia," Ellen said stiffly, "but I'm through with living in other people's houses."

"Aren't you livin' in Big Con's?" Stasia asked reasonably.

"True for you, but I'll not be here long."

"What are you going to do?" Incredulity struggled with disappointment in the big woman's voice.

"I'm going to buy a home o' my own."

"Where?"

"The little brown cottage at the end of Collins Street."

"Buy it?"

"I said it."

"But, woman dear, you'll not live there alone?"

"'Tis as easy to live there alone as it is for you to live in your house."

"Maybe, but what'd you be wantin' with a house?"

"What does yourself want with one?"

"Cassidy left it to me."

"Didn't Tom leave me enough for one?"

"'Twas spent long ago."

"Faith, I have it again now, and nothing to stop me from using it as I will."

"More power to you, Ellen Courtney." She rose, acknowledging defeat. "I'm glad you're all gettin' on so well." No one but Ellen could have detected the sneer beneath her smooth tone. "What with your house and Marty's chance, you're gettin' to be great people entirely."

"What chance?" Ellen demanded, shaken from caution against Stasia by surprise.

"Oh, didn't you know now? I thought that you'd know everything about your Marty even before his father and mother. Why, it's nothin' but what Agnes was just tellin' me, that he's finished the head of his class in the high school and won the Tressart scholarship—the one, y' know, that John Morgan took years gone."

"'Tis a great thing, entirely."

"It is that. It's four years at Carnegie, and the first place in the laboratory when he gets through. Cassidy used to say it was worth a hundred thousand dollars to any smart lad."

"Marty's smart."

"He is."

"He is that!"

Pride in the boy lifted her spirits from the slough into which Stasia's patent patronizing had plunged her. With the sharp stiletto of knowledge of the other woman's regret that only girls waited to inherit Terence Cassidy's fortune Ellen drove a wound.

"'Tis something to have a boy like that in the family, thank God, even if he has to work for all he'll get."

"I hope you'll live long enough to enjoy what he makes," Stasia thrust back from the doorway as she waddled toward her waiting car.

"I thank you for the wish—and the offer to live with you."

"You needn't."

They parted, as always, on the note of suspended hostility, and Ellen went back to the kitchen where Agnes was getting dinner.

"Did you leave it to herself to tell me about Marty?" she reproached her daughter.

"I didn't know it until Marty came home from school. You were out. She came in, and I told her. What harm was there in it?"

"None."

"It'd be grand for him, wouldn't it?" Agnes Quinlan asked, her pale face lighting with the hope, but she sighed, and Ellen turned on her swiftly.

"Why don't you say it *will* be grand instead of sighing that it might be?"

"I don't know if he can take it."

"Why not? It'll cost him nothing."

"He'd be earning nothing, though, while he's there."

"What if he doesn't? Con's working."

"I know he is." She put up a weary hand to brush back a wisp of graying hair. "I don't know, though, what Con'll say to it."

"What can he say?"

"Enough." Her shoulders narrowed as if she winced under the thought of Big Con's power of words. "He's been counting on Marty going in the mills this summer."

"He can't!" Ellen's voice rose high. "You won't let him do that, Agnes? Not the way he'd go now! What chance'd the boy have, the way things are today? It's not like it was in Tom's time. It's not even what it was when my Martin went there. The high-school boys aren't the ones now who get the big chances. It's the boys from the technical schools, the boys from the colleges, the ones who bring in their minds all the new tricks. 'Tis their time, I'm telling you. Don't I hear it evenings when I clean the offices? Don't I see who goes up, and who doesn't? No, I tell you, Agnes Quinlan, Marty's got to have his chance, just the same as my Martin and Tom had theirs."

MY HOUSE

By Helen Welshimer

I HAVE *a little house that smiles*
Beneath a crooked tree,
And I have candle shine at dusk
And rosebud cups for tea.

LOVE *and laughter stay in there,*
And one whose step is light
Comes whistling through the open gate
At six o'clock each night.

FLOWERS *bloom along the walk,*
Where sleep shadows flit,
My house is very orderly—
I've never lived in it.

The gleam of John Morgan's desk sent Ellen down on her knees before it. "O God in Heaven," she prayed, "give my Marty the chance You gave this man who sits here"

"You and I'll have nothing to say about it."

"Maybe I will."

"You won't fight with Con, mother?"

"I don't fear him."

"But you won't?"

"I'll make no promise."

The click of the latch on the living-room door spared her Agnes's importunities, and she turned from the kitchen to greet the tall boy of the curling hair and the eager eyes who stood outlined against the strong sunlight of the June afternoon.

"Is it yourself, Marty?" she asked him.

"Myself, Gram." Exultation rode high on his young voice. "Heard the news?"

"I have that! 'Tis grand news, too. I'm proud o' you, Marty."

"I knew you would be, Gram."

" 'Tis a fine boy you are, Marty, and a smart one."

"I'm not so smart. I study hard, that's all."

"Some'd study forever without getting as far as you've gone."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't." He came close to fling an arm around her. "Gosh, Gram, it's great to win the Tressart! Why, I'd rather have this chance to find out all about the chemistry of steel than—than be President of the United States!"

"Don't build too high on it, Marty dear," his mother pleaded from the kitchen.

"But why shouldn't I?" he cried. "Look what the other fellows who've won the Tressart have done! Berry was the first boy to take it, and now he's the chief consulting engineer of the Wainwright crowd. Logan won it, and he's superintendent of the Braisted plant. John Morgan's on the way to the top. (*Continued on page 152*)

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Photographs By H. I. Williams

A platter of colorful, piquant hors d'oeuvres may well serve as the main course at an informal supper or Sunday night spread in the living-room

A Choice in HORS D'OEUVRES

By

Dorothy B. Marsh
Of Good Housekeeping Institute Staff

"WELL begun is half done"—that long-familiar proverb applies most fittingly to successful meal planning. The menu that starts off bravely with some tempting morsel of savory goodness is bound to please through all its courses. "Good beginnings," spicy, fragrant, and enticing—they are what whets the appetite for the food that is to follow.

And, since genuine pleasure in eating a meal is often inspired by the first food savors and flavors that reach the palate, it is important that the first course be selected with discretion, composed with a nicety, and served attractively. There are appetizers and savories that fill just this rôle. They are the hors d'œuvres of Continental Europe, now so popular in American homes.

Whether the occasion is a formal or an informal meal, whether it is a simple family affair, a meal to be eked out in some unsuspected fashion, a Sunday night spread, or an after-theater snack, hors d'œuvres of one variety or another may, with all propriety, be served. For in them we have a dainty bit of elegance that is at once economical as well as stimulating or satisfying as the occasion and the type of meal may demand.

Hors d'œuvres served as the first course should be small portions, since their purpose is to whet but not satisfy, the appetite. Served in this way, they replace the fruit cocktail course and immediately precede the soup course, if there is one; or they may precede the main course, if no soup or fish course is included. In serving, the maid places a small plate on the service plate at each cover immediately after the guests are seated. Then the assorted hors d'œuvres, which have been carefully arranged with an eye to color on a platter or compartment dish, with serving silver in place, are passed in the usual manner to the guests, who help themselves directly on to the small plate. Occasionally one sees the small plate omitted, and the guests help themselves directly on to the service plate. In this case the used service plate must be replaced with a clean one just before the soup course is served. Often, too, an assortment of hors d'œuvres is arranged on individual plates in the kitchen and placed on the service plates just before the guests are seated. The place silver for this hors d'œuvres course, which may be a breakfast fork, should be placed at the extreme left of the service plate when the table is set for the meal.

But a newer fashion, and one that makes a special appeal to the men of the family, is that of serving a happy combination of substantial and piquant hors d'œuvres as the main course of an informal "spread" in living-room, porch, or garden. For such an hors d'œuvres supper the tea-wagon or tea-table may be called into service and made ready with a platter of assorted hors d'œuvres, plenty of bread, a toaster, a coffee percolator, a pot of tea or chocolate, or some cooling drink. The informality of such a repast, and the novelty of the hors d'oeuvres as a main dish, will surely bid for its success.

And now to the hors d'œuvres and their making. Since these toothsome savories can fit themselves into so many meals, the interested housekeeper should plan to devote some space on her emergency shelf to bottled and canned appetizers that are all ready or about ready to be served—particularly for the small occasion. Such a list will vary with one's needs and budget, but may include sardines, shrimp, chicken, salmon, deviled ham and other potted meats, olives, green, ripe, and stuffed, smoked or pickled herring, anchovies, antipasto, cheese, paté de foie gras, tuna fish, caviar, relishes, mayonnaise, pickles and pickle peaches, pears, etc. All of these are useful, but need not be purchased at any one time. Then there are assorted cold meats, smoked salmon, salami and assorted sausages, all of which need only to be thinly sliced before serving.

It would be difficult to suggest all the combinations of hors d'œuvres that can be prepared with the above list as a basis. As inspiration guides the artist, so must inspiration guide the hostess. However, here are a few combinations and recipes that have seen service in the Institute and hence are tested and approved.

No more enticing first course for a spring

or summer luncheon can be created than a combination of fruit hors d'œuvres. Canned or fresh peaches, pared, stoned, cut in eighths, and dipped in finely chopped pistachio nuts or almonds; canned or fresh pineapple, pared, cored, cut into segments and dipped in powdered mint leaves; fresh, whole strawberries; blackberries or raspberries dusted with powdered sugar; watermelon or cantaloupe diced or cut into balls, marinated in French Dressing and then drained; canned or fresh pears, pared, cored, and cut crosswise or in segments, then dipped in orange juice; seeded grapes, bits of orange, bits of grapefruit; these are a few of the many possible combinations which can be arranged in a compartment hors d'œuvres dish like the one illustrated. Or, if such a dish is not available, divide a platter or chop plate into the desired number of sections with sprigs of fresh mint.

Pineapple Hors d'Oeuvres make a delightful individual service. Pare, core and cut a fresh pineapple crosswise into slices one-fourth inch thick. Place one pineapple slice on each plate, cutting the slices without marring their shape into quarters for convenient eating. On each slice arrange at equal distances three half-sections of grapefruit, and between these lay three sections of orange. In the center heap three or four fresh strawberries. Sprinkle a few drops of lime juice over all, garnish with mint, and serve. Powdered sugar may be passed. Canned pineapple may be used in the same way as the fresh.

For the more substantial hors d'œuvres, the compartment dish or platter divided into sections by rows of parsley or watercress may be used. A typical one recently served at the Institute and illustrated in this article included canned shrimp marinated in boiled salad dressing; stuffed, hard-cooked eggs garnished with strips of green pepper; celery stalks filled with a mixture of pimiento cheese and ripe olives and cut in two-inch pieces; cooked frankfurters skinned and cut in thirds crosswise; and diced cucumbers and tomatoes mixed and marinated in French Dressing and then drained. Sardines, or sliced smoked salmon, or herring might well have been substituted for the shrimp; sliced cold meat, salami, or sausage for the frankfurters; and any one of a number of flavored cheeses for the stuffed celery.

Ham Rolls might also have been included in the platter of hors d'œuvres described above. In making these, blend together one small cream cheese, six chopped stuffed olives, one teaspoonful prepared horseradish, two tablespoonfuls of cream or top milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread this mixture on twelve thin slices of delicatessen ham. Then roll each slice tightly and serve. This same dish makes an individual service by placing two rolls on a leaf of lettuce.

For *Tomato Sandwich Hors d'Oeuvres* to be served as an individual first course, moisten six tablespoonfuls of deviled ham or minced chicken with two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise and one-eighth teaspoonful of finely minced onion or chives. Cut three large, firm tomatoes into one-fourth-inch slices and spread the ham or chicken mixture between every two slices. Serve on individual small

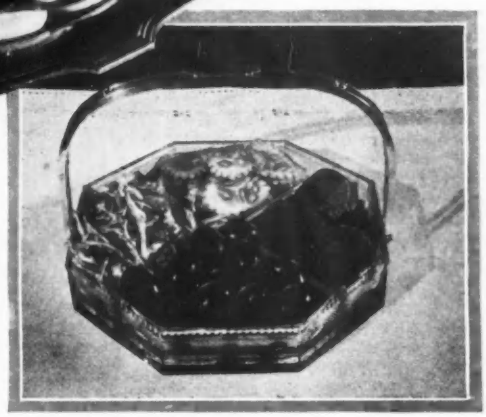
(*Continued on page 206*)

Silver courtesy Orington Bros., N. Y.

Fruit hors d'oeuvres may be served in summer or winter and suggest a tempting first course to replace the usual fruit cocktail

Stuffed eggs, tomato and cucumber relish, shrimps, stuffed celery stalks, and frankfurters are included in this platter of colorful hors d'oeuvres

Dressed cucumbers, watermelon circles, ripe olives, and cabbage relish, shown in the relish dish at the right, are suggestive, tasty accompaniments for the main course

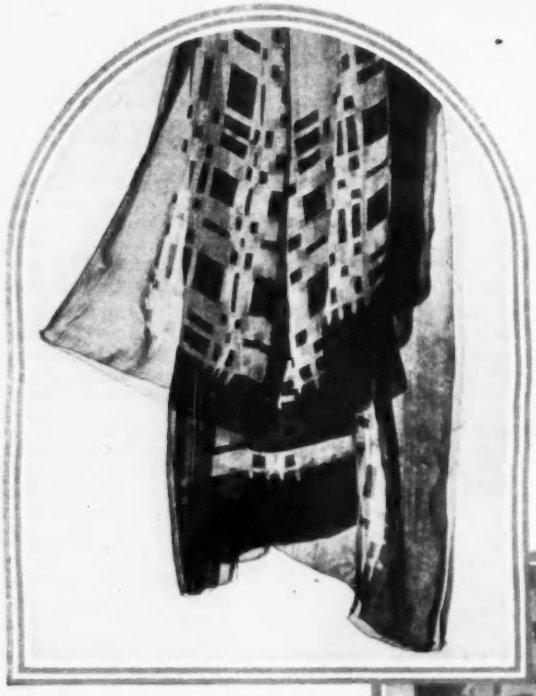


The hostess who plans to make frequent use of hors d'oeuvres in her menus should keep a variety of canned and bottled savories

Magic of the DYE POT

Tinting and Dyeing

By
Eva Wilson
Of the Institute Staff



Black and white scarf; not wearable because even slight moisture caused the color to stain the clothing and face of the wearer

This charming taupe and orchid scarf is the scarf shown above, after washing and stripping. Now fast in color and still in harmony with the costume

AS NATURE puts on her fresh attire in the spring, every woman longs for a magic that will renew her wardrobe and give it the freshness and charm of the season. By no more mysterious means than the spending of a little time and money we can restore many of our faded and unattractive garments to a charming newness.

When a box of silk underwear was inventoried with the idea of replenishing for spring, several of the pieces were found to be in excellent condition as far as wear was concerned, but drab and dull in appearance. One set of vest and bloomers which had been a delicate green was now a sickly yellowish green. The lace trimming, however, was white, and a delicate tracery of dark green embroidery was bright as new. It was decided to color the set peach. In order to keep the lace white, a tint was used that would color the silk but would not affect the cotton lace. A package of the tint was used *exactly according to the directions accompanying it.* The garments then were rolled tightly in dry cloths to absorb excess moisture, left for an hour or two, and pressed on the wrong side to avoid a shiny appearance. The result was a "new" set of peach-colored underwear with crisp white lace and tracings of green embroidery in pleasing contrast to the silk.

A vest and bloomers matching in material but not in color were the next discoveries in the box. The vest had been orchid, the bloomers, green. As it seemed desirable to make these the same color, the first thing to do was to take out the color still remaining in the garments. This was accomplished by using a commercial decolorizing compound *exactly according to directions.* The vest, when bleached, was practically white, and the bloomers had only a slight yellow tint when compared with the vest. Both were tinted peach with as satisfactory results as in the first case. This time we used a regular dye for silk, as there was no lace to be considered.

The next find was a silk nightdress, originally blue, but now a dirty gray. This, too, was bleached and then tinted flesh color. After it had been pressed on the wrong side, it looked like new. A white crêpe de Chine slip that had become yellow from many washings was dyed gray to match a dress. This time the dyeing process was used, boiling the material until the right color was obtained, again *exactly according to the directions* accompanying the dye.

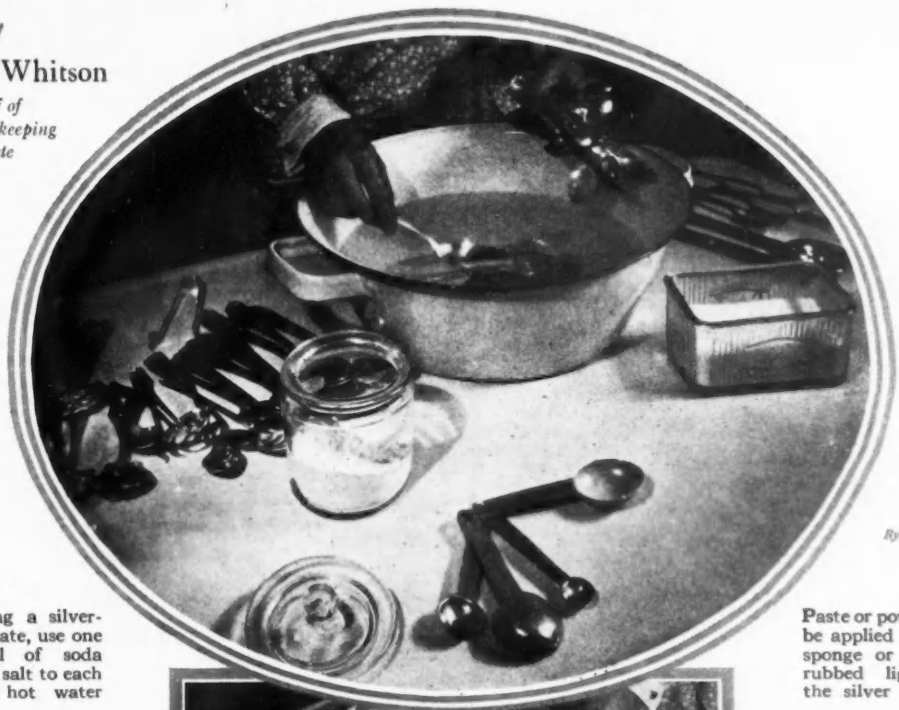
Encouraged by these successes, we investigated further and found a faded pink summer-silk dress and a green georgette that was worn in spots. Both of these were bleached with the commercial decolorizer. The dress was dyed pale blue, and the georgette was tinted blue, ready for making into a slip at some future time.

We were becoming venturesome by this time, so we brought out a two-piece silk dress. The background was old blue, and there were dark red and white spots sprinkled all over it. The blue was faded to a dull gray in streaks, making the dress unwearable as it was. This was given the decolorizing bath for a longer period than the other garments. When the dress had been rinsed and washed, the white spots had disappeared, but the dark red ones remained and the background was pink. As red was the color chosen for the dress, we decided to dye it without attempting to decolorize further. We used a commercial dye of the desired shade and followed the directions carefully. The result was a pleasing sports costume of the fashionable red, with irregular spots of a darker red scattered over it. Thus a practically new dress was created by an expenditure of two hours in time and twenty or thirty cents in money.

We did not have such a wide choice of color in the case of a light-green, silk-crêpe dress. While in the decolorizing or stripping bath (to use the technical name), it was apparently colorless; but as soon as it was lifted out into the air it became steel gray. We could dye this a darker color only, so we selected navy blue. Pressed, and with collar and cuffs of contrasting color attached, it was a fresh dress for early spring.

As we looked at our attractive renewed garments, we mentally reserved a half-day in the near future when we could rejuvenate some dingy-colored voile and batiste underthings. We even cast a speculative eye upon the hangings and pillow covers in the living-room (*Continued on page 220*)

By
Helen M. Whitson
Of Staff of Good Housekeeping Institute



Photographs By H. I. Williams

When using a silver-cleaning plate, use one teaspoonful of soda and one of salt to each quart of hot water

Paste or powder should be applied with a soft sponge or cloth and rubbed lightly over the silver until clean

When Your Silver Needs Cleaning

Use Either of the Methods Illustrated Above

ABOUT four years ago a series of complaints reached Good Housekeeping Institute from women who had been sold small, crudely cut strips of metal as silver cleaners. Magical claims had been made for these bits of metal, and the price paid was usually out of all proportion to their value. These complaints reached the Intitute because in many cases the approval of Good Housekeeping Institute was wrongly claimed. More often, however, our indorsement of the method used with the plate was claimed. An investigation of silver-cleaning plates made by the Institute at this time found that disproportionate prices were being charged for small strips of thin metal and that unreasonable claims were being made for them. Because of the general situation that existed, we discontinued testing electrolytic cleaning plates with a view to approval, and since that time there have been none on our lists of approval. It was in order to protect you that this decision was made. Our policy was definitely outlined in an article which appeared in November, 1924.

We are again receiving complaints, and so once more we make our position clear. We do *not* test, with a view to approval, electrolytic cleaning plates. The method is satisfactory, however, and we feel that it has advantages. It is a quick, clean, safe method of cleaning certain kinds of silver.

For those who do not understand the process of electrolysis, it is, in brief, an electro-chemical one depending for its reactions upon the electrolytic power of the metal used. The use of salt and soda in the water merely makes the action more rapid. As no doubt you know, any aluminum cooking utensil or container can be used to hold the hot water bath, and silver will be cleaned when it is dropped into the water. The objection to this is the difficulty of cleaning the aluminum utensil, for the tarnish from the silver is deposited upon the kettle. To avoid this difficulty small aluminum plates or discs are used in enamel kettles. The later cleaning of the plate is much easier than the cleaning of a large utensil. If you have been using one of these plates and have noticed a lessening of its efficiency, the plate needs cleaning. In fact, the plates should be cleaned after each use. If you have no plate, you can use a strip of aluminum cut from an old cooking utensil or you can use an aluminum pie pan.

The method to follow is simple. Use a large enamel pan, such as an oval dishpan, and to every quart of hot water use one teaspoonful of common salt and one of baking soda. Put the piece of metal in the bottom of the pan, and place the silver on it. In order to be cleaned each piece of silver must touch either the plate or a piece of silver which touches it. Tarnish will disappear almost instantly, and the silver should then be taken from the bath. Often a vase or pitcher is too large to be immersed at one time and must be cleaned in sections; that is, it must be turned until every part has been cleaned.

While this method is rapid and requires little effort, it has certain limitations which must not be forgotten. If silver has been oxidized and has a French-gray finish, the finish will be removed, *so confine the use of the electrolytic method to plain designs.* If your silver has anything other than the ordinary silver finish, ask the people who sold you the silver, or preferably the manufacturer, whether or not the silver may be safely cleaned by the electrolytic method. In the case of large pieces, too, you must use discretion. (*Continued on page 331*)

Keeping Down

Once You Have Reduced

By Grace M.

Send Ten Cents to Our Bulletin Service

THE response to my sister's article in the February, 1928, number of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING on "How I Reduced My Weight" clearly reflected the great need for safe and sane methods of weight reduction. I hope that you who followed the advice given in this article have bravely struggled on in reducing to your desired standard. However, since you may find it difficult to keep to this standard, to you in particular I address this article.

If you have used the Good Housekeeping Institute Daily Diet Diary, which is a simple guide for planning a varied menu within a definite calorie requirement, you have learned that extra calories mean extra pounds. Now that you have reduced, the *scales* may become your most important ally, and if you will remember what the Daily Diet Diary has taught you about keeping down the daily calories in *reducing* your weight, you will not need to count these calories so laboriously in *keeping down* your weight. You have learned, have you not, that in reducing you must cut down very much on rich desserts and pastries, breads, oils, dishes made with cream sauce, candy, cream soups, extra butter, fat meats and fish, sauces, gravies, sugar, and foods rich in starch, such as macaroni and spaghetti dishes? And you have learned that clear soups, fruits, vegetables, milk, and lean meats and fish can make up an adequate and satisfying diet which will help you to lose the unwelcome pounds and yet gain the all-important health-building vitamins A, B, and C, and the minerals, calcium, phosphorus, and iron.

It will be simple, therefore, to apply what you have learned from your reducing diet to your "keeping-down" diet. If your weekly visit to the scales tells you that you have added a pound or two, it will be easy for you to trace it to that extra pat of butter, the sugar and cream on your morning cereal, that second helping of dessert, or those delicious bonbons to which you helped yourself too abundantly. You can, of course, be more free with your menus than when you were actually reducing, but not *too* free, as the scales will quickly show you.

We have shown you that a reducing diet must be a *safe* diet, and this applies to a "keeping-down" diet, too. There is absolute truth in the slogan, "Children must have a quart of milk a day," and we must not suppose that this applies only to children. Adults who desire the best possible health must use at least one pint of milk daily, either combined with other foods or as a beverage. Milk is rich in protein and has a liberal supply of vitamins A and B, but most important of all, it gives us an adequate supply of *calcium*, which is almost impossible to get in any other way, and which is necessary for us to have.

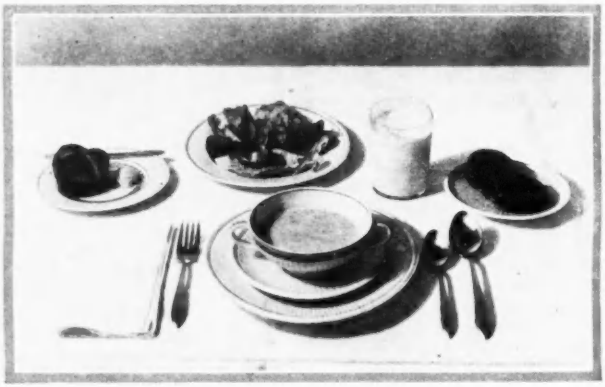
Fortunately for the person who is striving to keep to normal weight, most fruits and vegetables are low in calories, but are rich stores of minerals and vitamins. Oranges, cabbage, salad greens, spinach, string-beans, and tomatoes are all good examples.

At one stage of the dieting game fads in foods held supreme sway. Each person had his or her pet hobby, and miracles were expected. However, every sensible person appreciates the fact that fads have no place in the plan of the person who is watching his or her weight and choosing foods with the idea of maintaining good health while reducing or keeping down.

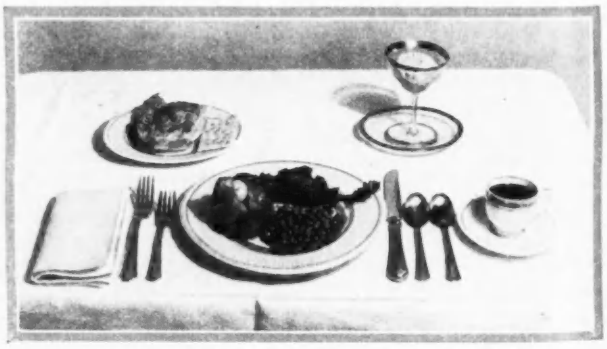
You do not need to sacrifice variety while you are endeavoring to keep your weight at the normal figure. Much of our pleasure in food is due to the art of the cook, but right choosing and combining must cooperate. Do not expect your family to build special menus for you. The pictures illustrating this article show clearly how a person may wisely select foods from the regular family meals. An extra pat of butter, a larger helping of cream soup, an extra piece of bread, more cream and sugar in the coffee—and how the calories add up!

Food is the chief factor in dieting, but after all it is not the only one. Exercise—out-of-doors, if possible—is another important consideration. The person who sits at a desk from nine to five should take some exercise outdoors

This adequate breakfast, selected from the family meal by the person who is watching the scales with a view to keeping down in weight, totals 450 calories. Directly opposite you see 485 calories easily added



This luncheon for the person who is trying to keep down in weight calls for less cream soup, one roll with one-half pat of butter, and one tablespoonful of French Dressing. The calories total 700, an adequate amount



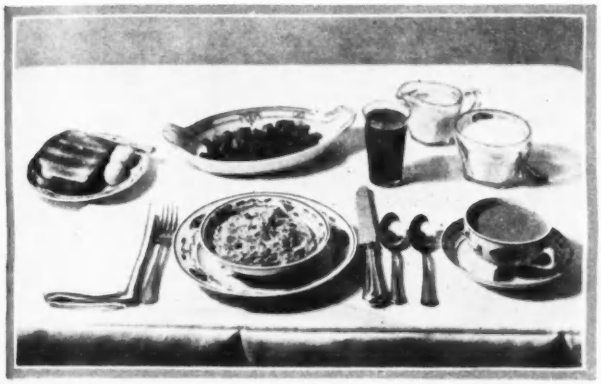
For keeping down weight this dinner totals only 864 calories, because the diner wisely omitted the fattening extras, as shown in the dinner on opposite page

In WEIGHT

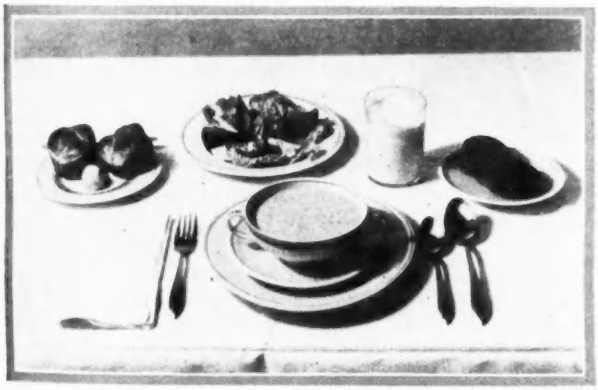
to Your Desired Standard

Augustine

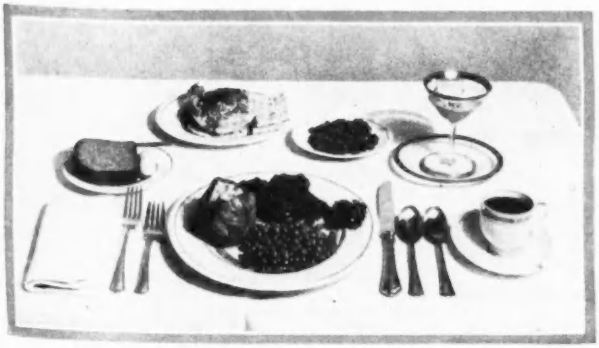
for a Set of Safe Reducing Menus



Other members of the family who are not inclined to gain in weight may add 485 calories to their breakfast with oatmeal, light cream, sugar, an extra pat of butter, and additional heavy cream for their coffee



If you add to the luncheon which is shown on the opposite page one tablespoonful of French Dressing, one more roll, and an extra half pat of butter, you will add at the same time 265 calories which are not needed



If to the dinner opposite you add bread, butter, two more saltines, an extra serving of peas, and an extra half pat of butter for your potato, you add 340 calories

each day. Walking is the easiest and most entertaining and can be made a delightful part of the day's experience. It should be a definite part of the daily routine. It depends entirely upon the individual, whether or not this walk is best taken going to or from work. Choosing where to go for the daily walk seems to increase anticipation and enjoyment, but this method will never do for a backslider, as the walk should be a definite part of the day's routine. Exercising to the count of "1-2-3-4" or with the radio every morning may seem tiresome, but this form of exercise has its good points and is much better than none at all. So few of us have work which provides physical exertion in the open air that almost all of us need exercise in some form or other during our leisure time.

Holiday seasons may prove to be a serious ordeal for the person who is anxious to tip the scales at the same point each time. Worry over weight has no place in the holiday spirit, and a little forehandedness may take your cares away. If it is merely heavy dinners in which you must participate, then eat a very light breakfast and lunch. If you are visiting, the task is not quite so simple, but it can be done. Put yourself back on your reducing diet for a week or two before the holiday and increase your exercise at holiday time. This may not take care of all the extras, and you may have to reduce again afterward, but the results will not be nearly so disastrous. Above all, do not let your dieting and yourself become a bore to your own family, or to your hostess if you are visiting. In fact, try to get away from that whole idea of dieting and think of it as a selection of the foods, both in quantity and calorie value, that will keep down your weight.

Summer vacations offer complications. Scales are not usually available, and the result of one's diet will be merely guesswork. Swimming, paddling, and hiking—while excellent forms of exercise—also increase the appetite to enormous proportions! Be a sport about it and don't inflict your troubles on the group. Limit your calories if you can do it unobtrusively, increase your exercise as much as possible, and when the reckoning comes after the holiday is over, take your medicine cheerfully. Go back to training if the scales tell you to, but know that the mental effect of the complete change of those weeks at play will add courage to your convictions and help you play the game.

It is important and just as necessary for the person who is keeping down in weight to watch the scales as for the person who is getting down. It is also important to have a system about weighing. Go on the scales the same day each week, at the same time, and wear approximately the same weight of clothing. That will make the record an accurate one. You may find that the amounts and kinds of food which you have been eating are not maintaining you at your standard weight. Adjust these matters until you arrive at your weight level and then hold to it with a slight variation above or below. You will soon find, without counting calories, what foods, and how much of them, you can safely eat and have your weight remain constant.

More and more the world is realizing that overweight is a serious menace to health, and that any one who is more than twenty percent overweight should make every effort to reduce and, having attained normal weight, to keep down to that figure.

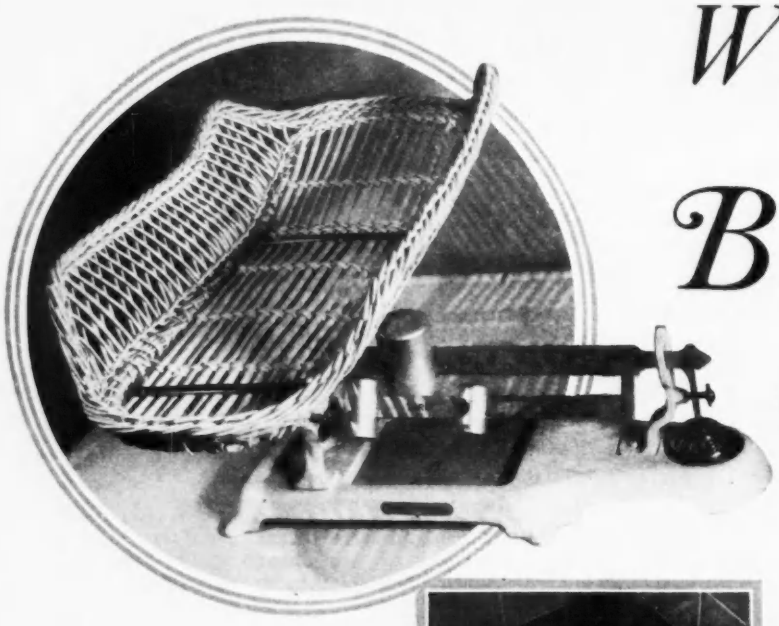
If there are some of you who are still struggling with a reducing diet, you will find the Institute Daily Diet Diary a real prop, for with it you can count your daily calories easily and still have variety in meals. This diary may be obtained four for fifteen cents from our Bulletin Service Department, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City. As you will see stated at the head of this article, Good Housekeeping Institute has prepared a set of safe reducing menus which are adequate in every respect and which will maintain good health during the reducing period. If you follow these menus as to both the kind and the quantity of food, you will lose weight slowly and steadily, finally attaining normal weight with attending health and vitality.

WEIGHED In The BALANCE

Reports from Good Housekeeping Readers On the Use of Their Household Scales

By Katharine A. Fisher, Director

Photographs by H. I. Williams



Reports indicated how carefully mothers were watching the progress and growth of the baby by weighing

The scale for watching our weight is becoming a part of the bathroom equipment

WE recently sent to some of our GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers who had corresponded with the Institute a list of questions as to what use they were making of household scales. We have been very much interested in their answers, since they indicated clearly that certain changes were taking place in the use of scales of the household type. Although most of those who answered our questions reported that they were using household scales, the majority were not using them to any great extent in following cookery recipes. The half-pint measuring cup has largely taken the place of the scales for this purpose, and the Institute therefore considers it important that such cups should be of standard capacity. All household measuring cups approved by Good Housekeeping Institute must meet definite specifications in this respect.

According to our readers' reports there is one type of cookery for which the household scales are still in considerable demand, and that is for canning, preserving, and jelly making.

Many answered "Yes" to the question as to whether or not the scales were used for checking the weight of food purchased, especially meat. Some of the answers to this question were particularly interesting because of the points of view expressed. One home-manager said: "I found it didn't pay me. The dealer was always correct. More often he gave overweight." Another frankly said: "I got tired of the state of mind involved in always looking to see if I were being cheated." Several called our attention to the fact that butchers always weigh the meat before trimming it, so that it is impossible to check on accuracy of weight unless all the trimmings are sent home and weighed with the trimmed meat, which is seldom the case. Others indicated the increase in packaged foods today in reporting that they seldom used their scales for checking on weights of food purchased because so much of this came in package form, with the net weight of the contents stated on the package.

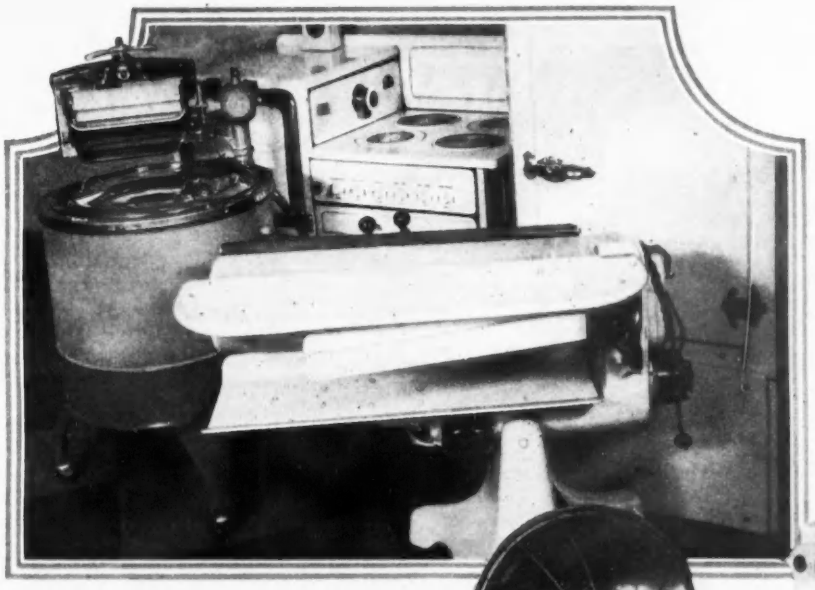
Select a household scale that will adequately meet your requirements

A number of those who reported that they were using their scales regularly to check the weight of foods purchased also said that they required only approximate rather than accurate weight. Accuracy in scales is a relative matter, ranging from the precision of the finest laboratory balances to what may be considered accuracy in the scales used for weighing up to many pounds. However, when we use household scales to check up on foods purchased, it seems obvious that *our scales should be just as accurate as those used by the dealer who weighed the purchases.* Yet this point was apparently overlooked by many who were checking up on their purchases.

Others, answering the same question as to checking on weights of food purchased, said: "Dealers' scales are tested by our Municipal Bureau of Weights and Measures and must meet the requirements of this bureau for accuracy." Would it not, therefore, be much more satisfactory, besides saving you the bother of checking up on weights, to watch the dealer's weight if you wish to make sure of honest measure? And to be certain that your municipal laws protect you in testing dealers' scales, why not make inquiries as to whether or not your municipality has such a bureau and what its functions are?

To be accurate even in a relative way scales must be well built. Naturally, accurate scales cost more than scales which give only approximate weights. One reader said she appreciated that accuracy in weight was desirable, but felt that a (*Continued on page 249*)

Are you hampered by inadequate house wiring in your use of these labor-saving appliances? There is no need to be, for wiring can be provided to meet your requirements cheaply and without appreciable disturbance



Probably you have several of the electrical appliances shown below. But have you convenience outlets so located that the appliances may be used where and when you want them, with the maximum convenience?

Are You Wire Bound?

You Can Apply the Remedy

By

George W. Alder, E. E.

Consulting Engineer of the Institute

A SURPRISING number of homes in this country are wired for electricity, and each year the total is increasing by leaps and bounds. The use of electricity for lightening household tasks is an accepted fact, and the question, "Do you use electrical appliances?" is hardly relevant at this time. But another question that may be asked with significance is, "Can you use your appliances conveniently?"

Years ago houses were wired primarily for lighting. This was before the development of the numerous household electrical appliances that have done so much to lighten the burdens of home managers. In many older houses the wiring has never been brought up to date, and even now new houses are being wired inadequately for the maximum convenience. There are several reasons for this, one of them being the lack of appreciation by you, the householder, of the requirements for an adequately wired house. *If you knew what you ought to have in the way of wiring, and insisted on having what you wanted, all the other reasons for the existing condition of inadequately wired homes would disappear.*

In building houses where low price has been a major consideration, the tendency has been to install an irreducible minimum of wiring. Too few outlets have been provided for each room, and as many outlets have been put on each circuit as the regulations guarding safety would permit. Furthermore, in most cases all the convenience outlets for appliances have been wired to lighting circuits. The consequence of such practise is obvious when you move into your house and find the circuits are loaded to capacity with outlets so that there is no chance for additions, and you also find that convenience outlets you wish to use for appliances are wired to lighting circuits. You learn this when lights go out in several of the rooms if you inadvertently connect too many appliances to a circuit, or if using an appliance causes a fuse to blow. Of course, this condition is almost intolerable, but it exists in many homes.

The one fortunate part about the condition so many of us now put up with is that it can be remedied. After all, house wiring is relatively cheap compared with the convenience accruing from proper wiring. In many homes new outlets and new circuits can be added without great expense and without damaging walls, floors, or ceilings. Obviously most people do not appreciate this, for if they did, existing wiring conditions in homes that are modern in all other respects would be changed so as to insure the maximum use of the willing servant, Electricity.

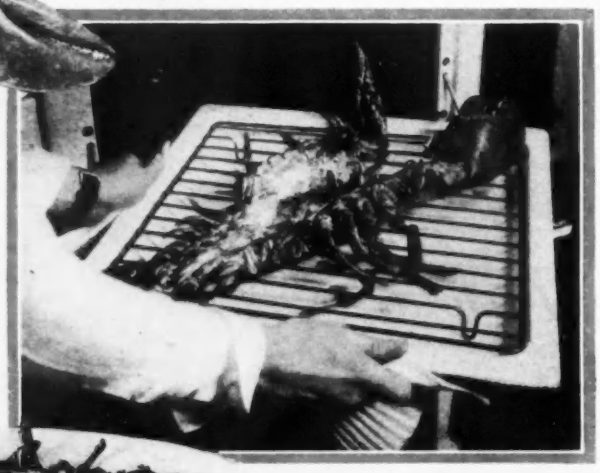
The question of what is adequate wiring has been much discussed, and certain minimums have been established based on different factors, such as the number of rooms in the house, the size of the rooms, etc. But after all, adequacy of wiring is more or less a personal matter determined by the habits of the family using the wiring. You are the best judge as to whether or not the wiring in your house meets your needs. If you have found that you haven't sufficient light in your kitchen to carry on your work safely and without eyestrain, or if you have found that you need an additional outlet for a portable lamp in your living-room to make the surroundings harmonious at night, your wiring is inadequate in these respects. If you have found that you can not use your table appliances conveniently because an outlet is not handy, your wiring is inadequate. In other words, the test is, Does your wiring meet all your needs? If it does not, it is not adequate.

Aside from the question of outlets for lighting or for appliances, there is the question of circuits. Heretofore too much wiring has been installed on the basis of *outlets*, with little consideration for *circuits* except the minimum requirements demanded for safety. With the increased use of appliances the question of circuits has become more and more important. Originally household appliances were of low wattage types suitable for connection to lighting circuits although not to lighting outlets. Of course, many appliances of this kind are still in use, such as toasters, percolators, waffle-irons, smoothing irons, etc. But the current demand of other appliances now available, such as larger cooking units, electrically heated ironing machines, and high-wattage room heaters, will not permit connection to (*Continued on page 220*)

Shellfish

By
Arthur E. Albrecht
Of New York State Department of Farms and Markets

Lobsters which are heavy for their size are full of meat and of good eating quality. The most desirable weights in buying lobsters are from one to one and one-half pounds



In broiling lobsters, split and lay them shell side down on the broiler rack. Season with salt and butter and broil eight minutes on flesh side and six minutes on shell side

When the broiling of the lobster is completed, arrange it on a hot platter. Garnish with lemon or with parsley

IT IS a curious commentary on American food habits that, although our waters abound in such a wealth of edible fish, we consume so amazingly few of them. However, when we as a nation begin to know more about the kinds and qualities of sea foods that have been put at our disposal, it is safe to say we shall overcome our present indifference.

The housekeeper who would spend her food allowance to the best advantage and provide the greatest variety of culinary delights for her family can scarcely invest her time and efforts with more wisdom than by learning to know the qualities and prices of American fish and shellfish. There is probably no point in household management where the power of discrimination will yield more fruitful results. In fact, careful study of local markets will prove exceptionally interesting and profitable to almost every woman charged with the responsibilities of feeding the family.

In last month's GOOD HOUSEKEEPING our article "Products of the Sea" described the remarkable progress being made by the fishing industry today in shipping fresh fish to all parts of this country. Packaged fresh and frozen fish fillets—to say nothing of canned fresh fish—are now available almost everywhere. But there is another branch of the fish family—the shellfish group—which appears far too infrequently on our menus. Oysters, which are perhaps the most popular of the shellfish, are plentiful from September to April and lend themselves to varied uses not only in fish cocktails and soups, but in main and salad courses as well. At just this time, however, their season is on the wane, and the housekeeper will be seeking other kinds of shellfish at her markets. Fortunately, she has a wide choice. From the crustaceans she can select lobsters, crabs, shrimp, and prawn, while the mollusks offer various kinds of clams and scallops.

The lobster is one of the most highly prized shellfish and also the most expensive. Although they are available the year round, they are most abundant in the summer, when they come in closer to the shore and can be caught more readily. The shell is generally darkish green with red touches here and there. After boiling, the lobster takes on a bright red color. Lobsters which are heavy for their size are full of meat of good eating quality. The most desirable weights run from one to one and one-half pounds. Those over three pounds are likely to be tough and coarse. The female lobster is preferred by many persons and is easily recognized, as its two uppermost fin-like appendages nearer the body are much softer than those of the male. The conservation laws of most seaboard states forbid the selling of females with eggs attached. These are known as "berried" lobsters. Lobsters may be bought cooked or uncooked. When buying a cooked lobster, to make certain that it was alive when plunged into the water, see that the tail is curled toward the body and that it springs back into place after being straightened. In buying uncooked lobster be sure to see that it is alive. Where lobsters in the shell are not available, the canned form is a good substitute.

Crabs are the most widely consumed crustaceans, as they are much cheaper than lobsters. There are two types, the soft and the hard shelled. When a crab molts—throws off its hard shell—and is caught in that stage, it is soft shelled. These crabs are always shipped alive, and you should make sure that you buy them in that condition. Soft-shelled crabs come generally from Maryland and Virginia and are in season from about May to October.

INSTITUTE BULLETINS THAT HERALD THE SPRING

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Full Flavored Vegetables	25c
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Cooking Time and Temperature Chart	25c
Household Devices Tested and Approved	15c
The Etiquette of Serving Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner	50c

Address
Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service,
57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Now in Season

In Collaboration with the Institute

Hard-shelled crabs are available throughout the year, but are more plentiful in the summer months. They should be bought alive. Crab meat may also be bought in cans or in loose form in retail fish markets.

Within recent years there has been a decided increase in the popularity of shrimp, which are small, slender, greenish-gray crustaceans. Certain large species are known as prawn or sprawn. After cooking they turn reddish. They are in season throughout the year. After the shrimp are caught, the heads are removed and the bodies are packed in well-iced barrels for shipment to various sections of the country. They may be purchased fresh or cooked. Shrimp may also be bought in cans and glasses.

There are two types of crabs, soft and hard shelled. Soft-shelled crabs are usually fried or broiled; hard-shelled crabs are cooked and the meat then removed

To the left are shown several popular varieties of clams, including quahaugs, little neck, cherrystones, and razor clams

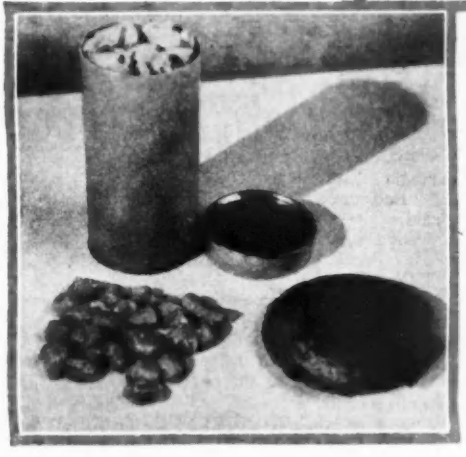
Fresh shrimp are in season throughout the year. After being caught the heads are removed, and the bodies are packed in well-iced barrels for shipment to various sections of this country

Bay scallops, which are small and pinkish white and the most popular of the scallops, are in market during oyster season. The larger sea scallops are in season the year round

Clams are in season all the year round and are deserving of more attention in making up the family dinner. Market men classify clams as quahaugs, soft, and long. The quahaugs are hard shelled. The larger sizes are commonly used for broth and chowder; little neck and the cherrystone clams are small hard-shelled clams. These small, tender clams make an excellent substitute for oysters and can be served raw, on the shell and in cocktails. Soft-shelled clams are usually small and are popular for broth and steaming. Long clams are commonly known as razor clams, as they look like an old-fashioned razor. Most of them are found on the Pacific Coast.

In buying clams, avoid those that are dead or broken. When the shells hold tightly together, the clam is alive. If the shells are slightly apart, touch the clam, and it will move if it is alive. The shell of a dead clam opens of its own accord and remains that way. The purchaser has the choice of buying clams in the shell or canned. The latter kind includes minced clams, whole clams, clam chowder, and clam juice—all of excellent quality.

Scallops, like oysters and clams, are mollusks; but the entire shell contents of the latter are eaten, while it is only the single large muscle that opens and closes the shell that is edible in scallops. When you ask for scallops at your market what you really get is the muscle. The most popular scallops are the small, pinkish-white ones, which come from bays and are sold only during the oyster season.



The larger scallops come from the sea and are not quite so finely flavored. They are in season the year round. Refuse to buy scallops which have the washed-out white, bloated appearance brought on by soaking, which is illegal in most states and is not practised by the better class of dealers. Scallops should have a fresh odor.

Housekeepers who are serving shellfish for the first time are often in a quandary as to the correct methods of preparation. Lobsters should be alive up to the time of boiling or broiling them. For *Boiled Lobsters*, plunge the live lobsters, head downward, into boiling water to cover. Add one tablespoonful of salt, cover the kettle, and boil for twenty-five minutes. Then remove the lobsters, lay them on their claws, to drain, and wipe them dry. To remove the meat break off all claws; then separate the tail from the body at the joint where they come together. Holding the tail in the left hand with the hard-shell side next to the hand, cut with scissors a single slit through the center the entire length of the tail. Break away the flesh (*Continued on page 189*)

SACRIFICE

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

It Began Like This:

CARL and Sabina Baring had a reputation for unusual devotion, in their set where marriage was regarded as merely temporary and divorce a certainty just around the corner.

But Carl had fallen madly in love with Eileen Daikes, and had begged Sabina for his freedom.

He found her strangely acquiescent and rather suspected that she, too, had learned to care for some one, but he was wrong. She had a vague understanding with Philip Sandhurst, but it was merely the suitable marriage, the friendly marriage, in which each would find congenial companionship. Her heart had never been touched. Even her love for her husband had been merely the first preference of an undisciplined girl. The only man who had ever appealed to her imagination was a man whom she had met only once—a stranger who had introduced himself as the Old Man of the Sea at a picnic on the beach with her children, Tam and Bobo.

Their plans were made quietly and with dignity. Paris was decided on as the spot where a divorce could be secured most quietly, and Carl and Sabina sailed for a trip abroad—together, as far as their friends knew. In reality they took separate boats, Sabina going with Mimi Norton, an irresponsible young person who had already announced her engagement before securing her freedom to enter into it.

In Paris Sabina was drawn into the whirl of society, meeting many people whose ideals of life were entirely foreign to her own. After a month Carl returned from a business trip, and they saw each other frequently while the formalities of the divorce were progressing.

At a dinner in a restaurant one night, Sabina saw a keen, hawk-like profile which seemed strangely familiar. For a moment she was puzzled, then she remembered—it was the man who had shared the children's picnic on the beach.

His eyes met hers in recognition, and she bowed.

As they were leaving the restaurant the man came to her and greeted her with friendliness, and gave her his name, Daniel Lavery, which she had never known. Sabina invited him to call, and an engagement was made for the morrow.

She had intended going home early. She changed her mind in a quick excitement. She felt a feverish need of stimulation, an avidity for music and dancing. When the party finally disintegrated, it was after three.

When she reached her own door and opened it, she stopped short in amazement. In the salon the lights were blazing, trunks stood about her, trays and piles of clothing were scattered about. She saw Adeline with her arms filled, and Carl pacing up and down by the long windows.

Lavery looked at Sabina with an instinctive penetration of her mood. "You've had to fight things out, and it has changed you." "It would seem natural to tell you everything," she replied, "but it isn't my confidence alone"

"Good heavens, am I crazy?" she exclaimed gaily.

Then she saw her husband's face as he came toward her, and something cold gripped her heart. "Carl—what is it?"

"Bad news, Sabina," he said.

She caught her breath. "Carl—it's Tam!"

"Yes."

"He isn't—" The word of terror refused to pass her lips.

"No, no! God, no!" he cried hoarsely. "But there's been a nasty accident."

He caught her as she reeled, and placed her in a chair.

"Ruffian must have bolted with him in the stable. They were trying to take a picture to send us."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is. Leg broken, hip smashed. They've got him in a hospital."

She closed her eyes. An image of Tam's little body, always so fleet and active, lying broken in pain flashed before her. She sat up in a febrile revulsion.

"What boat?"

"The *Paris*. I've already called up. There'll be a cabin for you. You'll have to make the boat train in the morning, but we'll have you ready. We're pretty well packed."

She looked at her husband. He seemed far away.

"I'm sorry for you, Carl," she said impulsively. "This is going to upset your plans terribly."

"What the devil does anything else

OWEN JOHNSON'S

Brilliant Serial of a Couple Who Fought a Good Fight to Keep the Faith

matter!" he said vehemently. "It's Tam!"

She nodded gravely, a sudden warmth about her heart. "This is something I'll never forget," she thought.

CHAPTER XX

A YEAR later, Daniel Lavery hurried down to the station and with hardly a minute to spare caught the express to New York. He had come on a flying visit to Chicago for the marriage of his son. The marriage had not been to his liking; the boy was too young; a pretty face with a determined pair of glowing, black eyes had singled him out with a shrewd instinct for what he would represent.

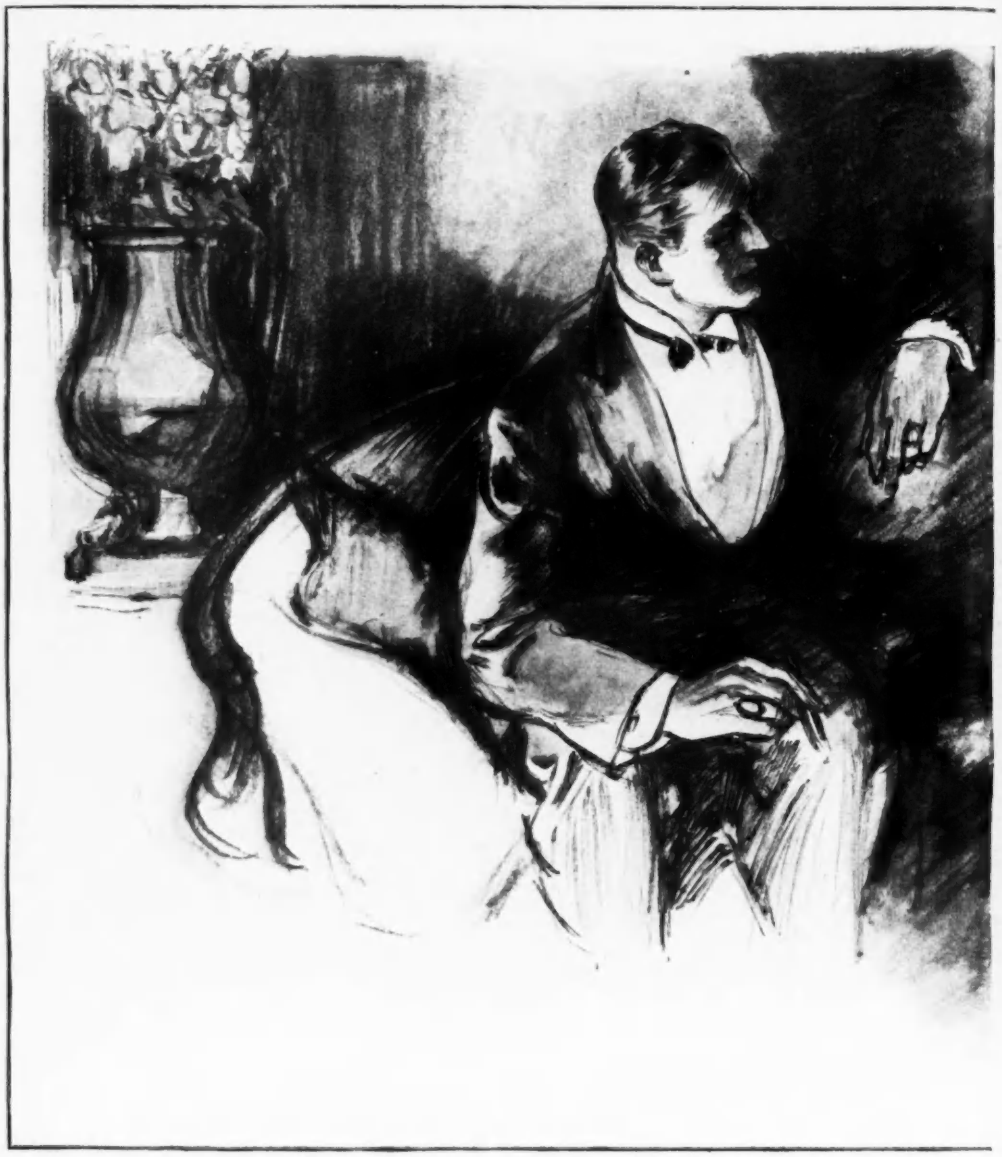
Since the death of his wife fifteen years before, Lavery had striven to keep an intimate contact with his son and daughter, and in the end, when it was a question of marriage, all his affection and knowledge of the world had failed to save them from the blunders he foresaw. Why, at the last moment, when their lives were in decision, had he been so inactive? What had finally happened was the thing of which he had been dimly aware, the incomprehension of a mob of friends and acquaintances of whom he knew nothing, which had enveloped his children and flung a barrier before them, against which all his wisdom and experience had been futile.

Muriel, married to an indolent, fortune-hunting Englishman, was already rebellious; how long would a pretty little child's face hold his boy, who had ambition and ideals? He had done his duty; gone through the wedding with a smiling face, had hidden from the world the defeat and anxiety in his heart, and departed with a sense of utter helplessness.

Late at night, finding he could not sleep, he lit his berth light and began to skim through a dozen magazines. It was seldom that the philosophical mood to which he had schooled himself was disturbed. His contact with men and affairs had given him the opportunity to look behind the scenes of the social comedy, and he had contemplated it with a tolerant humor. But today he had been forced to look behind the scenes of his own life, and the effect was depressing. How little liberty of action one really possessed!

He recalled a comment of a satiric editor: "The struggle to survive is just as strong within the family as without, only within the family the weak prey upon the strong. This law of nature inexorably fastens you by the hands of those you love."

But the children—what was their underlying instinct except rebellion and an impatience to acquire? If he should die tomorrow, which emotion would endure the longer—grief for his loss or the triumphant new sense of power? He recalled the patient watchfulness on the face of his son-in-law. How many times must he have calculated the period of waiting and the



"I'm dreadfully unhappy," said Eileen, to play on Lavery's sympathies. "For the first time you can't have something you want. That's all it is, isn't it?" he asked. Their eyes met, and they began to laugh

extent of the fortune he would finally enjoy!

In the midst of these depressing reflections he turned the pages of an illustrated magazine and came across a photograph of Sabina Baring with her children.

"She has her tyrants, too!" he thought instantly.

He began to study her face with interest. He had called on her in Paris, only to learn of her hurried departure. The newspapers told him of the accident to her son. He was conscious of more than an ordinary curiosity. His two meetings with her had vividly remained in his imagination—the mother romping on the beach with her children, and the luxurious woman he had seen in the midst of a sophisticated group in Paris. It amused him to reconcile the two women. Which was the real Sabina Baring?

From his association with Eileen Daikes and his discovery of her relations with Baring, much of the story was clear to him. The accident to the boy had, of course, interrupted the divorce. He knew that for a year Sabina had dropped out of sight and gone to Arizona to face the long struggle to save the boy. How was she going to meet the issue with her husband?

There was something arresting in the way her eyes looked out at him, steadily, with a new authority, that made her difficult to classify in the two memories he had of her.

Perhaps she, too, had wished to remake her life. If she had cared deeply for another man, that would be another complication. If she renounced her freedom and made the sacrifice, would the end be disillusionment? The idea of sacrifice irritated him at this moment, with its final futility. When later their own interests intervened, would her children do as his had done—choose for themselves obstinately and without comprehension?

He closed the magazine impatiently, but almost immediately reopened it and continued his study. In the candor and fearlessness of her look there was something that answered his own impatient hatred of formulas and traditions. He had felt it at once that evening in Paris. Whatever she did, she would do it with a large gesture.

"She is some one to know," he thought. "When I get back, I'll make a point of meeting her."

Nevertheless, occupied as he was, it was several weeks before he could carry out his intention. The meeting occurred by chance. During an October week-end on Long Island, where he had accompanied his host to a polo match, as they passed from group to group on the porch of the clubhouse he suddenly perceived Mrs. Baring. Taken by surprise, he was aware of a quick stimulation of his senses, so keen that for a moment his composure was disturbed. He realized suddenly how definitely her personality had invaded his imagination. She was pleasing to his perception, dressed with a luxurious simplicity that distinguished her even in such a group. He liked her poise, her reticence—a thoroughbred. Then he became aware that she was watching him, interested as he was interested.

Their eyes met, and without a moment's hesitation she gave him a bow of recognition. Making an excuse to his companion, he went up to her and took the hand she held out to him. When she smiled up at

him he felt a strange sense of happiness.

She indicated a seat beside her. "Now, tell me what you were discussing that night at the Ritz. It sounded so interesting, I tried to listen in."

"As I remember, I was on the defensive."

"Yes, but you were defending yourself well. What interesting types they were! I liked the old statesman best."

"Because he was the aristocrat?"

"Perhaps. But the first was too busy making history to reflect upon it. He had the force, but the statesman had the perceptions. I should say he must be full of delightful sidelights and comprehensions."

He nodded. "I knew you would have such perceptions, too."

The keenness of his curiosity was colored with a sudden pleasure in finding how naturally she answered to the ideal he had created of her. At this moment a pretty woman with a small, vivacious face and provocative, dark eyes summoned her from a departing group. Mrs. Baring rose.

"I'm sorry. I wanted time to talk with you." She stood looking into his face. "Will you come to see me?"

He felt a sudden leap of his pulse. "I was going to ask it."

"How long are you down for?"

"Until tomorrow night."

"Come in the afternoon, then."

"Will there be a lot of people and teacups and all that sort of thing?"

"But you like people," she said, firm in her understanding of him.

He smiled and gave her a quick glance of appreciation.

"I do—when they're not in the way."

"Come early, then, at four."

She gave him her hand without any suggestion of coquetry and went off to join her friends. He remained, hat in hand, following her with his eyes until she had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXI

THE Lorings were near neighbors to the Barings. Lavery, dispensing with a motor, elected to make his way on foot. The few words he had exchanged with Mrs. Baring the day before had left a keen sense of exhilaration. His perceptions had not been at fault. There was nothing banal about her. Sabina, as usual, had impressed him directly with her candor. She had liked him, was curious to know him, and had not disguised her interest. Flirtatious women did not attract him, nor women who retained an artificial youth by virtue of unruffled, sheltered existences. She had been continuously in his thoughts to an extent that ought to have warned him of the nature of his attraction. But the satisfaction he had derived from his first contact and the anticipation he was experiencing were so keen that he did not stop to analyze his feelings.

The road wound through gay growths of birch and maple covered with the brilliant yellows and reds of the warm autumn day, as he went surging along rustling roads. All at once, through the leafy corridor ahead, he perceived the sloping roofs of the Baring home. He glanced at his watch for the third time to reassure himself of the hour, and approached the gate. A low wall of fieldstone overtopped by a hedge of willow gave the house a fairy-story appearance (*Continued on page 262*)

BUREAU OF FOODS

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley

Calls Attention To

A Hopeful TREND

OFTEN progress in a good work is so slow that it takes considerable time to notice any great change. Just as a parent does not notice the growth of the child until a long interval has passed, so the student of prophylaxis may not see any great improvement until after the lapse of months or years.

I am writing this article in the midst of the epidemic of the flu, and immediately after the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service had called upon health officers throughout the country to assemble in Washington in the second week of January, 1929, to consider the best methods of combating this outbreak. It is not at all strange that health officials of equal zeal and equal knowledge form different ideas as to what is best for the health of the public.

Among other startling statements, perhaps the one that caused the most excitement was that of Dr. Rosenau of the Harvard Public Health School. It was his opinion that no one ever died of the flu, but only as the result of pneumonia. There was a common agreement among these physicians that it was wise to avoid crowds in theatres, movies, schools and churches. This idea was based upon the supposition, which is probably correct, that the flu is an infectious disease, entirely different from the ordinary, common cold. It was the general opinion that the present epidemic was of a mild character, but might assume, before it was entirely overcome, a much graver aspect. As compared with the mortality of the great epidemic of 1918, the death-rate was decidedly lower. Although hundreds of cases are reported, the mortality is extremely low.

Photograph by H. I. Williams

If all parents would have the immunity test made for diphtheria, and the remedy applied to every child who is not immune, diphtheria would be eliminated from child life

The attitude of the public is not always reasonable in matters of this kind. The public expects health officers and physicians to understand everything about such an epidemic; its causes, its methods of transmission, and its prognosis are demanded by an awaiting public. The actual nature and cause of disease is so varied that no single explanation would suffice in every case. We are absolutely certain of some things as a result of the discoveries of Pasteur. We are aware of pathogenic germs which, when acquired by the body, produce certain effects. The virus of smallpox, of rabies, of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, and a great number of other infectious diseases, is now well known. The public is interested to learn why, when a number of persons have been exposed to such a virus only a certain proportion fall victims to the disease.

We also have discovered the cause of this phenomenon. Pasteur found that in every infectious disease Nature immediately becomes busy in creating an antibody to counteract the poison. She also provides very frequently an antibody before the infection occurs. This is particularly true of diphtheria. By a proper test applied to children, physicians can determine whether or not any given child is immune from this threat. Experience shows that a great majority of our children are practically immune from diphtheria. The way has been shown how this immunity can be acquired. There is a general belief now among health officials that if all parents would have the immunity test made for diphtheria, and the remedy applied to those who are not immune, diphtheria could be eliminated from threatening child life.

Similar progress has not been made in controlling influenza. Great differences of opinion are held among competent physicians as to the efficacy of certain very popular remedies. During the convention above mentioned, a proposition was made to induce the Treasury Department, which controls medicinal distilled liquors, whisky, brandy, and rum, to secure a lower price on these alcoholic beverages. This proposition was violently combated by an overwhelming majority of the health officers present. The prevailing opinion was that alcohol is a totally unsuitable remedy in cases of influenza. The proposition to make an attempt to reduce the price of alcoholic beverages was overwhelmingly defeated.

There was a grave difference of opinion also respecting the value of antiseptic mouth washes, gargles, and sprays. Much of this difference of opinion was based on the lack of exact knowledge of just how the influenza infection is conveyed. Fear was expressed in some cases as to whether a powerful antiseptic might not do more harm than good to the inflamed mucous membranes of the mouth, the throat, and the nasal passages.

The health officer of the District of Columbia, Dr. W. C. Fowler, has strong views in regard to this matter, fearing that more harm than good would be done by using antiseptic (*Continued on page 252*)

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 106*)

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Bread and butter has long been the most popular between-meal lunch for children. Is bread and margarine just as good? What are its values, its deficiencies?

Dr. Walter H. Eddy *Asks* What Is *Margarine* Good For?

IN 1920 Great Britain produced 364,000 tons of margarine, and in the same period the United States, with a much greater population, produced only 195,641 tons. Evidently our English cousins value the product more than we do, or some other inhibitory factors are operative in America.

In our grandmother's time "leaf lard" was the almost universal shortening. Today hydrogenated vegetable oils have to a high degree replaced lard. This "substitution" of the manufacturers has been a marked success and has been accepted without demur by large sections of the population. Margarine is a similar "substitution." Of it Alsberg and Taylor, in their review of the Fat and Oil situation today, say:

"Against esthetic and sentimental factors successful substitution is difficult. Success demands that the substitute be a nearly perfect imitation. Margarine manufacturers have not always been wholly successful in making their product resemble butter exactly—*no doubt in part due to adverse legislation.*"

What do they mean by that last clause? Look at this table:

Tons of Margarine production in the U. S. in 1926.

	Animal & veg. oil mix.	*Vegetable oil exclusively*	*Animal oil exclusively*
Uncolored margarines	54,435	58,107	0
Colored margarines	4,288	2,467	0

Why this reduction in margarine colored to look like butter? Answer, tax of ten cents per pound on colored margarine. The public must learn to eat "white" margarine or do its own coloring, many white margarines being offered with the vegetable coloring supplied in capsule and attached to the package.

It is not my purpose to discuss here the merits or demerits of margarine legislation, the need or lack of need of "protection" of butter makers against substitutes. These are primarily economic problems, and the wise man sticks to his own field. The economic phases have, however, so largely entered into what the experts quoted above call the "esthetic and sentimental" prejudices with regard to margarine that it has seemed to me worth while to analyze for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers the food value of margarine as it exists today. Is it a complete butter substitute? Is it a partial butter substitute? Is it a "pure food"? What are its values, its deficiencies?

What is margarine—or oleomargarine, as it is more often called in America? I visited recently a modern margarine plant to see exactly what went into the process. This plant happened to be one that used vegetable oil exclusively, but as you will see by the table already given, the vegetable oil products, or mixed vegetable and animal oil products, have today practically displaced the all-animal-oil mixes. Except for variation in oils used the methods of manufacture are, however, nearly identical.

My first impression was the extreme pains taken to insure cleanliness. Walls and ceiling were freshly whitewashed, and the wash was renewed frequently. Traveling wooden carriers were made of separate boards which could be disassembled, washed, and steam sterilized every day. Even the air in the plant came through oil filters. All this, my guide assured me, was done not only to assure a clean product, but to prevent wild yeasts and molds floating through the air into the mix and changing the taste of the product. Vegetable oils, coconut especially, can turn in taste very quickly if precautions are not taken to avoid contamination. The margarine manufacturer has learned by experience the need of these precautions to insure uniformity of product. His income rests on the pains taken to insure cleanliness, and that motive reinforces the "inspections" developed as assurance against impurities in the marketed product. The quick rejection of an off-taste margarine by the consumer has also helped to drive out of the market any rivals who might try to avoid this meticulous care.

I went first to what I might call the laboratory, for here expert bacteriologists handle the skim milk that is to give the flavor. Refined oils are almost tasteless. Margarine, to be successful, must taste like butter. This effect is secured by the use of pasteurized skim milk in which the bacteriologist plants a pure strain of bacterium which will ripen the milk until the butter flavor has developed. Skill is needed to keep this culture free of contaminating bacteria and to stop the ripening at the right point. That is why I called this part of the plant the laboratory, for the technique and the care are such as one finds only in the laboratories of hospital or university bacteriologists.

Once the (*Continued on page 250*)

Illustrated By Forrest C. Crooks

Lazy PARENT Lazy CHILD

A Startling Study in Cause and Effect

By H. Addington Bruce

A LITTLE while ago, talking with a friend, the name of a mutual acquaintance came up. This acquaintance, a man whose ability was indisputable whenever he chose to exert himself, had been a business laggard all his days, chiefly because he seldom chose to exert himself. Commenting thereon, my friend remarked:

"Yet, after all, I suppose Joe's colossal laziness is inherited, so that he can't really help himself. Even if it isn't inherited, we have to recognize that he is simply following more consistently than most persons an inclination that is instinctive in every one of us. It is the natural and the normal thing, you know, for people to be lazy, to take things easy, to find effort distasteful and avoid it at every chance."

With these remarks our conversation at once changed from a casual chat to a lively debate. For among the things I can not concede is this notion—extraordinarily widespread—that laziness is normal to man. It is a notion, I am well aware, that has the backing of sundry scientists, including even scientists who have specialized in the scrutiny of man. It is supported, for example, by the often quoted declaration of the illustrious Theodule Ribot, "The love of work and activity is an acquired tendency rather than a natural one, for the human tendency is toward the line of least resistance." With all due respect for the authority of Ribot I maintain, not only that he and those who echo him are wrong, but that mankind will never progress as it can and should until it is universally appreciated that laziness is not normal but abnormal, and that so far from being a trait of inheritance, it is always—or almost always—an acquired affliction.

Indeed, it seems to me that one has only to observe the great activity of the average little child, to perceive that human beings ordinarily are born into this world with an instinctive urge, not to laziness, but to energetic doing, to purposeful endeavor. In many cases, to be sure, it takes only a few years for laziness to become about as characteristic as energetic doing formerly was. And often, with the passage of time, the laziness mounts until the once active child nears manhood or womanhood with a frank distaste for effort, unless it is the effort involved in mere pleasure-seeking.

Teachers are painfully aware of this. So are employers, who not surprisingly rid themselves of the adolescent lazy as soon as they conveniently can. Not surprisingly, too, the parents of (*Continued on page 209*)

Life was nothing but "fun" to William's father. How could he impart to William a sense that life is meant for something else?

The patterns at the right, A-15 and A-16, 40c each, 6 to 10 years, make an attractive ensemble. Another ensemble is formed by patterns A-17 and A-18, 40c apiece, 8 to 12 years. The brother and sister patterns below are easily made. A-19, 30c, comes in sizes 2 to 6 years; A-20, 30c, in sizes 2 to 8 years. The pretty party frock, A-21, 6 to 10 years, is 40c

HOW TO ORDER

To order any of the attractive and practical patterns shown on this page, write, giving size desired, and enclosing correct remittance in stamps, check, or money-order, to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SPRING PATTERNS FOR THE WELL-DRESSED CHILD

By Caroline Gray

WITH the approach of Easter mothers begin to think of new clothes for their children, and we have selected the patterns on this page with this event in mind. Here are a number of charming spring costumes for children of varying ages, from the young brother and sister who rejoice in clothes alike, to the older girl bordering on the teens, whose dawning style sense appreciates smartness and good taste. When one is under six, fashion is a matter of comfort and color, but as observation develops the manly lad aspires to a grown-up suit, and little girls long to become small replicas of their mothers and older sisters.

The ensemble, with its air of sophistication, is a happy solution of this problem, as it satisfies this yearning while at the same time its practicability appeals to mothers who more and more realize that nothing is quite so devastating to their daughters' smart appearance as a haphazard combination of colors.

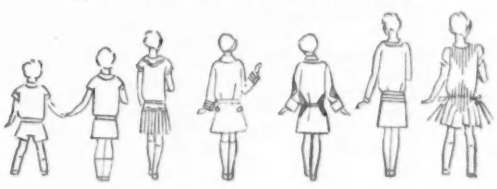
The coat is the foundation of the ensemble and decides its color scheme. The frocks are all more or less related to it. When possible, it is an advantage to have two coats, for growing girls are proverbially hard on their clothes. Nine times out of ten, however, last year's coat, or a warm sweater if the coat is past redemption from rough use or growth, will do for school and play, and the new one can be kept for afternoon and special occasions.

Coats for spring are smart made of lightweight wool fabrics, such as cashmere, twill, wool crêpe, serge, or tweed, and the dresses should conform to them in fabric as well as color.

The tweed coat above, with the shawl collar, has new and extremely smart lines suitable for the junior mode. It is made of medium brown *(Continued on page 151)*

National Sewing Week

A week devoted to the promotion of interest in sewing is being observed from April 15 to 20. Every woman who enjoys making clothes for herself and her children will be interested to know that during this week, in stores all over the country, fashion experts will be prepared to help in the selection of fabrics and models suited to the individual



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UNIVERSAL Resistain stainless steel not only retains its original bright enduring finish but also holds its keen cutting edge. As it does not stain, rust or tarnish, cleaning labor is saved. Ask for it by name.

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To those still unacquainted with the many advantages of UNIVERSAL Stainless Steel, we will mail upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover postage and handling charge one 25-cent UNIVERSAL Resistain Stainless Steel Paring Knife. Address Dept. C.

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HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

SLEEP

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

"What is sleep?" you ask. We do not know, even though it is such a common and useful phenomenon in life! We are concerned with the establishment of the habit of sleep early in life as a safeguard to the health of the child. Sleep is necessary for the rebuilding of tissues after the wear and tear of a day's activity.

Every function of the body is refreshed by sleep. The digestive processes work much more smoothly when one has the proper amount. Muscle balance, nerve control, and emotional stability are in large part dependent upon it. Such a delicate structure as the eye must have the rest and quiet that come with sleep to be ready for the next demand upon it. Time is needed for adjustment *after* sleep, before the eye can be called upon for such detailed work as reading. (This explains the eyestrain resulting when one reads immediately upon wakening or with artificial or poor light.)

The following table is the one usually given showing the hours of sleep desirable for the various ages:

From	1 to 4	years	.... 14 hours	(including
"	5 " 6	"	....13½ "	nap)
"	7 " 10	"	....11½—12 hours	
"	11 " 14	"	....10½—11 "	
"	15 " 18	"	.... 9½—10 "	

Less than twelve hours sleep in the twenty-four for a child under four years old may be considered a danger signal and a warning to the mother to study the whole situation and find out what is wrong.

Infants, if well-fed and comfortable, will sleep most of the time except at feeding hours. As they grow older, they must learn to adjust themselves to remaining awake. It does not come naturally at first. Two naps a day are desirable as long as the child will take them. One nap daily of from one and a half to two hours, starting immediately after the noon meal, should be encouraged during the entire pre-school period. The length of the nap is regulated to suit the needs of the child. If he sleeps too long and too hard, and finds it difficult to go to sleep at the regular time at night, he should be wakened from his nap earlier. If the nap interferes with the necessary four hours outdoors in the fresh air and sunshine, then rearrange both the time and duration of it. Whenever possible, plan that the nap shall be taken outdoors, in which case children usually sleep longer and still are ready for the twelve-hour night. There is no harm in wakening healthy children from their nap at a regular hour, if it is done quietly, and if time is given them to adjust themselves. Although they may be cross and cranky when first wakened, they soon pass through this phase if no attention is paid to it.

Disturbances in certain of the glands of internal secretion have a decided effect upon sleep. The subthyroid individuals tend to be sleepy, slow to start in the morning, and are often late for school because it is hard for them to speed up! A hyper- or over-secretion of the thyroid or certain other glands produces wakefulness.

We often hear mothers say that a certain child never seems sleepy, and they think that therefore he needs less sleep than his brothers and sisters. This is not generally accepted as true. It may well be that children differ in their ability to go to sleep, rather than in their need of it. For example, the thin, overactive, tense child (not necessarily hyperthyroid) finds it hard to relax enough to take a nap during the day. He is so stimulated that it takes a long time for him to get to sleep at night, and he wakens early in the morning. He acts as though he did not want to sleep, yet he really needs it more than the stocky type of child. He must have it if he is to build a healthy body, and every encouragement should be put in his way. It is easy enough to demonstrate that the less sleep and rest which this child has the more "nervous" he will be.

The conditions that work toward sleep can be discussed under the topics of habit formation; a quiet environment; the right altitude and climate for the individual child; and the attitude of mind about it on the part of child and adults. The body can be trained into the habit of falling asleep at regular times. While not an exponent of a rigid regime untinctured by common sense, still it seems reasonable to me that the earlier a good sleep habit can be formed, the better for the child. With this end in view we omit the two a. m. feeding within the first few weeks and do not waken for the ten p. m. feeding when the baby is getting enough food during the day to sleep past it.

When the baby stays awake at night and sleeps during the day, we calmly train him to do the opposite by encouraging wakefulness at what seems to us the proper time! We regulate the waking and sleeping hours in such a way that the baby fits into the social structure of the family as a harmonious unit, rather than a disturbing element. The surroundings of a child usually can be made conducive to sleep if there is cooperation on the part of *all* the members of the family. While no one advocates that all noises shall be hushed or parents go on tiptoe, still it is helpful to have no sudden loud or harsh noises which might waken a (*Continued on page 309*)

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

This bar goes downstairs..

You want Fels-Naptha's *extra* help downstairs—most certainly! Its safe, dirt-loosening suds speed every soap-and-water task from washing out the dish towels to cleaning the linoleum. You'll like the way it erases finger-marks and smudges from every painted surface. Windows glitter at its touch. Whatever the cleaning task, Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help that gets it done quicker and easier.

This bar goes upstairs.....

Of course you want the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha upstairs. Fels-Naptha is expert at freeing bathroom fixtures and tiling from that cloudy look—making them bright and shining and keeping them that way. Just try it in the bedrooms, too!—for freshening woodwork, and brightening painted furniture.

and this bar stays *here* to give you *Extra* Help with the wash . . .

WITH the weekly wash—that's where you appreciate most the *extra* help this golden bar gives you! *Extra* help you could hardly expect from any other washing product, regardless of form, color or price.

For Fels-Naptha is more than just soap.. It is good golden soap—combined, by the special Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha. You can tell there's plenty of naptha. You can smell it!... and naptha, as you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener used in dry-cleaning.

So, by using Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the *extra* help of two cleaners instead of one. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working together! Joining hands in a washing partnership to make less work for you—a partnership that gets your clothes clean through and through, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is mild—gentle both to clothes and to hands. It does its work excellently in machine or tub—in water of any temperature—hot, cool or lukewarm, or when clothes are soaked or boiled. However you use it, the fresh sweet fragrance of homewashed clothes will tell you what millions already know—that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get some today . . . the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient . . . and be sure of its *extra* help upstairs, downstairs and, most of all, with your weekly wash! Fels & Company, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP —THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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In using advertisements see page 6

for

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Westward over The Milwaukee Road—world's longest electrified railroad—to Yellowstone's mystic wonderland, via new Gallatin Gateway . . . colorful "dude" ranches . . . Spokane and its lakes; the romance of Seattle and Tacoma; Alpine sports on mighty Rainier's summer snow and glacier fields . . . exploring with Indian guides, by dug-out or pack train, the Olympic Peninsula . . . climbing glacier-ribbed Mt. Baker . . . cruising among the wooded-isles on Puget Sound; quaint old-English Victoria and cosmopolitan Vancouver. Wide choice of routes returning.

If you can't go with them, rest assured the youngsters are safe and happy in the hands of competent, watchful guides. Low summer fares via The Milwaukee Road make these trips inexpensive. Other all-expense tours as low as $145 from Chicago. Mail coupon below and immediately The Milwaukee Road begins to serve you.

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The Milwaukee Road, Room 906, Union Station, Chicago, Ill. Send information about ☐ All-expense tour in The Milwaukee Road's West, lasting about ..... days, and costing about $ .....
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The APRIL FORUM

Combines Institute Notes With Reader Discoveries

Notes from Our Institute Testing Laboratories

In some of the smaller appliances improvements have appeared which make their operation much more satisfactory. Electric toasters, for example, are moving to the automatic type with clock work or control mechanism arranged so that the bread is toasted to any degree desired and watching is unnecessary. In using such toasters, it is necessary to determine the length of time required to toast the bread to the desired brownness. With the toaster set to meet these requirements, uniform toast is obtained without the inconvenience of watching.

The trend in waffle-irons at the present time is the addition of an indicator, which shows when the iron is at the proper temperature for baking waffles. Several manufacturers have already developed such waffle-irons. The ideal improvement would be the addition of a thermostat to maintain a definite baking temperature. This would mean that once the waffle-iron was heated to the correct temperature, it would be just right for baking waffles until the current was turned off.

One of the new pieces of electrical equipment is the sandwich toaster. This device toasts the top and bottom of filled sandwiches at the same time. One of the advantages of such a toaster is that the sandwiches can be prepared whenever convenient and toasted as desired.

For Those on a Diabetic Diet

We are constantly receiving inquiries from our readers regarding food for diabetics. We do not attempt to advise people with reference to diet and disease, but we do keep in touch with the literature that is available on these subjects. We can suggest several handbooks which diabetics can use to advantage, provided their doctor gives them initial assistance in using them. They are as follows:

"Diabetic Manual," by Elliott P. Joslin; Lea & Febiger, New York, N. Y.

"Food for the Diabetic," by Mary Pascoe Huddleson; The Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y.

"Guide for Diabetics," by Campbell and Porter; The Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Diabetic Manual for Patients," by Henry J. John; C. V. Mosby Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Perhaps many people do not know that it is possible to buy foods which have been specially prepared for diabetics. We shall be glad to furnish you, upon request, with the names of firms which make these foods.

Purée of Vegetables from the Can

One of the recent developments in canned food that will appeal to many people is prepared puréed vegetables. These are convenient to use in making creamed soups, and they may be of interest to mothers of young children.

From Our Readers

For Better-Looking Gloves

An easy and effective way to wash gloves so that they dry smooth and shapely is as follows: Put the gloves on the hands and wash them in a lukewarm, sudsy water, using a mild soap. As a rule, gentle rubbing of the hands will remove most of the soil. For the more stubborn spots use a small brush. With the gloves still on the hands, rinse in several lukewarm waters. Then slip them off and instead of squeezing, *blow* through them to remove all the water possible. This causes the gloves to take the shape of the hand and thus allows them to dry without wrinkles. *F. P., New York, N. Y.*

Pansies Easily Arranged

Until recently I have found pansies as hard to arrange, for household decoration, as their color blendings are beautiful. I tried, with great success, placing sand in a shallow dish or bowl, moistening well, and then placing the flower stems down into the sand. They will keep for days and retain their fresh and pert appearance. Black, yellow, and green are the best colors to use for the bowl.

Mrs. H. R. McD., Scottsville, N. Y.

To Keep Pansies Fresh

Frequently it is difficult to arrange pansies effectively, as the stems are so short they will not "stay put." However, a piece of coarse wire screen, cut a little larger than the top of the bowl to be used as a vase and bent to fit over the edges of the bowl, is a great help. The stems may be slipped through the holes in the screen so they will reach the water and still not fall. As a result, the pansies present an unbroken sea of velvety faces and remain bright and fresh as long as could be expected.

Mrs. L. F. H., Fremont, Nebr.

Spring Preparation for Christmas

It is now time for spring planting, and I want to pass along a Christmas suggestion that starts in the spring. I planted the following plants for Everlasting flowers; Statice, Japanese Lanterns, Straw Flowers, and some ornamental grasses—Quaking Grass, Job's Tears, and Plume Grass. These were gathered at the proper time, hung heads down, and dried for winter bouquets. During the year, as I chanced to see a particularly unusual or lovely vase or dish, I bought it, and at Christmas several of my friends were delighted with the winter bouquet and vase. One stunning black vase contained Japanese Lanterns that added a vivid patch of color to the living-room all winter. Another, a copper pitcher, found at an auction room, contained Statice, Everlastings, and Plume Grass, and was received with delight.

Mrs. R. M. H., Houlton, Maine

Comfort for Guests

After being entertained in a home where the guest room was equipped with a luggage stand, I was determined that my own guests should be provided with this convenience, but I found the price more than I wished to pay. I sölved the problem by purchasing a camp stool of the type which has no back. The canvas seat was removed and replaced with a piece of strong, bright cretonne. The woodwork was enameled in bright blue and orange. The result is very satisfactory.

Mrs. H. M. N., New York, N. Y.

A "Color Book"

Since color has so definitely invaded every room, it is difficult to choose even the simplest gift without a knowledge of color schemes. So I have started to keep a "color book." When I receive a letter from one friend, and she says, "We've done our guest room over in yellow," down that information goes on her page in my color book. When visiting, I take pains to note various color schemes and to jot those down at the time, to be copied later into their place. I'm sure that my thank-you letters next year will all say that the gifts "just fit" in some particular place. *Mrs. F. H. A., Omaha, Nebr.*

Note

The Institute can not return discoveries or recipes. Please do not send stamps for this purpose.

1 Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with upward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove the cold cream. Such an economy of laundry and towels! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin — Pond's second step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener should always follow your cold cream cleansing. It closes pores; banishes oiliness; firms your skin, leaves it fresh as a rose.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives smoothness, makes your powder cling.

Among the beautiful women who use Pond's products are:

The Countess Howe
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
Mrs. Ogden H. Hammond
La Marquise de Polignac
Lady Lavery

Pond's 4 delicious Aids to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps are swift, yet scientific in the precision of their effect. Pond's 4 delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh and lovely! Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Try this simple, swift, sure Method.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
109 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

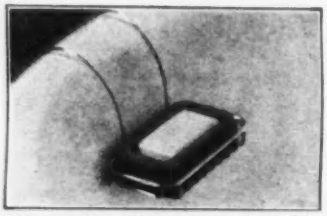
In using advertisements see page 6

At last an...

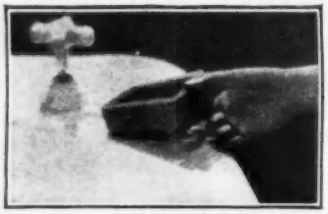
ABSORBENT SOAP DISH

that is

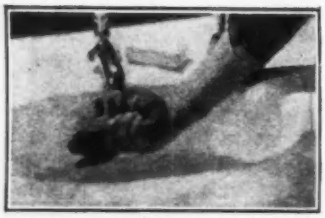
ALWAYS CLEAN



When used as a lining for wire soap dishes or built-in receptacles, it prevents expensive soap from melting or falling out



For use wherever soap is used. Unlike china or metal, it will not slip and it cannot break.



Just a squeeze and it's clean. No wonder women love this modern soap dish.

Here is a household necessity that should be in every modern bathroom and kitchen. Made of finest, imported sponge rubber,—

INEXPENSIVE, SANITARY, and PRACTICAL

Comes in four beautiful colors, Moss Green, Jonquil Yellow, Delft Blue and Orchid Lavender. 50¢.

Sold by Drug, Department and Hardware Stores and Gift Shops. If your local dealer happens to be out of them write us his name and address and we will see that you are immediately supplied.

RubberSan

"The Absorbent Soap Dish that's Always Clean"

RUBBERSAN PRODUCTS, INC.
117-119 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Important To Have A Chimney

Please tell me if you find that it is healthy to depend entirely for your heat from oil heaters. We live in apartments and use only these heaters. I have at all times a slight headache; also my children have so many colds. I shall be very grateful for an opinion from you.
Mrs. O. F., Washington State

I think it is highly inadvisable to heat a room by any sort of combination by which the products of combustion escape in the room and not through the flue. The principal products of combustion are water vapor and carbon dioxide in about equal quantities. The carbon dioxide, of course, makes the air of the room impure. The water vapor may make the air of the room better. It is a poor way to heat a room by discharging all the products of combustion into the room itself. Moreover, in an oil heater there may be some little defect at times which prevents a complete oxidation and thus throws into the room a little carbon monoxide gas. This may prove injurious. No wonder your children have continual colds in breathing such an atmosphere which may be easily over-heated.

I Am Surprised That Druggists Do Not Know It

Following your suggestion on treatment and prevention of cold I today attempted to purchase from two druggists some hypochlorite of soda. They each said they never had heard of it. Where can I get some?
C. C. M., Texas

Evidently English druggists have the same ignorance with regard to the Dakin-Carrel solution which pervades the American trade. A sample of the Dakin-Carrel solution was sent from this country to London for the treatment of King George in his late illness. The hypochlorite of lime has long been known as a valuable germicide. However, it is not very soluble. A chemist, Dakin, and a public health official, Carrel, devised a sodium salt with hypochloric acid which is much more soluble. It was furnished our soldiers in the late war. Using this compound freely in the wounds of our soldiers prevented gangrene to a greater extent than was ever accomplished before and thus saved thousands of valuable lives. I am rather surprised a competent druggist had never heard of the Dakin-Carrel reagent. It is largely distributed in this country under a trade name.

Some Children Are Sensitized to Milk

I have a young nephew of six and a half years, who as a baby was nourished on dextro-maltose; but for the past few years he has had the most violent dislike for milk. He has started to school, and the teacher insists on the youngsters drinking milk. To him her word is law, and he tries to comply with her wishes, but it makes him ill. Inasmuch as he is such a healthy youngster, can he not do without it?
Mrs. M. E. N., Canada

Probably this boy's dislike of milk is not a natural sensitization thereto, but due to the fact that in infancy when he should have been taking milk he was fed dextro-maltose. I think it is a mistake on the part of a teacher to insist on his drinking milk which possibly makes him ill. At school age a boy may be fed judiciously in such a way as to get from other sources all the vitamins and minerals which

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

are present in milk. The mother of the boy should have a talk with the teacher and contrive some method by which the boy can continue to be well nourished without the bad effects of drinking milk, which disagrees with him. In a good selection of ordinary fruits and vegetables, together with an occasional egg or piece of fresh meat and unrefined and unbleached cereal products, the child may receive all the necessary vitamins and minerals which milk contains.

Idle Tales

Will you kindly tell me if cream and sugar in tea produce a poison in the system? Will the combination aggravate rheumatism?
Mrs. L. M. D., Washington State

There is no evidence whatever for the common idea that the addition of sugar and cream to tea and coffee produces a poison. There is no chemical reaction whatever taking place in such addition. Those who claim that chemical reaction takes place, forming a poison, are highly incompetent and ignorant of the whole situation. I am not an advocate of uncontrolled consumption of tea or coffee, but I am sure no harm takes place from the addition of sugar and cream thereto. Such a mixture would not aggravate rheumatism. The medical profession today believes that rheumatism almost always arises from some infection in the blood from pus. Tonsils and diseased roots of teeth are supposed to be the most common source of such rheumatic affection.

There Isn't Any

I am asking your opinion in regard to a malt preparation combined with spleen marrow. Do you consider it of any use in a case of secondary anemia?
Mrs. C. W. U., N. Y.

I regret that I have no report of the malt preparation which you mention combined with spleen marrow. There is no such thing as "spleen marrow." The marrow exists in bones and is supposed to have an important function in the production of red corpuscles. I am sure the spleen, while it may have some value, is nothing like so effective in anemia as liver is. As you could not use spleen marrow, it is hardly worth while to discuss the problem any longer. It will be interesting to the anatomists and physiologists of the country, if there is any such a thing as "spleen marrow."

Better Limit a Child's Food

Kindly advise me if a child three years old is too young to digest nuts and raisins? If so, at what age are they beneficial?
Mrs. J. E. B., Md.

A child three years old is hardly capable of chewing nuts sufficiently well to warrant giving them as a part of the diet. For the same reason raisins are too much of a concentrated sugar diet and require more careful mastication than a child of three is capable of giving. He should still use milk as a dominant factor in his diet. Other foods may be used in moderation as described in my leaflet, "The Feeding of Older Children." When a child has all his permanent molars, he may be given a moderate quantity of nuts and raisins.

The camera caught this most pleasing room picture in the home of Mrs. W. L. McClure. Every room in this Warren, Pa., home has a similar Armstrong Floor (Embossed Inlaid Linoleum No. 6060; each color goes through to the burlap back).

These Armstrong Floors are easy to take care of, for their surface is protected by the new Accolac Process. No spotting. No staining. This surface keeps its fine appearance with the minimum of waxing and polishing. For kitchens, however, or other places where frequent washing may be needed, an occasional freshening up with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer is recommended to keep your floor satin-smooth, like new. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Are your floors CAMERA-SHY?

But there'll be no tale-telling stain if your floor is Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum.

Suppose our camera man came to your house — would your floors "take" well, or would you quickly cover them up?

This room portrait comes from Harrison, N. Y. —the home of Mr. Robert P. Vignola, Architect. The handcraft floor (Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 6006) not only pictures well, but in actual use it also *keeps* its fine appearance with the minimum of cleaning care.

ANY room that wears a frown for a floor can't ever be expected to "look pleasant." Yet today it's easy — and really not expensive — to make your floors a pleasing part of your room picture.

Take, for example, these two home portraits — typical of hundreds of photographs that are sent to us from all parts of the country.

In each the floor is a different design of Armstrong's Linoleum. For each, the floors were selected just the way you choose draperies — to match and support an individual decorative scheme.

These Armstrong Floors were tailored and trimly fitted to each room — quickly installed, without bother or upset, right over the old floors. They brought to each home not only bright floor beauty, but also a new freedom from heavy floor-cleaning care.

Local merchants will show you the latest Armstrong Floor designs, will tell you how little it actually costs to re-floor for the last time with these easy-to-clean, foot-comforting floors of long-lasting charm. Plan to see them the next time you are shopping.

But before you redecorate, read the home-planning hints in Hazel Dell Brown's latest book — "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Shows model rooms in full color. Sent for 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 916 Nevin Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

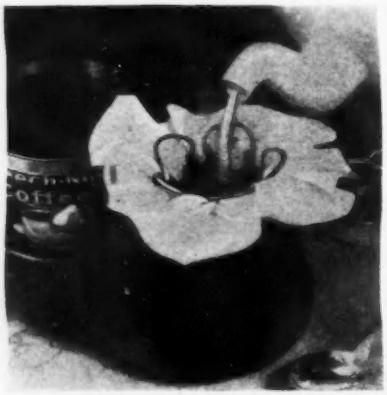
Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPÉ · PRINTED · *AND* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Here's the quick, easy way to make real *drip* coffee



OFTEN the simplest and quickest method of doing a thing produces the best results. This is especially true of coffee making.

Scientific tests and the practical experience of progressive housewives prove the many advantages of brewing coffee by the (French) Drip Method. Beech-Nut has found a newly-developed, amazingly simple device—SpeeDrip—which makes perfect drip coffee in shorter time than it takes to tell about it.

With SpeeDrip you simply put the required amount of pulverized coffee into the cloth filter. Pour boiling water through the coffee into the pot and your perfect beverage is ready to serve.

Beech-Nut Coffee

Get your

★

SpeeDrip FREE

Thousands of the best grocers now offer the SpeeDrip Coffee-Making Device FREE with purchase of 2 one-pound vacuum tins of Beech-Nut Drip Grind Coffee. If your own grocer cannot supply you, send coupon below.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. G-4-29
Canajoharie, New York

I wish to accept your offer of a SpeeDrip Coffee Maker FREE with 2 lbs. of Beech-Nut (Drip Grind) Coffee. I enclose $1.20.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

TONS OF MONEY

By Elaine, Entertainment Editor

Bride's Shower And Announcement Party, Luncheon, Or Tea

Send for the "Tons of Money" Shower which includes directions for making a Parasol container to hold gifts; Dishpan and Work-basket gift containers; Parasol table centerpiece; a dozen original verses for place-cards or to accompany gifts; and an engagement announcement suggestion. Send 10 cents to Elaine, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

AN INITIALING Shower is one way for a hostess to combine a charming afternoon or evening for the bride and her friends also. The hostess may provide the articles to be initialed; the bride herself may be asked to bring articles in need of initials; or the guests may bring them as gifts.

While the guests chat after luncheon or tea, or in the evening, each may be asked to embroider an initial. The articles needing initials are numberless, and as some are fine and others simple, fingers of different degrees of skill may find employment. Among the articles to be initialed may be napkins, tea towels, tablecloths, guest towels, sheets, pillowcases, dust-cloths, pot-holders, doilies, table runners, dish towels, and so forth. There is almost always among a group of friends some expert at initialing who can do the more intricate work.

A Hemming Shower, or a Hemstitching Shower, is also a pleasant variation of this idea. Napkins, tablecloths, and dish towels, which would be tedious to do alone, are hemmed in no time at all while tongues and fingers fly.

The bride may be given a specially decorated basket of hemming or hemstitching. By narrow ribbons of different lengths, and in all colors of the rainbow small rubber balls, some of them covered with gold tinsel and some with silver tinsel, may be tied to dangle from the basket. Also attached in the same way to the basket of work may be stars cut from cardboard and covered with gold tinsel or silver tinsel and clear glass beads to represent raindrops. On a pin in the middle of the basket stick a card with the bride's name on one side, and on the other side this verse:

Moon is shining,
Sun is shining,
Rainbow shining, too!
Rain is falling,
Stars are falling,
Everything is—
Falling for You!

Engagement announcements are often made at a reception to which all the friends and acquaintances of the young couple and their families are invited. If the reception is a formal one, the engraved invitations may announce the engagement, or it may be announced during the course of the evening.

If, however, an informal announcement party is given, the engagement may be announced in some clever way after the guests arrive. For instance, favors for a favor dance, or to accompany the menu or refreshments, may be tiny shoes, one for each guest, containing grains of rice. The shoes may be dolls' shoes of satin, paper, or glass, all varieties, but make sure that each little shoe has a tongue.

To the bottom of each shoe sole may be pasted or tied a card with the jumbled letters of the two names on it. A card with the following verse on it may be tied to the tongue of each shoe:

In every walk of life,
Whate'er the game or goal,
The tongue is sure to tell
The secret of the soul!

At a bride's shower luncheon or tea, the little shoes with their verses may be used as place-cards. (Twelve other verses suitable for place-cards, to accompany gifts or invitations, are included in the "Tons of Money" Shower described above.)

An "engaging book" is an engaging gift for the guests to make at an engagement announcement or at a shower. The hostess may purchase some small decorative book with blank pages. On the first inside sheet of paper she may write the place and date, and these rhymes: "A little book of the future, of engaging helps and hints; of how to shine the andirons, and other household stints. A little book of the past, for indoor reading weather, engaging memories of the days that we have shared together."

Each guest is allotted two pages of the book; on each she should write her name with ink. On one page she should write some clever little trick of housekeeping she has learned for herself, or heard from her family. On the other page she should write a little description of some pleasant event she has shared with the bride-to-be. A dance, a picnic, or only some accidental moment they laughed together, or maybe even cried together. If each guest plans beforehand what to write, this book will be something the bride will cherish forever. If the book is made at an engagement announcement where men as well as girls are invited, the men may substitute for the household hint some hint about managing husbands.

An amusing shower favor is made by using little inverted parasols made of crêpe paper and wire. These should be filled with silvered candies and the following verse tied to the handles:

Money rains on every one,
Some folks fail to snatch it;
Others turn their parasols
Upside down and catch it!

These little favors may also be used as place-cards, by writing the guests' names on the back of the cards of verses tied to the parasols.

For any leaflet listed below address Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BRIGHT BOWKNOT BOOKLET: Children's parties, games, and edible ideas . . 10c

BRIDGE RULES IN RHYME: Bridge Party with rhymes, decorations, and menu 10c

BIRTHDAY MASCOT AND MOTTO PARTY, with ideas for each month. . . . 10c

GAMES LEAFLET: Miscellaneous games compiled from past successes 10c

HEART AFIRE PARTY: an evening full of fun for young folks 10c

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY VERSES: A set of verses for each anniversary 10c

YOUR Money's Worth

A Department Conducted for The Sole Purpose of Helping You to Get Full Value for Every Dollar You Invest

Choosing an Investment Advisor

By Ruth Boyle

A PROBLEM that confronts every man or woman who is investing money for the first time, and many who have been buying stocks and bonds for years, is set down frankly and interestingly in a letter from a GOOD HOUSEKEEPING reader to this department. She writes:

"It was a great satisfaction to receive ratings from you on our investments, particularly since our securities seem to be sound. That is what we have striven for in our savings for our old age.

"Since we do not care a snap about marketability, your information as to interest on real estate bonds was of value. Doubtless you would not recommend having those exclusively, however. We haven't felt that we knew enough about stocks to dabble in them. We have an investment savings account. As soon as this reaches $500, we invest that amount, our only question being to whom to go for a good safe investment, with as high a yield as possible when safety is the main thing. We have bought some real estate notes, secured by real estate here, through the trust department of our local bank, and have also bought bonds on the advice of a relative in another state who is a banker. We have bought real estate bonds from a house of national reputation which has salesmen here, and also by mail from another company; and we have bought other types of bonds from two or three investment bankers. We feel sort of all at sea and don't know just where to turn when we have an investment to make, but try not to have the bulk with any one person or house, but rather to scatter with different houses. Doing this way, we can't sit down with any one and go over our holdings, as each company would advise only its own investment.

"While my husband earns the living, I handle the investments and am delighted to learn all that I can about them. Therefore I read the GOOD HOUSEKEEPING articles very carefully. I think I miss some one person to tell me where to invest, but that would mean investing with only one house."

A study of the list of securities bought by this couple with their savings of twenty years shows that they have made wise selections. With the exception of one small investment in stock, their list consists entirely of bonds. About one-third of these are real estate mortgage bonds, and the rest are divided among industrials, rails, and public utilities. They are well diversified as to location, industry, and rate of return—safe low-interest bonds being balanced by others bearing higher interest and involving somewhat more risk. On the whole, this wife has handled the investments with good judgment.

There is one point, however, about which I believe she is mistaken. This is her feeling that she strengthens the safety of her list by shopping around for advice and suggestions among a number of different investment houses and banks. She is afraid to rely too much on any one house because it might recommend its own issues exclusively. Judging from the thousands of letters we have received from investors all over the country, this fear is widely held by women investors, and it seems to me that it nearly always works to their disadvantage. As a result of it, they are held back by timidity and indecision. They have no trusted advisor with whom they can discuss their investment plan as a whole. When they wish to buy a new bond, they feel, like the writer of the letter I have quoted, "all at sea." Moreover, there is no one whom they may ask to examine in a competent fashion the list of bonds they already own, and tell them just how safety and income may be increased by making changes.

A few days ago, for example, we received a letter from a woman whose guardian had bought for her, twenty years ago, an interurban railway bond. When she came of age, the

A New Investor's Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell: we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

FRESH Ocean Fish

in your inland home

WE catch 40-FATHOM* fish far out at sea from Boston.

We remove the heads, tails, backbones, scales and all waste.

We wrap the remaining white fish meat in parchment paper (see wrapper above) and express it in ice to your dealer.

40-FATHOM fish is the cream of the catch—the white tenderloin of the sea. Always fresh—never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage. Always fresh and smacking with the savor of the sea. As easy to cook as bacon.

Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-FATHOM fish by name. Get it in the above wrapper; for fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish!

SEND COUPON BELOW!

BAY STATE FISHING CO. G.H.-4
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Recipes for Cooking 40-FATHOM fish" as they do at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, written by Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine, of that famous hotel.

Name.....

Address.....

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

In using advertisements see page 6

"LET'S RUN OVER TO THE BROWNS"

NOW she is the first one to think of good times, the first to plan some gay outing in the country, to start off on a brisk walk.

Her step is quick and springy again, as it used to be. Yet a few weeks ago every step meant an ache, and this continual discomfort was reflected in her spirits and disposition.

Then her podiatrist suggested Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch that subtly holds sagging arches in place, massages weakened muscles back to normal strength.

"Watch Your Step—It May Be Your Feet" tells more about these cleverly designed style-with-comfort shoes. Copy free upon request. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE PLAZA—a cut-out laced oxford in the new Brown-beige Kid, with the built-in Main Spring* Arch—an exclusive Walk-Over feature. This shoe may also be had in Black or Grey Kid.

WALK-OVER SHOES

WITH THE MAIN SPRING* ARCH

Your Money's Worth

bond was turned over to her, and she kept it in her safety deposit box until just recently, when she had need of money. Then she learned that her thousand-dollar bond, which she had regarded as gilt-edged, was really speculative and was worth at the market just $650. Now, if she had been in the habit of talking over her investments with an expert advisor, she would have sold this security long ago, when the earnings of the street railway back of it began to slide downward.

I believe that every investor, experienced or not, is better off if he can frequently consult a specialist in investments whom he trusts. Every investor needs the information a well-informed specialist can give him about new issues, and about conditions in the various industries in which he has already invested. The average man or woman can not hope to know all the important facts about securities which the expert spends his days digging out and studying. The experienced investor, in addition, often wants to ask somebody whether or not he should exercise a conversion privilege. Should he exchange his convertible bonds for stock? Or if he has stock and is offered rights to buy more, should he exercise his rights?

Thousands of dollars are lost to investors every year because they do not understand the value of these privileges. Last summer a small percentage of the stockholders in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company ignored an opportunity given them either to exercise or sell their rights to subscribe to new stock. Only one-half of one percent was unsubscribed, but the loss to investors amounted to $600,000. An investment house, or the investment officer of a bank, is always glad to answer questions of this sort, and to point out the profit which the investor may miss through procrastination or ignorance.

Judge By Their Record

"But," you may say, "how am I to know that I am choosing a good investment house? If I buy all my securities through one house, is there not a chance that all of them will turn out badly?"

If you think about it, we make just as important decisions in other fields quite naturally. We choose a bank in which to deposit our cash, and trust it as a matter of course. We choose a doctor to safeguard our lives. We should not think of calling in a different doctor every time we were ill, or putting each deposit into a different bank. We feel that they are to be trusted. *We judge by their record.* If an investment house has been in business for many years, and its record shows that the issues it sponsors have paid interest and principal promptly, good times and bad, it can be depended upon to suggest good investments. Such an organization has a triple responsibility—first, to raise money for a client by issuing and selling the bonds; second, to advise the investor which bonds are the best in his particular circumstances; third, if the bonds should go bad—as even the most promising will sometimes do—to protect the interests of the bondholders to the utmost. To do these three things well, it should be a house of long experience and of high reputation. It should offer a wide variety of securities, so that they will enable the investor to build up a sound and well-diversified group of investments.

The country bank which will recommend nothing but farm mortgages is too narrow a guide. So is the firm that deals only in real estate bonds. The house you rely on mainly for advice should be able to give you any class of bond—government, industrial, public utility, etc. It should be able to help the individual man or woman with sound investment counsel. Some of the best houses now keep a list of their customers' investments and from time to time report on them so that no evidence of weakness or chance of profit may be overlooked. A careful investment house will ask you, when you

Voted the most fascinating *Young Sportswoman*

by

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

MISS LILIAS MORIARTY *of Boston, Mass., chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the most fascinating young sportswoman.*

SHE is as full of contradictions as she is of bewitchment and charm.

She has close-cut curling bronze hair, a pure, fair skin,—no touch of rouge,—a laughing child's mouth. Her eyes are her most unusual feature. They are rather long, set wide apart, of a curious shade of blue. Their calm, rather remote, far-seeing gaze gives the only clue to her preoccupation with one of the most dangerous of sports.

No one looking at her, would think of her as an "athlete." She weighs only a hundred pounds. She has a little slim, fragile, exquisite figure. Yet she is a bold and fearless horseback rider, a keen shot,—"but I only shoot clay pigeons,"—a self-possessed, passionately devoted flyer.

She was born at Budapest, where her father was stationed in the diplomatic service. She speaks five languages. She has traveled about the world ever since she was a baby, and likes being on the move.

She "always wanted to fly." She cannot explain its fascination. "It's being up above everything, and all alone . . ."

She uses Woodbury's Facial Soap because it is the only soap that does not irritate her skin, —a skin of almost transparent clearness and fineness.

"Woodbury's is a wonderful soap, for anyone who is out of doors as much as I am. There must be something unusually pure and mild about it, because it keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition."

MISS MORIARTY, *snapped riding horseback in Central Park. "Woodbury's keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition," she says*

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little to..ns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, ★ the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2907 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2907 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

THE MEASURE *of Washer Value*

Wherever washers are sold, you hear the Maytag used as a basis of comparison. This repeated reference to the Maytag's qualities is a tribute that should lead you to compare the Maytag with any other washer that is claimed to be as good.

Find out why over a million housewives tried the Maytag and decided to keep it. Find out why other washers aspire to equal Maytag value—why the cast-aluminum tub and gyrafoam action changed the trend of washer design.

Find out why the Maytag's new-type Roller Water Remover aids the cleaning process and adds a new element of safety, convenience and thoroughness to washing.

TAKE AN HOUR

next washday to try the Maytag. A telephone call to the nearest dealer brings one. *If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Deferred Payments You'll Never Miss.*

THE MAYTAG COMPANY,
Newton, Iowa
Founded 1893

Maytag
Aluminum Washer

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

Your Money's Worth

wish to make a new investment, what your present holdings are, and will make some effort to learn what are your investment needs so that they can suggest securities that will fit your circumstances. But if they do not ask these questions, you should give them the information, so that you will not load up too heavily with one popular type of security, or pay for qualities which you do not need, or buy a bond involving too much risk.

The responsibility of the investment banker to keep faith with those who invest their savings according to his advice is expressed very well by Dwight W. Morrow, formerly of J. P. Morgan and Co., and now our Ambassador to Mexico.

"How is the investor to form an intelligent judgment as to the safety of his investment?" he asks. "How does the man in the Middle West, who responds to an invitation from his investment banker to buy a foreign bond, know that his investment is safe? If he should be asked this question, I think that he would put in the very forefront of his reasons for making the investment the fact that he had confidence in the banker who offered him the investment. After all, the people who buy bonds must rely largely upon the judgment of the offering houses. They must believe that their investment banker would not offer them the bonds unless the banker believed them to be safe. This throws a heavy responsibility upon the banker. He may and does make mistakes. There is no way that he can avoid making mistakes because he is human and because in this world things are only relatively secure. There is no such thing as absolute security. But while the banker may make mistakes, he must never make the mistake of offering investments to his clients which he does not believe to be good. Moreover, when a banker directs savings into an investment he should believe that the borrowed money is to be put to a constructive use. To the cynic that may sound somewhat idealistic. It is, however, just plain common sense. No banker who wants to stay in business throughout the years wants to lend money to people who are not going to use it for a constructive purpose. The use to which the money is put is a very important factor in determining the ability of the borrower to pay his interest promptly and to return, at maturity, the principal."

Always Consult Your Bank

I do not mean that you should follow blindly any suggestion which your chosen financial guide gives you. While it is helpful to be able to go to a trusted bank or investment house for information and counsel, it is just as well to get an opinion about the securities they suggest from at least one other source. It is natural for them to suggest their own issues. They have a financial interest in them, but besides this purely selfish reason is the fact that they know intimately the business of the company represented. They have made a thorough analysis of its assets, resources, business policy, and earnings and have faith enough in it to stake their own reputation for sagacity and good judgment on its success. Naturally they feel they can recommend with more enthusiasm the bonds of a company they know well than other bonds which they know less about. It is easy for you to guard against over-enthusiasm on their part by simply asking the opinion of your bank on these securities. In this way you have the benefit of expert advice without any uneasiness about the motives back of it.

No investment house is infallible. The shrewdest bankers sometimes make mistakes. No one can look into the future and foretell exactly what is going to happen. So when you consult a good investment house, you do not get an absolutely perfect and infallible answer to your financial problems, but you do get sane, sound, and honest counsel, which is much more accurate and wise than your own unaided information.

You can't bring your rugs to us-

If you could bring your rugs to us, we could show you just how much dirt is in your floor coverings, and where each kind of dirt lodges.

We could make clear, by scientific comparisons, just why suction and sweeping and beating are each required to remove one of the three types of dirt; and demonstrate, by tests, how completely these methods, combined, will remove all the dirt which your rugs harbor. In other words, we could show you the *science* of The Hoover.

We could show you how The Hoover raises the rug from the floor and beats out the destructive embedded grit; how it sweeps up the clinging litter; and how its suction carries the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust bag.

But you cannot bring your rugs to us.

So we send our representative to you, in your home, to show you the results of Hoover cleaning, to demonstrate on your rugs the exclusive cleaning principle of The Hoover, "Positive Agitation," which enables it to remove more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner.

more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE
The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is *dirt per minute*

Our representative comes to you from the store of one of the leading merchants in your community, and with the endorsement of that merchant. He brings to you information that will save you time and needless effort and protect your rugs from destructive wear.

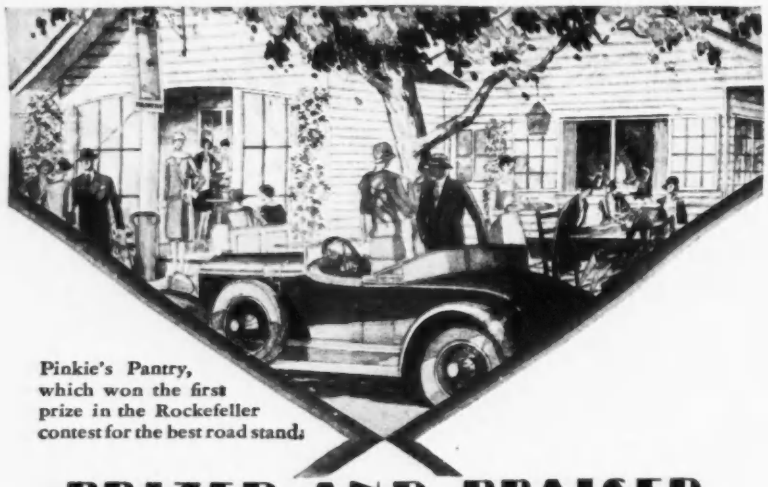
Because this information is of the greatest importance to you, we hope you will see our representative and hear what he has to tell you.

Telephone your local Hoover dealer for a demonstration. Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25 down. Liberal allowance for old cleaners.

The HOOVER
Reg. Trade Mark
IT BEATS AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

In using advertisements see page 6



Pinkie's Pantry, which won the first prize in the Rockefeller contest for the best road stand.

PRIZED AND PRAISED

in The Finest Tea-Rooms

In Pinkie's prize-winning pantry, in kitchens of noted culinary achievement and in famous tea-rooms the country over, famous Best Foods Mayonnaise is served regularly as a particular treat. ¶ And no wonder. For smooth, golden Best Foods Mayonnaise is made from whole fresh eggs—*broken right from the shell,* fragrant spices, the finest salad oils. It's delicious on salads or sandwiches. ¶ Like all Best Foods Products, Best Foods Mayonnaise stands for "the finest". Quality is the keynote of all Best Foods Products. The policy behind their making is "a few food products and those few fine." ¶ Fresh and fine. That's the way all Best Foods Products come to *your* kitchen, *your* pantry shelf, just as they were when they left the sunlit kitchens of The Best Foods, Inc. The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Jacksonville, Chicago, San Francisco, Norfolk.

"My slogan has always been, 'I make them all myself,' but since that day when in the middle of a luncheon rush we ran out of mayonnaise and I in desperation opened a sample of Best Foods Mayonnaise left by an intelligent salesman, I have known that my time could be better employed than in making mayonnaise—for every order was a 'repeat the same' and almost invariably has been thereafter."

Norma M. Bamman, Pinkie's Pantry, Plainfield, N. J.

You will surely be interested in the favorite recipes of some of the famous tea-rooms. We have collected them for you and combined them in a booklet with a guide to many of the country's most interesting tea-rooms. We will gladly send you a copy—just fill out and mail the coupon.

THE BEST FOODS, INC.
297 Fourth Ave.
Dept. GH-4-29
New York City

A book of famous tea-room recipes sounds interesting. Send me a copy, please.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Best Foods

The Mark of the Finest the Market Affords

Around the World

(*Continued from page 25*)

"No," said Annie. "We didn't."

"He'd asked us not to," said Catharine. "She had always been against his wild ways, and the last time they had parted, there had been words between them."

"But we called the doctor," said Annie, "from the telephone next door. The doctor said that Master Robert had pneumonia. And party or no party, we called Mrs. Van Heusen. Yes, and I can see her now, as plain as if it was only yesterday, walking across the kitchen and looking at him who was lying there on the sofy—sad and sorrowful-like, as a mother will look at a son who was born with wildness in him, and who can't help falling on evil days any more than he can help the color of his eyes."

"God help us all," said Catharine, busy with the drafts of the stove.

"Aye, she looked at him," said Annie, "and then she said, 'His room upstairs has always been waiting for him.' So we got him up the back way between us; and what she told them I don't know, but it wasn't long before the company went. And all this time, mind you, Master Robert was out of his head so that every once in a while we had to hold him—and all his talk seemed to be 'Fetch her! Fetch her! I want to see her! She's just across the street!'—and then he'd try to get up—and make for the door—"

"Ah, that was a night!" said Catharine. "It must have been about ten o'clock when the doorbell rang downstairs. We thought it was the doctor come back, and Symons went down to let him in."

"WE WERE all there in Master Robert's room, mind you," said Annie. "The Old Lady, and me, and Catharine, and we kept listening for the doctor on the stairs as well as we could for keeping Master Robert under the blankets. Finally the Old Lady couldn't stand it any longer.

"'What's the matter, Symons?' she called down from the head of the stairs. 'Is it the doctor?'

"'No, Madame,' he called back up—still out in the vestibule, mind you. 'I 'estitate to bring it in,' he said. 'It's a baby.'

"'A baby?' muttered the Old Lady.

"It spoke for itself then—a thin, hungry cry that went to the heart. I know it touched mine, and I saw the Madame put her hand to the door-casing as though to steady herself. But if you only could have seen Master Robert when he heard it!"

"I shall never forget the way the Old Lady turned and looked at him in the bed," said Catharine. "And then she turned to the stairs again. 'Bring it up, Symons,' she said. 'This may be what he's calling for. Bring it up and let him see it. Perhaps he'll be quieter then.'"

"So Symons brought it up," continued Annie. "I can hear him puffing now, what with the excitement and the weight of what he was carrying. And sure enough it was a baby—about six months old, as near as I could tell—and you only needed to look at it once to see that a man had dressed it."

"Ah," said Catharine complacently, "and you only needed to look at it once to see something else as well."

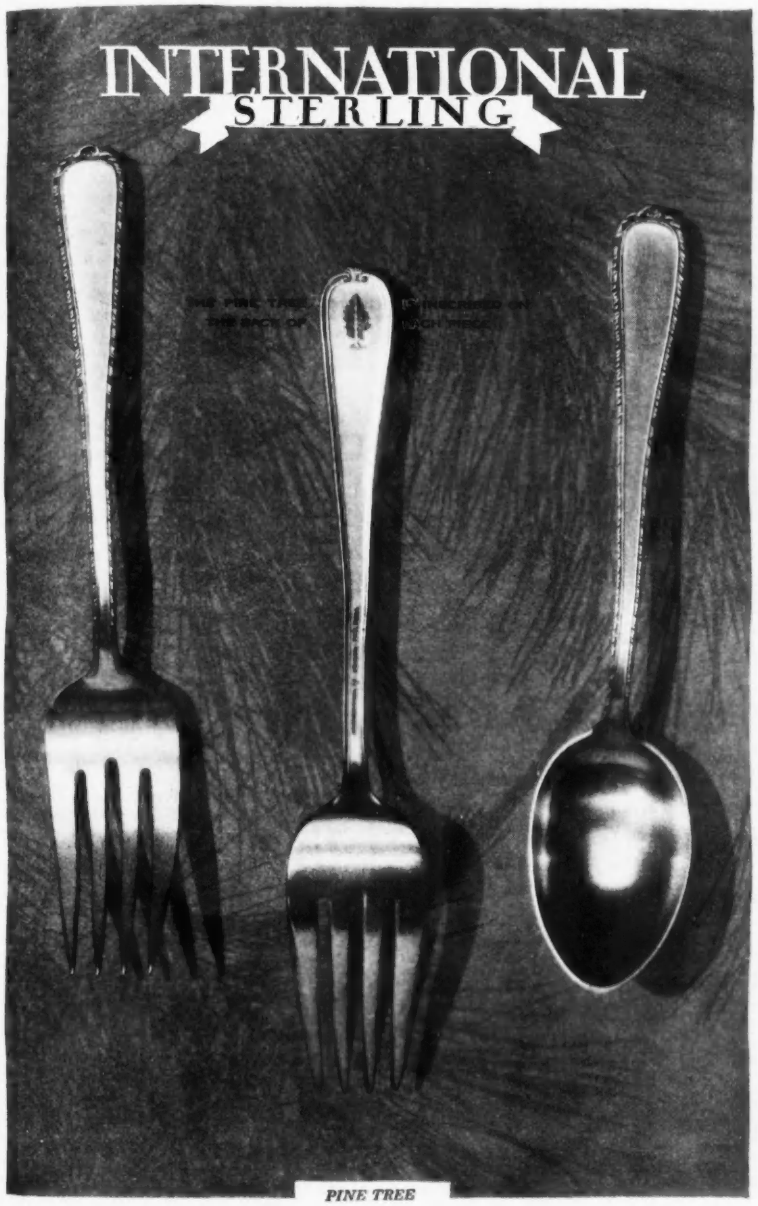
"What do you mean?" asked Margaret, as the recital came to another reflective pause.

"What do I mean?" repeated Catharine. "I mean that the child was a Van Heusen. As young as it was, and as thin as it was, it was the living model of the Old Lady, who was standing in the doorway staring down at it."

"Same forehead," said Annie. "Same nose."

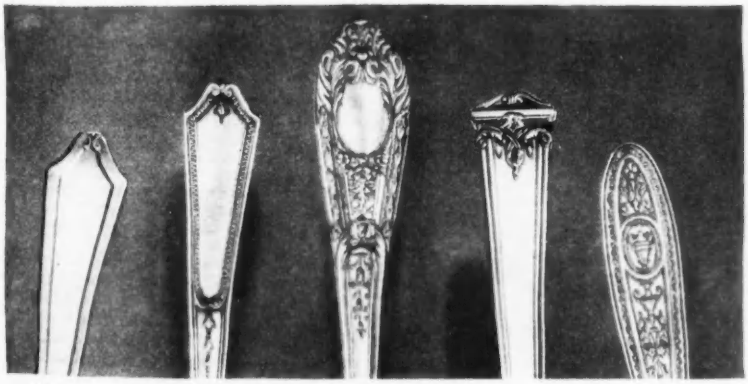
"Same eyes," said Catharine. "Same young, dignified expression as it looked us over, as good as to say, 'Who are you, I'd like to know, and what are you doing here?'"

"And we weren't the only ones who saw it," nodded Annie. "As the Old Lady stood there looking at it, I saw the tears in her eyes. But it quieted him on the bed, and that was the



PINE TREE

PICTURE EACH WITH YOUR HOME AS THE BACKGROUND. THEN CHOOSE!



Minuet *Georgian Maid* *Fontaine* *Trianon* *Wedgwood*

FINE ARTS DIVISION — INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. — MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

DON'T...
if it's any other pattern
DO...
if it's Pine Tree

PINE TREE — delightfully original new pattern in sterling—entails a whole new code of etiquette.

For though one wouldn't—for worlds—be caught peeping at the back of any other pattern, one may—one *should* look at the reverse side of Pine Tree.

It delights one's hostess. Therein lies part of her joy in her silver. For not only does the pine tree symbol on the reverse side of this pattern say "sterling"—unmistakably—but it permits the hostess to tell such a quaint old story.

"Long, long ago, when America was but a group of colonies, her first silver coin was to be minted. The Mintmaster sought a distinguishing mark for the new money.

"And thinking, sketching, he drew a pine tree—primitive and sturdy. That pine tree image came to be known throughout the colonies as the symbol of sterling on the Pine Tree Shilling.

"Today, on this very modern silver, the pine tree image means just what it did, so long ago."

Confess... If you possessed Pine Tree, wouldn't you, too, be eager to have guests look at the back of *your* silver?

* * *

6 teaspoons in this smart new solid silver are but $11.—or a 26-piece "beginner's" set but $73.35. Matching hollow-ware is particularly distinctive.

* * *

What pieces will you need first? The progression from a beginner's set all the way to an elaborate service is discussed in the most helpful of silver booklets—"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." It shows various International patterns, with pieces and prices on each.

With it will come the PINE TREE booklet, giving PINE TREE's charming history. Send 3Oc—a fraction of their actual cost—for both.

G. H.—4-29

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

Enclosed is 3Oc, for which please send me "Correct Table Silver" and PINE TREE booklet.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

"This, Madame is the Latest Development in Sewing Machines"

HAVE YOU REALIZED how very many improvements "White" has put into sewing machines?

This new improved Martha Washington model is the latest White Rotary Electric—a charming piece of furniture, graceful in design, beautifully finished. When you are ready to sew, lift the lid and the machine itself comes into sewing position—automatically, instantly.

Swing back the new hinged pocket and ready for you is a complete sewing compartment; bobbins and spools shelved in orderly array, attachments and scissors all right at your finger tips.

The machine is full of improvements, and what a delight it is to use. Making frocks or draperies becomes a delightful adventure in quest of things new . . . and as orderly as it is pleasant—no comparison with old machines. Just a touch of your knee and your White runs silently at just the desired speed. Stitch and tension to suit any material, are instantly secured.

The new Martha Washington

One of the latest White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines $190

The White representative, in your own home, will gladly show you the many improvements of the new Martha Washington model and explain, too, the free course of White Costume Art. White Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, O.

★ White Rotary Electric *Sewing Machines*

SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

© 1929, W. S. M. Co.

Around the World

main thing then. He may have been out of his head and all, but from the very second that young one came in the room, he seemed to go quiet and more resigned-like. In fact, the doctor said himself that if Master Robert hadn't been so far gone when he wandered back home—"

"You mean he didn't get better?" asked Margaret in a hushed voice.

"He died the very next day that ever was," said Annie, pouring the tea.

"But he told about the baby before he died?"

"He never spoke a sensible word from the time we called the doctor."

"But surely his wife turned up?"

"His wife!" sighed Catharine, raising her eyes to heaven.

"No one turned up," said Annie. "Come now; drink your tea, both of you, and we'll see what's in the bottom of the cups."

"But the one who brought the baby to the front door and rang the bell—" insisted Margaret, "—the one who'd been waiting across the street for him—wasn't *that* one ever heard from again?"

"I tell you no one was ever heard from again," said Annie, after she had almost drained her cup.

The few drops that were left were carefully swished around the inside, and then the cup was inverted over the saucer and rapped three times against the palm of the hand.

"Oh!" Margaret exclaimed, almost as though some one had struck her.

Both Catharine and Annie looked at her from under their ancient brows.

"That baby!" continued Margaret in suddenly guarded tones. "I must have been woolgathering! Why, that's Miss Celia upstairs! I always said how much she resembled the Old Lady!"

Neither Catharine nor Annie spoke. But Catharine looked at Annie as though to say, "I told you your tongue was running away with you."

"But wait a bit," said Margaret. "If she was Master Robert's daughter, why is she always called Miss Monday, instead of Miss Van Heusen?"

Catharine, though, was busy with her stove, and Annie was staring at the leaves in her empty cup—staring with the fixed, hypnotic glance of a sibyl who refuses to be denied.

"I see a ship," she said in the hushed voice of revelation. "A big ship with two smokestacks. And I see a cross—that means trouble. And a ring—that means marriage. And I see a man laughing—and a woman dancing—and a Hindu with a turban on his head. And I see—I see—"

"Well, what do you see?" demanded Margaret, leaning over to look.

But Annie suddenly reached over for the pot. "God help us all!" she breathed to herself. "Let's try another cup."

CHAPTER III

JUDGE STUYVESANT and Celia slowly climbed the stairs together—the Judge a few steps in the lead. On the wall to their left, four previous generations of Van Heusens watched them pass, staring in dignified composure from their faded gilt frames. At the head of the stairs Celia led the way to the end of a wide corridor. She unlocked a door, and together they entered an empty sitting-room.

"She was sitting in this chair," said Celia, crossing the rug, "just where it is now. And this tin box was in her lap."

The box was nearly filled with papers—fire insurance policies, liability insurance policies, cancelled checks, copies of income tax reports, receipted tax-bills—a few packages of letters—the usual paper trail, it might be said, which marks the passing of a woman of property over that great course where the race of life is run.

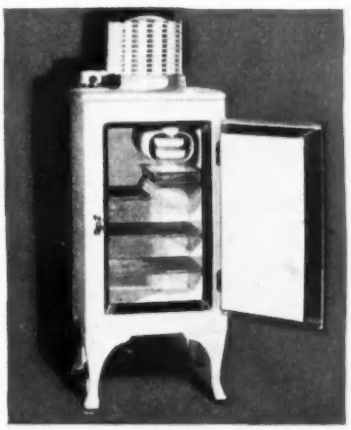
"Everything but her will," said the Judge, carefully looking the papers over.

presents the first REFRIGERATOR

A new small-family model at the very low price of $215

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the achievements of the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. The same group of men who, after fifteen years of painstaking endeavor, perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator, have now designed and built the first all-steel refrigerator cabinet. ¶ This achievement marks the greatest improvement made during the past 30 years, in the design and construction of household cabinets. It means that new and even greater value has been built into the already unexcelled General Electric Refrigerator.

MASS PRODUCTION CUTS THE COST . . After the engineers of General Electric had perfected the design of this all-steel refrigerator, there remained for the manufacturing experts an equally important and difficult task. They had to design and build the giant presses which were to cut the steel, bend it into shape and weld together the folded forms. ¶ General Electric has made a large investment in new machinery. But it has achieved its purpose. Its aim was, by mass production, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach. Never before has a single refrigerator model been built in such large quantities or by more efficient and economical methods.



All steel, with electrically welded joints. Heavy hardware, bolted into the steel. Black faced door edges, self-closing latch, gliders to protect linoleum . . . . and many other unique features.

$215-WITH CONVENIENTLY SPACED PAYMENTS. Proper refrigeration of perishable food is vital to the health of the nation. The new all-steel General Electric makes such refrigeration possible for every home. Its price is remarkably low—$215 at the factory. Only a small down payment is required. The balance can conveniently be paid over a period of time. Just a few dollars a month will do it.

FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING MARCH 22nd. The only way to appreciate the durability and the beauty of this refrigerator is to see it. You will then readily understand why General Electric announces it so proudly and why it has been called "the refrigerator of the future." It will be on display by dealers everywhere on and after Friday, March 22nd. Be sure to be among the first to see it. Drop a card for a descriptive booklet to Section G-4, Electric Refrigeration Department of the General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC ★

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

In using advertisements see page 6

"... flames licked her thin dress..."

Cruel scars from burns have brought hideous, life-long disfigurement to many children. Is there a mother who does not fear them for her child?

Yet how needless are such scars! How needless, too, the searing pain of all burns and scalds!

Almost instantly Unguentine eases pain, starts quick healing—very nearly always no scar remains.

Eight out of ten hospitals rely on Unguentine, the standard, *antiseptic* surgical dressing. Its antiseptic qualities form an effective safeguard against infection.

One tube should be in the bathroom medicine chest—always. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zones—kitchen, office or shop, automobile. Buy these extra tubes today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

"... not a sign of a scar"

"When Marjorie was six years old she was horribly burned with gasoline . . . We used Unguentine from the start. It was a wonderful relief to see her pain soothed. And best of all, our little daughter will be unscarred."

* *

"Johnny struck out with his tiny fist, spattering volatile oil along his forearm . . . I used three tubes of Unguentine . . . The skin, even the flesh sloughed off. But now not even a pink streak is left."

* *

Now—Unguentine Soap, too. Bland and soothing. It rapidly clears up the blemished complexion — particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated and sensitive.

Around the World

"Perhaps she kept it somewhere else," suggested Celia.

"No, she kept it here. I've seen her take it out and put it back too many times."

With a questioning frown he looked at the ashes in the grate, and then with the same questioning frown he looked up at the portrait over the mantel—a portrait in oils of a distinguished, imperious-looking woman who, except for that latter quality of expression, might have been an artist's prophecy of the girl on the hearth-rug below. Whatever the Judge saw in the portrait, his glance presently returned to the ashes in the grate.

"Yes," he added, getting down on his knees. "Doctor Buchanan was right. She had evidently been burning papers as she sat here. Old letters, from the looks of the ash. Come down here and you'll see that this was a foreign stamp in the corner of an envelope. There! The least touch, and it crumbles to pieces. And—now wait a minute—this was her will . . . I know it from what is left of the binding and the three brass fastenings across the top."

He arose and walked to the window, evidently disturbed with what he had found in the grate.

"Tell me," he said. "Had Mrs. Van Heusen been upset—or unhappy—the last few days of her life?"

"W-e-ll," hesitated Celia. "I hate to say it, but since you've asked me, the two Blanchard girls called the day before it happened—and—well, there was something like a fuss."

"About what?" asked the Judge.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Celia in a small voice. "But—it was about me."

"About you?" demanded the Judge, looking at the quiet little figure on the other side of the hearth-rug.

"Yes," she nodded. "I don't know whether you know it, but the Blanchard girls don't like me. They never actually said so, but they always took the position that they were Mrs. Van Heusen's nieces, and that I—I was nobody."

"SO FAR as I have observed," said the Judge, "they have that—ah—rather unfortunate attitude toward the world in general."

"But especially toward me," said Celia with one of her quiet glances. "They called to see Mrs. Van Heusen last Tuesday. I had been reading the paper to her, and we had been chatting away as happy as you please. When the girls came, I told them that I had been reading about Ethel Barrymore's new play, and I asked them if they had seen it."

"Yes?" said the Judge encouragingly when Celia paused.

"Neither of them answered," she continued. "I thought they hadn't heard me, so I asked again. And still they didn't answer."

"They thought they were snubbing you?" asked the Judge.

"I think so. It might have passed at that, if Mrs. Van Heusen hadn't gone into one of her little tantrums—you know she had them at times?" she gently broke off.

"I know it well," said the Judge.

"And she turned to Diana—that's the old one—and she said, 'Don't you hear your Cousin Celia speaking to you?' And Diana said, 'She's no cousin of mine!' And Mrs. Van Heusen said, 'Don't you sit there contradicting me, Diana Blanchard! I say Celia is your cousin, and that should be enough for you!' "

"And was it enough?" asked the Judge.

"No," said Celia in her still voice. "Diana said, 'I have too much respect for the family to acknowledge all the foundlings in New York as my cousins.' And Mrs. Van Heusen turned that dark-red color which Doctor Buchanan has always warned us about, and she cried, 'You leave my house at once, you two good-for-nothings!' "

"And they went?"

"Yes," said Celia grimly. "Looking daggers at me."

Around the World

"And it was after they had gone that Mrs. Van Heusen went to my office?"

"Yes, sir. About half an hour later she called for her car and told me she was going to see Mr. Ogden, and was sorry that Judge Stuyvesant hadn't returned from Europe yet."

"As I told you, she went to see Mr. Ogden about changing her will," said the Judge. "The old will—the one she burned—left some of her property to the Blanchard girls, and some to you. But the new will was to give more to you and less to them. I read it in the taxi coming over. This house, for instance, was to come to you—'in appreciation of the filial love and affection which she has always shown me.'"

Tears slowly brimmed in Celia's eyes. "I think—we always understood each other," she managed to say.

"But I wish she hadn't burned that will," said the Judge in a troubled voice. "She was to have signed the new one as soon as I returned. And leaving no will—ah—I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that the Blanchards, as nearest of kin, will inherit the bulk of the property—and that you, my dear, will receive nothing."

It didn't take Celia long to see the significance of this. "You mean—I'll have no home—or anything?" she asked.

"I am very much afraid so," the Judge answered. "Unless," he added, and she could see that he hadn't much hope of this, "unless—"

He paused, as though uncertain how to continue, and she followed his glance to the watchful-eyed painting over the mantelpiece.

"My dear," said the Judge, "for the next few minutes I shall have to speak plainly to you. Have you—have you ever heard under what unusual circumstances you—ah—first became a member of this household?"

"Yes," said Celia, breathlessly nodding. "Diana was always hinting at something, even when we were little bits of things. And at last I teased one of the servants, and she told me—well—about the butler carrying me upstairs—and everything."

"So you know that Robert Van Heusen was probably your father?"

"Somehow, lately, I have felt sure of it," said the girl across the hearth-rug. "It's hard to explain, but I seem to belong here. And as I said before, Mrs. Van Heusen and I always seemed to understand each other so well."

"You say she told Diana that you were her cousin?"

"Yes, sir. 'Don't you hear your Cousin Celia speaking to you?'"

"Had she ever referred to the relationship before?"

"No, sir. Never."

"You never called her 'Grandmother'?"

"No, sir."

"Always 'Mrs. Van Heusen'?"

"Nearly always," said Celia, considering. "Once she told me that when I was learning to speak, I sometimes called her 'Vanny.' And it pleased her so that sometimes, when I thought she'd like it, I called her 'Vanny.'"

"Which is much like 'Granny,'" said the Judge.

"But it isn't 'Granny,'" said Celia in her quiet young voice.

AGAIN the Judge looked up at the portrait, and this time perhaps he saw a hungry look in the eyes—the glance of one who craved affection, first from her husband, then from her son, and finally found it vicariously in a mite of humanity who had arrived apparently from nowhere and had grown up to call her "Vanny!"

"So far as I'm concerned," he presently continued, "there isn't the least doubt in my mind that you are Robert Van Heusen's daughter. Why, my dear child, you only have to stand in front of that portrait, and half the riddle of your parentage is solved at a glance."

"But," hesitated Celia, "the other half counts, too, doesn't it?"

The "Left-behinds"

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A SHORT time ago a business man, happily married and the father of two children, showed signs of failing health. A searching examination revealed tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls, apparently healthy, may have latent tuberculosis, without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear—loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others"—the family and friends of the stricken person—even *before* the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who has tuberculosis. Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet 49-G—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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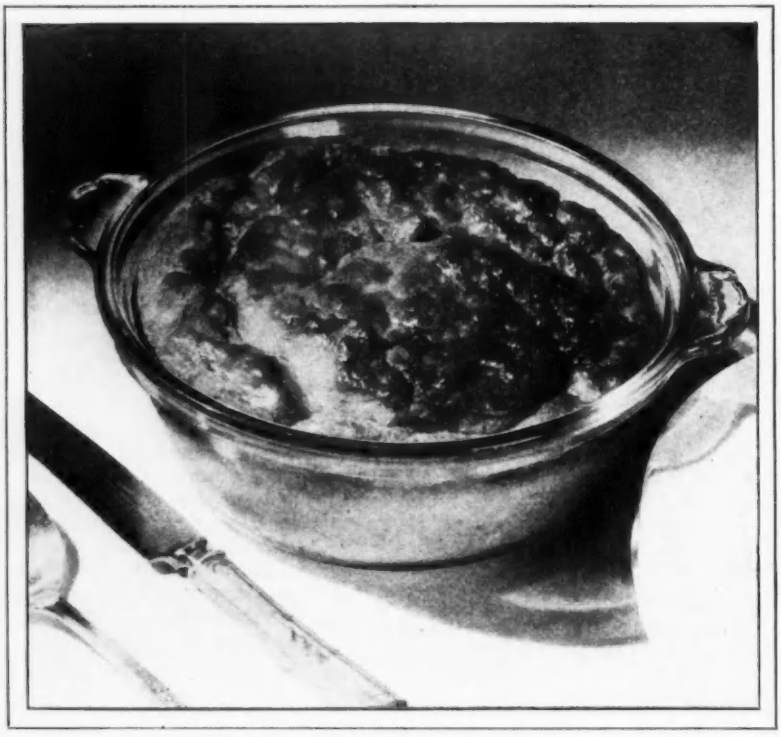
Tender and delicate *yet* protected from falling



How new "precision ingredient" principle helps make a better soufflé

EVEN wonder-working cooks often find soufflés treacherous at the last minute! Yet here is a cheese soufflé that is a miracle of tenderness, of delicacy, and that just won't collapse during serving . . . That's one of the many remarkable cooking results of the new "*precision ingredient*" use of Minute Tapioca, long famous for delicious desserts. This newly discovered use brings professional perfection to a host of dishes where just-about-right isn't right at all—where the texture, the taste, the appearance must all be perfect!

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CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 cup milk, scalded
1 cup grated cheese
3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten with 1 teaspoon salt

Add Minute Tapioca to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add cheese and stir until melted. Cool. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold in egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish, placed in pan of hot water, in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes, or 30 minutes in ramekins. Soufflé is done when it shrinks a trifle and is brown. Serves 4. When made with Minute Tapioca and properly baked, soufflés do not fail. *All measurements are level.*

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MINUTE TAPIOCA

THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

April 1929 Good Housekeeping

Around the World

"Very much so," the Judge regretfully answered, "especially as your father was known to have been somewhat—ah—wild. In fact, it was this very quality which had estranged him from his mother. So when she decided—for the sake of her only son who had come home to die—that she would bring you up, and educate you, and give you a start in life—as you can imagine, I did everything in my power to discover two things: First, that Robert was duly and legally married, and second, that you were the child of that marriage."

"And you didn't discover either?" asked Celia in a low voice, guessing from his tone that the eagle of success had failed to perch upon the Judge's banner.

"No," he admitted. "We had only one definite clue, and that was incomplete. Just before Robert died, he had a few sensible moments. 'Take care of little Celia,' he whispered. 'Married by Christian—' And that's as far as he got."

"'Married by Christian—'" repeated Celia.

"He was evidently trying to say that he had been married by a Christian missionary," nodded the Judge. "I don't know whether you know it, but he was a great traveler."

"Yes," she said. "Annie—some one told me that he had been around the world twice."

From the tin box the Judge drew a small package of picture postcards, carefully tied with a cross of black silk ribbon.

"Have you ever seen these?" he asked.

"No," she answered, drawing her stool closer.

"They are Robert's correspondence with his mother during the last four years of his travels. Nine postcards in all. Kobe—that's Japan. Rangoon. Bombay—the Towers of Silence. Hong-Kong—a native street. Calcutta, the City of Dreadful Night. Shanghai. Java. Constantinople. Agra."

A SUDDEN flush of inspiration warmed Celia's cheeks. "Do you think he may have been married in one of those places—by a Christian missionary?" she eagerly asked.

"That's exactly what we all thought," said the Judge. "We wrote to the American consuls in each of these ports. We secured a list of missionaries. We circularized—ah—offered rewards."

"But the right man never received your letter?" breathed Celia regretfully.

"So then we had another idea," said the Judge. "If we couldn't get news of Robert's marriage in any of these places, perhaps we could find some record of the birth of his daughter. With that we started circularizing again—foreign doctors, this time, instead of foreign missionaries. And again we drew a blank."

"I'm glad you tried, anyhow," said Celia in her still voice.

"But, my dear, it was—and is—important. The Van Heusens have always been a clanny family, especially in their wills. If it could be proven that you are Robert Van Heusen's daughter, you would inherit from his mother, his father, and his grandfather. But—ah—failing that proof—"

Celia was looking over the postcards. The written messages were laconic enough—"Love from Bob"—"Here again and gone tomorrow, Bob"—"Merry Christmas; 120° in the shade here." But some of the scenes, especially the street scenes with their colorfully clad and unclad natives, began to warm her young imagination. Her father had walked these very streets—had seen this bazaar—had paused before this Buddha—perhaps with his bride by his side—a bride to whom he had just been married by a Christian missionary, in one of these very cities.

"Do you mind," she asked, "if I keep these postcards?"

The Judge cleared his throat. "Personally speaking," he said, "everything in this house is a part of Susan Van Heusen's estate, and I have no more right to give things away than I

What is this Electric Maid for Modern Mothers?

This is the new 1929 model Hotpoint automatic electric range with kitchen cabinet base

Tune in on the Hotpoint program of the General Electric hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company, Saturday Evening, April 6th, at 9 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

The modern HOTPOINT automatic electric range that brings freedom from the kitchen

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In using advertisements see page 6

Complete Dinners *that cook in* 20 Minutes

Full baking equipment to do it costs only $5.15

Shown above—Corned beef au gratin—buttered rice cakes—a vegetable en casserole—and a delicious tea cake—all baked in 20 minutes! A Pyrex Tile shown under the Casserole.

IT takes only 20 minutes from the moment this whole dinner goes into the oven to the moment it comes out again—each dish perfectly cooked.

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*Pyrex dishes—with their greater evenness of baking—make possible this same quick cooking time for meats, vegetables, desserts!

Scientists say that these Pyrex dishes store up more heat than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within. That is why foods bake better in Pyrex ovenware than in metals.

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Introductory Offer: For limited time. Ask your dealer when he will offer our regular one-quart, round Pyrex casserole at the reduced price. We are enabling him to do so.

Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At all drug stores. Wide neck or narrow mouth, 8-ounce size.

→ ***Take this $5.15 list to your dealer***

Covered Casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231 medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
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This Economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

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FREE All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Send today

This coupon with 4¢ in stamps entitles you to a sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware—only 1 cup to a family. Coupon is good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name.

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4¢ *in stamps for this sample Pyrex Custard Cup*

Around the World

have to take them myself." So far the cough had carried him, but no further. "At the same time," he added, "the postcards being—ah—obviously without intrinsic value, I can not exactly blame you for taking them—although, still speaking from the legal standpoint, I should much prefer not to know anything more about the matter."

He walked to the window, and when he returned Celia's eyes were bright, and the postcards were not in the box.

"And now," said the Judge, "I shall first make sure that we have no office record of previous wills, and then I shall ask an order from the court."

The distant buzz of the doorbell interrupted them, and soon they heard voices in the hall below.

"It's the Blanchards," whispered Celia in growing excitement. "The two girls and their mother."

"There! You see?" said the Judge. "They've come to make their peace."

"They have not!" said Celia grimly. "They've come about that will!"

CHAPTER IV

CELIA and the Judge went downstairs together. Annie had shown the visitors into the front drawing-room, and there they were when Celia entered, Mrs. Blanchard on the davenport—an imposing matron with rather prominent eyes and teeth—and the two girls standing before a Brugairolles sunset—almost, one might think, as though they owned it already and were wondering where they would hang it when they got it home.

"Hello," said Celia.

"My dear—" drawled Mrs. Blanchard from the davenport. And then she saw the Judge. "A double pleasure," she added in a more vivacious voice. "Of course, you have met my girls."

Unknown to those present, Annie had entered the library with a dust-cloth in her hand. But when you hear that the library communicated with the drawing-room, and that the door between the two rooms was partly open, you will probably guess that Annie's thoughts weren't exclusively fixed on dusting.

"By bending forward a bit," she reported later in the kitchen, "I could see Mrs. Blanchard through the crack of the door—laced in till it must have hurt her, but lolling on the davenport, mind you, like another Cleopatry on the barge. 'Of course, you have met my girls,' she says to the Judge. And the Judge says, 'Yes, I have had that pleasure.' And though I couldn't see 'em, I knew they were smiling at him in their sour, coquettish way, as good as to say, 'Then here's a bit more pleasure to add to the pleasure you've had before!' "

"How you do run on!" Catharine tranquilly chided her. "It's just as I've always said. You let your tongue run away with you, Annie."

But whether or not Annie's tongue galloped at too lively a pace, Mrs. Blanchard, upstairs, had lost no time either in telling the Judge the reason for her call.

"Where can I secure a copy of Susan's will?" she asked.

The Judge answered this obliquely, as gentlemen skilled in the law sometimes do. "I suppose you know," he said, "that I have—ah—just returned from Europe?"

"So your office told me," she briskly answered. "That's how I happened to drop around and catch you here."

"But perhaps they didn't tell you that we only docked at half past nine this morning," said the Judge with imperturbable dignity, "and that it will take some little time—some few days, in fact—weeks, even—to catch up all the loose threads which have been awaiting my return."

"You ought to have seen her then," said Annie, reporting later. "Her teeth fairly

seemed to flash at him, but she kept on lolling, mind you, in her high-bred way."

"My dear man!" exclaimed Mrs. Blanchard. "You mean to say it will take you weeks to get me a copy of Susan Van Heusen's will?"

"Not at all," said the Judge. "I said it would take me weeks to catch up all the loose ends that need my attention."

"Then I'm glad you're attending to this one first!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say I'm glad we found you here this morning, attending to this matter first."

The Judge smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid," said he, "that I can not claim the credit for such professional promptness. My call here this morning was primarily to convey my sympathy and pay my respects to Miss Celia, who has had a very trying time and has acquitted herself in a manner which I—ah—for one, shall be slow to forget."

"But she's been paid well for it, hasn't she?" asked Mrs. Blanchard, sitting up straight at last.

"I beg your pardon?" said the Judge again. ("Ah, and this time there was frost in his voice!" Annie reported.)

"I say that she's been paid well! If only by the money which Susan spent upon her education!"

"But I fail to see the pertinency of any question of payment," said the Judge. "These two charming girls of yours, for instance—if it were said of them that they were good to their mother, do you think it could fairly be retorted that they had been paid well for it?"

"Ah, and I nearly cheered him!" Annie told them in the kitchen later, "and I gave that bust of Shakespeare such a rub with my cloth that the top of his head went warm. I couldn't see the girls for the door, but I could almost swear I heard 'em sniff, and the Old Girl didn't look like Cleopatry then as much as she looked like Old Queen Bess!"

"But, Judge," retorted Mrs. Blanchard. "You forget an important difference. These girls are my daughters."

"And Celia," said the Judge in a tone unusually grave even for him, "was Mrs. Van Heusen's granddaughter."

"Does she say that—in her will?" Mrs. Blanchard quickly asked.

"Whether she does or not," said the Judge, "I say it."

"Because if she does," Mrs. Blanchard as quickly continued, "she'll have to prove it. Everything Susan possessed came from her own family; and so far as my girls are concerned, I propose to see that it stays in the family."

"Exactly," said the Judge.

"And when I say family, I mean family—those who came in by birth or marriage, not those who entered by the doorstep."

The Judge turned to Celia.

"Is this distressing you, Miss Van Heusen?" he gently asked.

"Miss Van Heusen!" scoffed Mrs. Blanchard. "It's always been Miss Monday before. The day she was left here—"

"Not quite a fair statement," said the Judge. "In fact, Mrs. Van Heusen herself told your daughters the other day that Celia was their cousin."

"All right," said Mrs. Blanchard crisply as she arose from the davenport. "Let her prove it. Come, girls. And send me a copy of the will, please, as soon as you can. Today, if possible. Tomorrow, surely, at the latest."

AT THE doorway she paused. "One thing more," she said. "I see no reason for keeping the servants on. The expense is unnecessary. And this I must insist upon—that a proper inventory and appraisal be made of everything in the house, so that if anything is *stolen*, those who are still living here can be held to strict account."

"She went then," Annie repeated later downstairs, "and her two girls with her—giving

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Why not try this healthier method? Sprinkle it with Horlick's Malted Milk, (natural or chocolate flavor).

"Horlick's" supplies not only the sweet of pure malt sugars, but it is an aid to digestion. It contains proteins, minerals, vitamins necessary to child health. Physicians have recommended it for nearly 50 years.

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Insure your nights against sleeplessness by taking a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk—preferably hot—before retiring.

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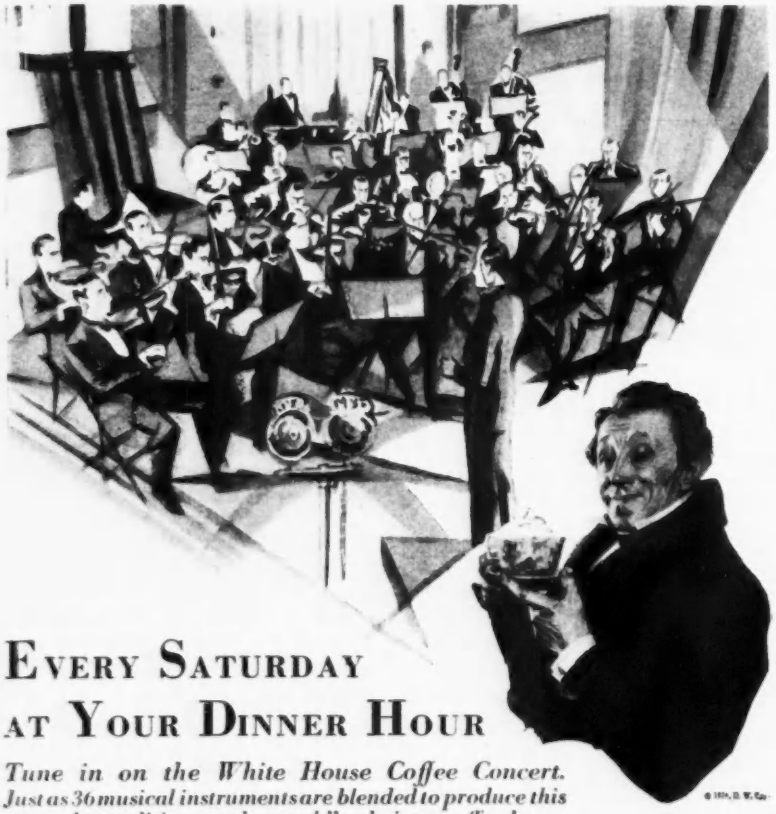


EVERY SATURDAY AT YOUR DINNER HOUR

Tune in on the White House Coffee Concert. Just as 36 musical instruments are blended to produce this masterly rendition, so the world's choicest coffee beans are blended to produce fragrant White House Coffee.

THE haunting strains of Victor Herbert... tuneful hits from New York shows... popular operatic selections... the favorite classics of the years! With what infinite care the White House Coffee Concert program is chosen — for good music brings good cheer to the table, and good cheer aids digestion.

Under the gifted direction of Hugo Mariani, the 36-piece White House Coffee Concert Orchestra plays through your dinner hour — 6:30 Eastern Standard Time, 5:30 Central Standard Time — on Saturday night.

Next Saturday, at dinner time, tune in on your nearest station, and from course to course of your meal enjoy the most delightful music that past and present have produced. Then, when coffee is reached, if you would make your pleasure complete, be sure that White House is the brand that's served.

Because the blend is a stroke of genius — because the flavor is roasted in — White House yields the finest cup of coffee in existence. We challenge the world to produce a finer flavor. What more fitting than that this matchless coffee should be served at the evening meal, when family and friends are listening to the talented achievement of the White House Coffee Radio Orchestra?

When you order White House from your grocer today, be sure it has a picture of the White House on the package — then you know it's genuine. Dwinell-Wright Co., Boston, Chicago, Portsmouth, Va.

Every Saturday night, pick out the station that is nearest to you and tune in on the White House Coffee Radio Dinner Concert. At 6:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time: WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WFI, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WBT, WGR. *At 5:30 P. M. Central Standard Time:* WLS, WTMJ, KSTP, WSB.

Around the World

pleasure to no one, not even to the Judge. 'No reason for keeping the servants on'! I'd like to know what reason there is for keeping some of these ladies on! Anyhow, after they'd gone, the Judge and Miss Celia were quiet for a while, and then Miss Celia tried to laugh, and she said: 'You see? My dear cousins!' "

"Mmm," said the Judge. "We'll think this over, and have another talk tomorrow. You will notice that I spoke to her as though I were full of confidence, but between ourselves, I don't mind telling you that I have but little. And when she discovers what we already know—!"

Half closing his eyes, he seemed to look into the future—and also seemed to find no joy in what he saw there.

"Mrs. Blanchard said something about your being well paid," he continued, as he walked toward the hall table for his hat and stick. "As a matter of fact—ah—have you any money that you can call your own?"

"Mrs. Van Heusen gave me twenty-five dollars a week out of which I bought my clothes," said Celia. "I saved a little—but not much. I have about a hundred dollars, which I'd been keeping back to buy a new coat."

"Nothing more?"

"Except my clothes, nothing in the world."

"Mmm," said the Judge again. "Then, if I were you, I think I would begin to consider plans for the future. For even if we put up a fight, it may be years before it is finally settled."

"I see," she said in a low voice.

"And in the meantime, of course, you can hardly go on living here."

"I understand" she said in the same low voice as before.

She waited until the Judge had left, and then she did what fatherless, motherless girls have probably done since time immemorial when suddenly faced with a grim old world which was never designed for them. She felt better after that—and perhaps for no other reason than this, that youth is always hopeful, she went upstairs for the package of postcards which had suddenly become her only legacy—and that an extra-judicial one. But judicial or not, she was now looking the postcards over as though she would *make* them reveal the secret which Robert Van Heusen had tried to tell before he died.

Rangoon . . . Hong-Kong . . . Shanghai . . . Java . . .

"Oh, if I could only go to these places and look things up myself!" sighed Celia. "If there were only some way of getting there by wishing—like the man who had the magic carpet years ago!"

CHAPTER V

BUT magic carpets are things of the past, their manufacture long ago forgotten, together with the secrets of making seven-league boots and wishing rings. So, soon after the Judge had gone, Celia found herself looking over the "Help Wanted, Female" columns of the morning paper.

Addressers—well, she might address envelopes, although at times her writing had more character than legibility, and her figure 1's were always being mistaken for 7's.

Bindery—Bookkeepers—Candy Packers—Canvassers— And so on all the way down to a Young Woman who was wanted to serve at steam table, nurses' dining-room.

"Perhaps I've looked them over too quickly," thought Celia, her heart sinking. "Surely in all these columns—"

She was turning the page back, when her eye caught another advertisement which appealed far more to her fancy than any request for Photographer's Assistant or Upholsteress.

" 'The Wide World Beckons You—' " she read.

"Indeed it does!" thought Celia with a queer little catch in her throat.

" 'Why spend the winter in this Frigid

One of Philadelphia's Most Important Brides

Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR.

Selected her Silver for "its real Genius of Design"

PICTURESQUELY beautiful, a leader of the smart younger set, and by birth one of that most exclusive of inner circles, Philadelphia's oldest families—Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., is known to her friends as a lovely person with a flair for beauty and grace in living.

Her charming home at Chestnut Hill is

MRS. KINGSLEY IN HER WEDDING GOWN OF OLD LACE AND IVORY SATIN

planned for gracious entertaining, and selecting the silver for her dining room was one of her first happy tasks.

"Of course, I instinctively knew," she says, "that I would select a Gorham pattern, for as everyone knows, Gorham makes the finest sterling and their designs are always authentic.

"I decided on the new Dolly Madison pattern because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines. Somehow you can just see the loving care of the artist who moulded the smooth, gleaming silver into this beautiful, simple form. Truly modern in the best sense, it adds richness to any table setting."

It is because silver, the subtlest,

MRS. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR., THE FORMER MISS ELIZABETH HOWE MONTGOMERY

most elegant of metals, can reveal its true beauty only in the delicately precise hands of such artist-designers, that Gorham Sterling has been for generations and is today the choice of women of inherited position and of distinguished taste. The amazing thing to know is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all sterling.

(BELOW) A DINNER SETTING OF THE LOVELY SILVER CHOSEN BY MRS. KINGSLEY: THE DOLLY MADISON PATTERN OF GORHAM STERLING

Your jeweler will be proud to show you Dolly Madison and the many other beautiful patterns in Gorham Sterling. Sets of hollow ware and of flat silver, in many patterns to match, may be purchased at surprisingly low cost. Discover how royally the most modest dollars will purchase this gorgeous silver! The Gorham Company, Providence, Rhode Island and New York City.

SIX DOLLY MADISON TEASPOONS COST ONLY $9; SIX DESSERT KNIVES, $21.50; SIX DESSERT FORKS, $21

GORHAM

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

In using advertisements see page 6

Don't *wait* till sickness comes!

GERMS that carry those common diseases which cause so much sorrow are carried into the cleanest homes.

They lurk on chairs, in rugs, on woodwork and door knobs—every place that curious little hands are likely to touch. Kill them before they have a chance to do their deadly work.

It is easy. Put a tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant in each quart of your cleaning water, dip a cloth in the water and wipe all these places that hands touch every day. That's all. It is no more trouble than cleaning in your regular way, but no matter how thoroughly you clean with soap and water, germs remain. Even a "Lysol" cleaning should be given often.

Get the "Lysol" habit. It is very easy to form. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today at your druggist's. You will find complete, simple directions with every bottle.

And send the coupon below. It will bring you our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases."

Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p. m., eastern time; 7 p. m., central time.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1929

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Department 305, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Around the World

Zone?'" she continued reading. "'*The Empress of the East* is about to make her annual world cruise. Her spacious decks, her comfortable staterooms will soon be ready for you—'

"Not for me," sighed Celia. "But, oh, if I had money enough!"

Which is, of course, an old yearning—probably as old as the invention of money itself. And equally of course Celia should have gone back to "Help Wanted, Female"—but she didn't.

"'Once aboard the *Empress*,'" she read on, "'remorseless winter is only a figment of a bad dream. Sun-painted hours pass in leisurely procession over cobalt or emerald seas.'

"I don't wonder that *he* liked to travel," thought Celia with a touch of breathlessness.

"'You visit far lands in their gayest moods,'" she continued, "'Cairo at the height of the social season. India in all her mystic beauty. China in early springtime. Japan a-bloom with cherry blossoms.'"

For just a moment she glanced at the opposite page. "'Buttonhole Makers Wanted,'" she read. "'Chocolate Dippers—Carpet Sewers—'

"Tch!" she muttered, the shadow of life's realities darkening her for a moment. But only for a moment, and then she was back on the spacious decks of the *Empress of the East*.

"'Come with us and really live,'" she continued, "'know adventure. Enjoy this world before the next. Know the profundity of the Orient—the mystery of India—the barbaric beauty of the South Sea Isles— *Then* you will have truly *lived*.'

"Ah!" sighed poor Celia.

"'Does it mean anything to you to visit the Great Wall of China?'" she read on. "'The Temples of Benares?—Kipling's Rangoon?'

"Rangoon!" she breathed. "He sent one of his postcards from Rangoon!

"'Shanghai of the Babbling Well Road—'

"Shanghai—he wrote from there, too."

Dropping the paper, she ran for the postcards and compared the postmarks with the itinerary at the bottom of the advertisement.

"Yes, sir!" she told herself with a strange, mingled feeling that was part exultation and part despair. "They stop at nearly every port he wrote from—and a lot of others that he probably visited, too!"

Thoughtfully, almost solemnly, she cut out the advertisement. It was signed, she noticed, by the Albans Tourist Agency, and *The Empress of the East* started her queenly cruise on December 15th.

"Two months," she thought. "If something would only happen within two months—so I could earn some money!"

And then she read this, printed in the smallest of type, as though it were the merest bagatelle.

"'Rates, $1750 and up, depending on location of stateroom. An early booking is strongly recommended.'

"Yes," she thought her heart sinking for the third and last time. "A bright chance I've got of earning $1750 in two months—making buttonholes, or art stenciling on greeting cards, or serving at that steam table, whatever it means, in the nurses' dining-room!"

NEVERTHELESS the dream lingered—as a good dream should—and the next morning, when Judge Stuyvesant telephoned her to call at his office, she folded the travel advertisement into a neat little oblong and carried it with her in her snakeskin bag.

"Well?" she smiled when she saw the Judge. "Have you any good news?"

She knew he hadn't—his face was so long—but she said it to cheer him. Ever since she had wakened that morning, she had felt that something good was hovering over her—something which might descend at any moment like a rainbow on her shoulder and make her happy the rest of her life.

"Whatever it is," she thought, "the Judge hasn't got it for me."

Around the World

And indeed Judge Stuyvesant could hardly have given her more cheerless news. Under an order from the court Mrs. Van Heusen's safe deposit box had been opened, but no will had been found among its other precious papers.

"Personally," he said, "I'm convinced there is none. But as soon as I acknowledge the fact and ask for letters of administration, the Blanchard girls automatically come forward as practically the sole legal heirs."

He accented the word "legal" and looked at Celia with a questioning look between his brows.

"Of course," he said, "if you would like to put up a fight—"

"Not that way," she quickly told him. "If I can't prove that I'm a legal heir, thank you, I haven't the least intention of trying to prove that I'm—well—illegal!"

"My dear," said the Judge, after he had turned that over in his mind for a few moments, "if Robert Van Heusen were alive today, he would be proud of you. I know, myself, that if you were my daughter—"

A suspicion of tears arose to Celia's eyes. And yet, if you had seen her as she sat there at the end of the Judge's desk, you could easily have applauded him for what he had just said. For though, perhaps, it was partly due to the softening shadows of the office, she sat there, a quiet young vision of moist-eyed lovel'ness—with something queenly about her, too—which may or may not have been another extra-judicial legacy.

SHE WAS wearing a dark blue suit and a dark blue hat—one of those chic little hats such as Helen probably wore when she made so much trouble around the city of Troy in those far-off years of which great Homer sang. And because the day was threatening, she was carrying an umbrella—an umbrella with a straight handle and a round black knob on the top. And as she sat there with her arm stretched out, and her right hand outstretched and resting on that knob, she might have reminded you of some young empress with her hand upon her sceptre—or a Watteau shepherdess—or a Fragonard heroine—anything, in fact, but a girl with less than a hundred dollars to her name, who wasn't even sure, in fact, where she would sleep that night.

"Have you—ah—given any thought yet to your future plans?" the Judge asked her.

"Not a great deal," she said. "I've looked at some advertisements—but there are so few things I can do."

"I've been thinking it over myself," he said, "and—ah—until you hear of something better, I believe we could find room for you here—looking after the telephone switchboard, filing papers, receiving visitors, and—ah—what not."

"That's awfully kind of you," she gratefully smiled, "but I think I'll look around before—before imposing myself on you."

"No imposition at all, I'm sure. Oh, yes; there's one thing more. In view of the fact that Mrs. Van Heusen acknowledged your relationship to the Blanchard girls, I want you to assume the name, Van Heusen. It will help me—ah—in handling your interests, and it may help you as well. In fact, I have already instructed one of my clerks to draw up the necessary legal papers and—if you will allow me—I shall have some cards engraved for you. The court is generally sufficiently liberal about a change of name and—ah—as Miss Celia Van Heusen your chances of a compromise agreement will be stronger than as Miss Celia Monday."

Celia left—not only vaguely pleased with her proposed new name, but also with an inspiration which the Judge had unconsciously given her.

If she could be of possible use to the legal firm of Stuyvesant, Ogden & Ritchie why wasn't it barely possible that the Albans Tourist Agency might have some kind of a vacancy that she could fill? And once there—at least, she would be that much nearer to the dreams

The tasks a Woman Loves

need never spoil the beauty of her hands

Garden to your heart's content—paint furniture—do anything—but take care of your hands while you use them, with frequent applications of Jergens Lotion! You will find it wonderful for repairing skin wear and tear. It softens a rough, dry skin almost instantly—keeps your hands beautifully smooth and white. And it leaves not a trace of stickiness.

2 famous ingredients give it instant power to heal

YOU do not have to trust to faith—your own sensations tell you instantly how much Jergens Lotion is benefitting your skin.

Coolness, smoothness, comfort, instead of that dry, parched feeling. Every bit of roughness gone—a delicious velvety softness instead.

Two famous ingredients, long used in medicine, give Jergens Lotion its wonderful power to heal the skin and repair skin wear and tear. Blended with other soothing elements in Jergens Lotion, they form a fragrant, silvery liquid that makes your skin softer and whiter each time you apply it.

Use Jergens Lotion often while you work. When your hands get badly soiled or stained, use this effective method:

FIRST APPLY Jergens Lotion generously. Rub it well into the stained or badly soiled places, so that it will partly dissolve the dirt or stain. Then wash your hands in warm (not hot) soapsuds, letting your hands stay in the soapsuds for two or three minutes. Rinse, dry lightly, and again apply the Lotion. Repeat this until your hands are smooth and white again.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION ★

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

***FREE!*—The large-size trial bottle**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3207 Alfred St. Cincinnati, O.

Please send me—free—the new large-size bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd. 3207 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

In using advertisements see page 6

"Troubles people never talk about"

—*are often caused by harsh toilet paper*

OVER 65 per cent of all men and women past 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

Obviously you don't hear much about these ailments. But they exist. And are even common among younger people and children.

How are they caused?

In many cases inferior bathroom paper is directly responsible. Harsh, glazed papers so frequently sold for bathroom use may be severely injurious to sensitive membranes.

223 hospitals and 580 doctors recently listed the three qualities a toilet tissue must have to be medically safe: *great absorbency —special softness—chemical purity.*

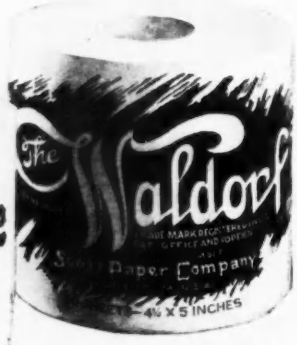
Millions of careful housewives today ask for two tissues they know are approved by medical authorities—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

Scott tissues are made from specially processed fibres.

They are unusually soft and cloth-like. So absorbent they sink in water almost instantly. And absolutely safe—made from the finest fresh materials.

Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

ScotTissue—2 for 25¢



Waldorf—3 for 20¢

These prices for United States only. Fit all standard built-in fixtures.

Copyright, 1929, by Scott Paper Company

Around the World

which the enchanted advertisement had awakened in her! She took it out of her snakeskin bag and looked at the address.

"There!" she thought, as though even this were a good omen. "Only a block away!"

But short as was the distance, it was sufficiently long for shyness to follow hope, for the heavy hand of expected failure to take the place of the rainbow which had rested all the morning on her shoulder.

"Oh, well," she thought, the heavy hand touching her heart as well, "I'll ask for a catalogue and come right away. It won't take a minute."

In this, however, she reckoned without Rule Number One of the Albans Agency—Rule Number One being this: that whenever one of their enchanted advertisements brought a prospective customer to the office, that customer must never be allowed to depart without first listening to an enchanted song.

"Good morning, Madam," said the clerk at the information desk—a pleasant-faced but earnest young man, who hoped before long to be a songster, too.

"I should like a catalogue, please," said Celia, speaking unconsciously in the best Van Heusen manner.

"Of which cruise, Madam?" asked the clerk, quite visibly impressed.

"Of the one around the world."

The clerk nodded, as though to say "I might have known it," and looked briskly over his shoulder at the line of desks behind him. It happened that each salesman was busy at the moment, either with a cruiser or a prospective cruiser.

"If you will kindly wait a few minutes," he said.

"I can't wait," said Celia. "I only want a catalogue."

"This way, then, Madam," said the clerk.

Celia followed him—innocent of the fact that she was also following Rule Number Two. Almost before she knew it, she was being ushered into a glass-enclosed office, and the clerk was announcing:

"A young lady wishing a catalogue of the world cruise, Mr. Albans. All the clerks are busy."

IF MR. ALBANS hadn't been such a pleasant old gentleman, with the ruddy face of a retired sea-captain, and shrewd, little, laughing wrinkles around his eyes, Celia might not have taken the chair which he arose and placed by the side of his desk.

"So all my young men are busy," he said. "But they won't be busy long. For my young men are observant young men, and they know that you are waiting for information."

Celia received this in the grand manner—that is to say, with dignity—her hand lightly resting on the sceptre-like knob of her umbrella.

"You are thinking of taking our world cruise?" he continued.

Celia's reply came almost of itself. "I'm sorry," she said, "that I was brought in here under false pretences. I should like a copy of your catalogue—yes. But I'm not thinking of taking the cruise."

"Why not?" he asked, his shrewd little wrinkles deepening.

"For the best reason in the world," she said. "I can't afford it."

And still his wrinkles deepened. "Not everyone is so frank," he said. "But you would like to take it?"

"I should love to take it," she said in a low voice. "In fact, I was wondering this morning if there were some way—in which I might be able to work—"

"Pardon me, first, a personal question," he said. "You are well connected in New York?"

"Yes," she answered.

"You live at—"

She told him the number on lower Fifth Avenue.

"And your name, please?"

Around the World

"Celia Van Heusen," she said after a moment's hesitation.

"But of course!" he exclaimed. "It is the old Van Heusen residence. And yet," he added, shaking an arch finger, "you say you can't afford—"

"No," she interrupted. "I can't. My—grandmother died last week, and—there isn't much for me."

"So," he thoughtfully nodded. "Well, now, perhaps we can get together for all that. On our cruises we have a certain number of ladies known as hostesses."

In Celia's heart the flower of hope suddenly began to grow—first the shoot, and then the stalk, and then the blossom on the stalk.

"They organize the social events," continued Mr. Albans. "They keep everybody happy. Sometimes people say to me: 'Mr. Albans, how do you choose your hostesses? Do you train them? Do you pay them?' I very seldom tell the answer, because it is one of the rules of my business to mind my own business, but I shall tell it to you because you can easily do the work."

The blossom of hope became a full-blown flower—one of a cluster—one of a brave bouquet.

"Any lady who secures ten members for one of my cruises," triumphantly concluded Mr. Albans, "automatically becomes a hostess and thereby secures a free membership for herself. For less than ten members she receives five percent commission instead of a ticket. For more than ten members she receives the commission in addition to her ticket."

In Celia's heart the blossoms of hope began to droop.

"You see?" said Mr. Albans, holding up his thumb and finger as though he were grasping something precious for Celia to share. "The idea has since been copied, but A. B. Albans originated it. To secure ten memberships, a lady must have initiative, determination, diplomacy, and charm. And there you are—a perfect hostess!"

AND STILL in Celia's heart the petals of hope continued to fall, the leaves to lose their color. Did she have initiative, determination, diplomacy, and charm? "I may have a little charm," she thought, trying to be perfectly honest with herself, "but as for the other three—"

"Well?" said Mr. Albans, his eyes hardly visible for the laughing wrinkles around them. "You would like to try it?"

"Do you think I could?" asked Celia in her stillest voice.

"I know you could!" he beamingly assured her. "I knew it the moment you stepped in this room! And after all, the work isn't difficult. You study our travel books. You master our literature. We will give you then a list of customers who have written for a catalogue, and you go out and sell them a trip around the world. Now here is something else of mine. The expression has since been copied, but A. B. Albans originated it. First, you catch the fever yourself, and then you give it to the customers. Could anything be simpler?"

"It certainly sounded simple," thought Celia, going down the elevator five minutes later with a bundle of literature beneath her arm.

On the Fifth Avenue bus she opened one of the catalogues and peeped inside.

"We next reach Calcutta," she read, "where every waking moment has a thrill and throb of its own. Think of visiting the Himalayas, the highest peaks in the world—Benares with its horde of bathers in the sacred Ganges—Agra with its indescribably beautiful Taj Mahal like a gigantic jewel-casket let down from heaven—Bombay, the Gateway of the East, with its fifteen Christian churches clustered around the eternal beauty of Malabar Hill—"

Bombay! It was from there that Robert Van Heusen had sent his mother his last postcard. He, too, had passed through that

Here's That New Food Invention

Which Banishes Burnt Macaroni

ACCEPT FULL-SIZE PACKAGE
TO TRY . . . NOTE COUPON

Cook Macaroni Now in 5 Minutes—Save 15 Minutes Pot Watching

HERE is the latest achievement of Quaker Oats Company experts to make meals more delicious and kitchen work easier for women.

An utterly NEW-TYPE macaroni—*milk-containing*—that cooks in 5 minutes and puts one of the world's most important strength foods on the quick list. No fuss, no muss, no bother—no more burnt macaroni.

Please accept a full-size package to try. We pay your grocer the full retail price. So do not hesitate to present the coupon below.

A U. S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation with whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water and takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A super-tender, far more succulent macaroni. Years were spent in perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

Full-Size Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of QUAKER QUICK MILK MACARONI. Free to try. Try its quick cooking. Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Good For Full-Size Package Present to Any Grocer

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE. (If your grocer can't supply you, send coupon to us direct.)

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Housewives Note: Coupons good for genuine Oneida Community Tudor Plate spoons *inside every package*. Get spoon for coupons alone or for only three coupons and 15 cents.

Quaker Quick Macaroni

G. H.-4

In using advertisements see page 6

In the Most Modern Kitchen

A Wolff Sink

Is Up-to-the-Minute

EVERY Wolff household appliance illustrates the steady advance of modern living conditions. The handsome sink shown here is an example.

Hot, cold, or drinking water is supplied through the long swing spout shown at the center, controlled by three cross-handle valves, and a switch lever diverts the supply to or from the spray head without detaching the rubber hose.

The waste-plug is operated by a trip lever located below the faucet handles. The water can be released, therefore, without removing any dishes standing above the waste.

There is a large double drainboard, and the low back is specially planned to suit the modern arrangement of kitchen windows.

Like all Wolff enameled fixtures, this sink is obtainable in white or a varied choice of artistic colors, which effectually resist hard scouring. The brassware is exceptionally massive and handsome, and is furnished Durochrome or nickel plated, as desired.

Kindly write and ask for full descriptive details on Wolff kitchen and bathroom fixtures

WOLFF

WHY BE ASHAMED OF YOUR BATHROOM?

SUPERIOR PLUMBING FIXTURES

WOLFF CO., Established 1855, General Offices: 2057 W. Fulton St., CHICAGO

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

April 1929 Good Housekeeping

Around the World

gateway of the East—he, too, had seen the beauty of Malabar Hill—and perhaps in one of those Christian churches—

Celia noticed that her breath was coming fast.

"I don't know whether I can give it to the others," she thought, "but—I feel quite sure—I'm catching it myself!"

CHAPTER VI

IT MAY have been beginner's luck, but in her first week's work for the Albans Agency Celia brought in three new members—a Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, and Mrs. Forrest's mother, Mrs. Fitz Gerald. The Forrests lived in a fashionable apartment house on Park Avenue, and Celia called to see them by appointment one afternoon at half-past five. At half-past six—you can call it temperature, if you like—they invited her to stay and have dinner with them, and at half-past nine the following morning Mr. Forrest called at the Agency, where his name was duly signed before the shrewdly smiling Mr. Albans and his deposit duly receipted by a solemn-faced cashier.

"You see?" said Mr. Albans after Mr. Forrest had departed. "Didn't I tell you?"

And he gave her two more names which he had received in the mail that morning.

"These people sound like society, too," he said. "That's why you're getting them. Round up these as you did the others, and I'll have the whole Social Register waiting for you."

First, though, Celia called to see Judge Stuyvesant—partly in pride and partly because she wanted him to know what she was doing.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed, his eyes round with startled wonder. "You mean to say that after all these years you hope to find something that we failed to discover nearly a quarter of a century ago?"

"Yes," said Celia in that faint voice which some girls use to dissemble determination, "but I'm going instead of writing and that may make a difference." And not quite so faintly: "I think there's a line in one of Rostand's plays, 'If I were only there, I would make the very stones, the very doorways speak!' Of course, I don't expect to make the stones and doorways speak," she hurriedly continued, "but I do think it makes a difference whether you're there or not."

"I'm afraid you're letting yourself in for many a heartache," said the Judge in a gentler voice.

"But I shall enjoy it, too," she quietly told him. "That is, of course, if I get seven more cruisers. I don't know whether you'd call it heredity or not, but at times I almost tremble when I think I've a chance of seeing China, and Japan, and India—and all those places!"

"When are you sailing?" he asked.

"*If* I get seven more members," she answered, with a marked emphasis on the "if," "I shall sail the fifteenth of December."

"And you'll be gone?"

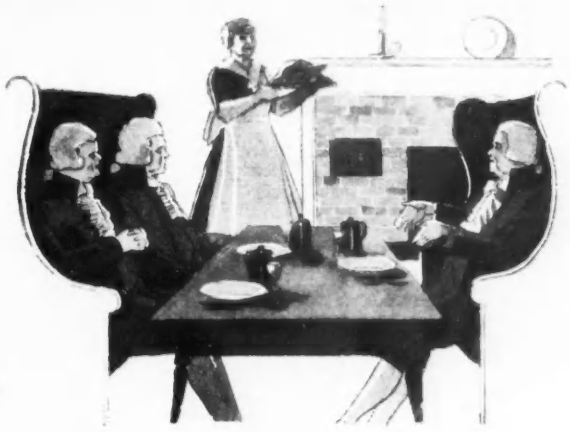
"About four months."

The Judge reflectively turned to a calendar on his desk. "There's this about it," he said. "I might make your mission the basis of delay in settling the estate. Because if you are successful, the bulk of the property will come to you in any event—will or no will. While if you're not successful—" He made an expressive gesture, one that ended with an empty palm.

"I know," she breathed.

"But I shall have to be explicit n my reasons for requesting delay," continued the Judge. "Mrs. Blanchard has already retained counsel—a very sharp firm. So any application for delay will have to be supported by affidavits. You will have to tell where you are going, for example, and when you are going, and what you expect to find when you get there."

"I don't mind," said Celia with a heightened color, "if I only get seven more names."



"Flavor Zone"

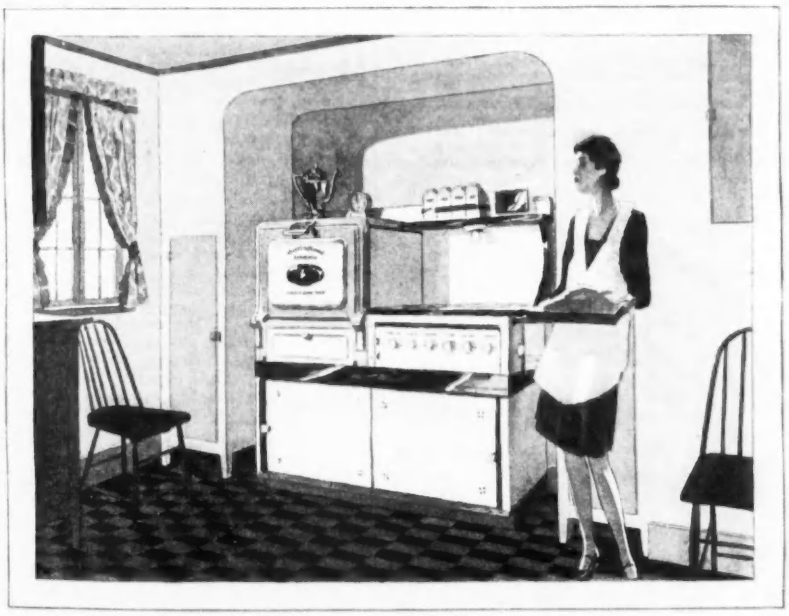
...recaptures the secret of Dutch Oven goodness

IN the staunch weatherbeaten old taverns of Colonial days, you can still see Dutch Ovens sunk deep in massive stone fireplaces. What traditions of delicious cooking they recall—of ducks roasted to a crackling, tender brown, of sugar-crusted hams, savory baked beans, succulent vegetables, rich spicy puddings.

Dutch Oven cooking has gone the way of the spinning wheel and the pewter platter. But the secret of its old-time goodness has been recaptured in a modern electric range that is as up-to-date as this year's motor cars.

The "Flavor Zone" oven cooks your dinner all by itself and just as it would have been cooked in the best of the old Dutch Ovens. You can be out of the kitchen from the time you put the complete meal in the cold oven, set the clock and adjust the thermostat. There's nothing more to do until it is ready to serve.

The oven *automatically* begins to heat up at just the right time. The food is browned to perfection. Then, the heat is *automatically* turned off. Cooking is completed by retained heat without any attention from you. The oven, itself, assumes entire responsibility for your meal. And it enables you to duplicate your best results time after time.



Here's another new helper!

The Westinghouse ADJUST-O-MATIC, a new Chrome finish iron with the famous Built-in Watchman, can be set for high, medium or low heat. It lets you iron everything in the basket without detaching the cord.

You will find this new booklet interesting and helpful

You can read the entire "Flavor Zone" story in "A Lesson from the Old Dutch Oven." It tells you how to serve meals with the delicious flavor of long ago and still enjoy new relief from kitchen tasks. A free copy is ready for you. Just fill out, clip and mail the coupon below!

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification
Appliances Apparatus
Wiring

★ **Westinghouse**

THE ELECTRIC RANGE WITH THE AUTOMATIC *"FLAVOR ZONE"* OVEN

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Will you please send me a copy of your new booklet, "A Lesson from the Old Dutch Oven."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

ASPARAGUS *is a* SALAD SUPREME

If you marry it to the Proper Flavor in the Dressing.

That is the great point of salad—flavor!

Not a striving after exotic, or "hot house" fruits and vegetables, but the unerring instinct for right flavors, marks you as a sophisticated salad maker.

The dressing is the soul of the salad. Its flavor must be alive, pricking the appetite, pulsing with the racy tang which quickens cold vegetables into — Salad!

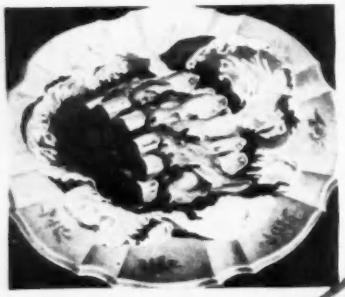
Alas, how often the salad falls flat for want of half a teaspoon of Colman's Mustard!

For Colman's is milled from the especially pungent mustard seed which grows only in Lincolnshire, England. There Jeremiah Colman found it in 1805 and encouraged its cultivation. Now the whole countryside is engaged in raising this precious seed for Colman's Mustard.

Put a dash of Colman's in all your salad dressings—whether you make them at home or buy them ready prepared. It will make all the difference in your reputation for sophisticated salads.

For cooked foods, too

Colman's Mustard accents the flavor of cheese dishes and points the interest of meats, fish, vegetables, and eggs. Add a level teaspoonful to cheese-macaroni the next time you prepare it—or to grilled tomatoes. Our newest recipe book contains many of these canny hints. Why not send for it—it's free. Just fill in and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page.



DINNER SALAD: Bind bunches of succulent "tips" with sliced onion rings and serve with *French Dressing*—½ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne. Place all of the ingredients in a bottle or cruet, chill, shake vigorously just before serving.

LUNCHEON "MAIN DISH" SALAD: Asparagus with *Thousand Island Dressing*—1 cup mayonnaise or boiled dressing flavored with Colman's Mustard; ¼ cup thick chili sauce; ¼ cup catsup; 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper; 3 tablespoons chopped pimento; 3 tablespoons chopped beets. Stir together the other ingredients and to them add the mayonnaise.

By appointment to His Majesty The King.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

J. & J. Colman (U. S. A.) Ltd., Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me free your *new booklet* of recipes for salad dressings, sauces, meats, entrées and relishes.

Name_____

Address_____

G-4-29

Around the World

Those seven, however, proved hard to get—prospective birds of passage who shook the salt off their tails as fast as Celia tried to sprinkle it there.

"The Panama Canal alone— And doesn't it thrill you just to *think* of Honolulu—Waikiki Beach—native serenaders singing Aloha!—And Korea—oh, Korea!—with its wonderful lacquer furniture and all the little men in high hats tied under their chins with bonnet strings!"

Almost in her dreams she could hear herself singing her siren songs.

Along in the second week, though, when she hadn't been far from giving up hope, she triumphantly appeared at the office with a Mrs. Franck—resident of a fashionable apartment hotel. Mr. Albans, shrewdly smiling, promptly did the rest.

Her next success was the Rev. Alpheus Graham, an overworked young curate from St. Matthews, who had just received an unexpected legacy; and following Mr. Graham was a brisk little widower with a drooping mustache and charming manners—Mr. Marcus Aurelius Buhl.

"And remember!" said Mr. Buhl with a low bow at Celia just before he left Mr. Albans' office. "I understand that Miss Van Heusen is to be one of the hostesses and I shall expect her to look after me well!"

Mr. Albans waited until the door was closed, and then he looked at Celia with his shrewdly smiling glance.

"You landed those two quick," he said, with more strength than grammar. "See what you can do with this one."

"This one" proved to be an inquiry written on hotel stationery in a rather crabbed handwriting and signed "M. (Bud) La Roche."

"What a funny signature!" said Celia, slightly frowning at it.

"Probably an actor," said Mr. Albans. "Never mind, if you don't like it. I'll turn it over to one of the boys."

"No, please; I'll take it," said Celia hurriedly.

For time was growing short, and she still needed four more names to make ten.

MR. LA ROCHE proved to be a famous university football player, whose father had promised him the cruise before fitting the harness of business upon him. It was funny to see them when Celia proudly led him into the office next day. First came Celia—smart, petite, and full of poise—and right behind her walked M. (Bud) La Roche, well over six feet in height, with a chest like a barrel, shoulders like the back of an automobile, and as embarrassed as a schoolboy caught walking on the street with teacher.

"That makes seven," said Mr. Albans, when Mr. La Roche had disappeared after holding a short reception in the outside office, where most of the young men had recognized him and had insisted on shaking his hand.

"Seven, yes," Celia hopefully nodded.

"All right. Now let's see if you can clean up on this one." He lifted an impressive-looking letterhead with a stately black monogram in the upper left-hand corner. "It's a finishing school for young ladies," he said. "I phoned as soon as I got it. Three of the young ladies are considering the cruise, and they said that one of the teachers would go as a chaperon. Now, there's something right in your line! See what you can do with this!"

"Whose school is it?"

"Miss Dana's. Do you know it?"

"No," she answered, her heart jumping at the chance. "But I know it's a good one."

Miss Dana's establishment proved to be a large, reconstructed residence on Riverside Drive, and Miss Dana proved to be a gentle little lady of the old school—one of those charming souls who have not yet forgotten how to conceal the hand of authority in a velvet glove—a glove, it might be said, trimmed with old lace and slightly reminiscent of the bygone redolence of lavender. Celia had sent in one

of her new cards, and when she followed, she found Miss Dana studying it under a pair of lorgnettes.

"Your card interests me," she said, using the lorgnettes to wave her visitor to a chair. "Van Heusen—surely not *the* Van Heusens?"

"I—think so," said Celia in her quiet voice.

"You resemble them," said the gentle little lady after a third graceful application of the lorgnettes. "However, you have called, I know, to talk travel—not families—and I shall tell you at once the situation here."

Miss Dana's curriculum had always included "foreign travel under the leadership of an experienced member of our faculty, with special attention given to the study of arts and languages."

"Heretofore," she continued, "our itinerary has been limited to France, England, Italy—and an occasional digression to Germany and Spain. But the new generation is more ambitious, and three of my girls—with the consent of their parents, I need not add—desire to make a tour around the world. Miss MacVeigh, an experienced teacher and traveler, has been chosen to accompany them. So before going into the subject further, I shall call Miss MacVeigh and the three girls. You will pardon me a minute, please?"

SHE soon returned with a capable-looking spinster and three girls of about eighteen.

"Miss MacVeigh—Miss Van Heusen of the Albans Travel Agency."

Miss MacVeigh was about forty, and Scotch—one of those unsung daughters of Minerva who have dedicated their lives to the education of the young. She had a firm mouth and capable hands—but in her eyes was a slightly anxious look as though there were times when the new generation was almost more than she had bargained for.

"Miss Sigsbee," continued Miss Dana.

One of the girls gracefully inclined her head—a slight blonde of well-nigh perfect features, but who seemed to make it a point of pride not to show much expression with them.

"Miss Heublein."

This was a dark girl with a quick, vivacious smile—one who could be readily imagined as Carmen, or the brown-eyed Juliet.

"And Miss Wills."

The third and last prospective traveler was more of the dreamy type—with wistful eyes and graceful gestures. But even in the moment's greeting Celia was conscious of the style and beauty of her clothes.

"Now!" said Miss Dana. "If you will please proceed, Miss Van Heusen, and let us know what you have to offer."

It was half-past three when she started to tell them. It was a quarter to five when she walked down into Riverside Drive again—tired, hoarse, but oh, so happy! Miss Dana had asked her to bring a contract the next morning—had promised to have her check waiting for her.

"The fifteenth of November," Celia told herself, recalling the date. "Another month, and I shall be starting around the world!" And thinking with a quickening pulse of all that it might mean to her, tears of emotion weren't far from her eyes as she slowly added:

"Just imagine! Only a month from today!"

(*To be continued*)

THE EMPTY GLASS

By Sonia Ruthèle Novák

MY *heart's a wineglass, filled with wine*
That is not made to slake,
And if you sip it once, you'll find
Full many a sip you'll take,
For it's a custom, as you know,
The empty glass to break—
The empty glass to break!

National **Lloyd Week** April 8 to 13

BECAUSE they recognize the importance of protecting baby's spine during the crucial first 500 days of life, solicitous, modern mothers look upon the Lloyd baby carriage as nothing less than health insurance. Here is the "shock-proofed" carriage—scientifically designed and constructed to absorb all harming jars and jolts. Its springs are extra large and resilient—specially tempered in oil. Its basket-shaped body, woven of durable fibre in one piece, is reinforced and additionally "shock-proofed" by means of tested steel wire invisibly incorporated in every upright strand. Due to enormous sale and efficient manufacturing methods, a Lloyd carriage or stroller, with all its advantages, costs very little to buy. The new models, beautifully upholstered, richly and durably finished in a wealth of gay and conservative colors, are now awaiting your inspection at good stores everywhere.

PATENT PROCESS **Lloyd** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **LOOM Products**

BABY CARRIAGES AND FURNITURE

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN
ORILLIA, CANADA

In using advertisements see page 6

YOU'VE NEVER FOUND SUCH CLEANERS AT SUCH LOW PRICES

Search where you will . . . where can you find values to compare with these General Electric Cleaners?- The General Electric name means that every detail of their construction is absolutely accurate; that their materials are only the best; that their service will be long and efficient.

Vast production facilities and the fact that you buy the cleaner from your local dealer . . . these two factors combine to keep prices incomparably low.

Find out about their fourteen quality points—and get a true idea of their lightness and efficiency by trying the cleaners yourself.

For the Standard and Junior models, either of two sets of attachments are available. Prices are $6.50 and $10.

HAND CLEANER
$13.50*

WELCOME the new HAND CLEANER

Welcome indeed to the busy housewife is the new Hand Cleaner—as fine a little helpmate as any woman could want. Light—only 3¾ pounds—thorough in its cleaning because of its powerful suction. A small cleaner that does the work of attachments—with less effort.

The Hand Cleaner cleans its way into corners, down deep into chairs and mattresses, along stair carpets . . . into all the crevices where your large cleaner cannot go.

You should get complete information about all the General Electric Cleaners and compare their prices with other cleaners of similar quality. If you would like details, mail the coupon.

*Prices quoted are those which prevail East of the Rockies.

STANDARD MODEL
$35.00*
less attachments

JUNIOR MODEL
$24.50*
less attachments

Section C-584
Merchandise Dept.
General Electric Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me complete information about the General Electric Cleaners.

Name .....

Address .....

★

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

Spring Patterns

(*Continued from page 101*)

tweed with applied bands of dark-brown jersey and can be lined or not as you wish. The pattern is cut in 12 sections and is easy to follow. Five of the sections are trimming bands. While they are an important feature of the coat, it can equally well be made without them if they have the tendency to emphasize unbecoming chubbiness around the hips. Try on the coat when you have it basted together, and be sure the collar and cuffs fit correctly and that the center of the diagonal bands is on the hips under the belt where it should be. Made of tweed in size 10 years, this coat will cost approximately $13.

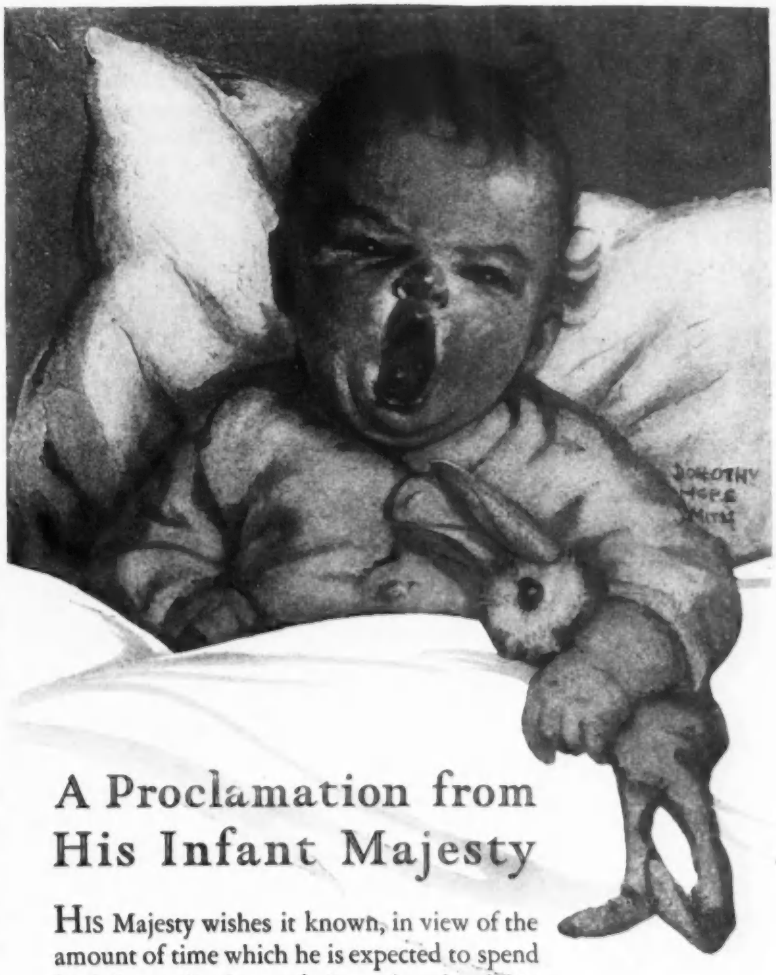
The frock shown with the coat is unusually attractive and smart, and may be planned to conform to the color scheme of the ensemble. It is a slip-on model and would be excellent for remodeling a last year's frock, as new material could be effectively combined with the old without the appearance of alteration. The pattern for it is cut in 10 pieces; 5 of them are trimming bands. It may be made either with a long sleeve as illustrated, or with a short kimono sleeve just covering the shoulder. For the short sleeve cut the blouse exactly by the pattern and bind the sleeve. For the long sleeve cut along the line of small perforations to make the regulation armhole. Made of soft brown wool crêpe or jersey, with tan crêpe bands, this dress is ideal for town under a coat, and as the season advances it may be worn without one. Made of jersey in size 10, it will cost approximately $10 complete.

Another ensemble, consisting of a blue-gray, tweed coat and a charming little frock with a plaited skirt, is shown at the left. The coat is unlined; the seams pressed open and bound. The belt slips through bound slashes in the front of the coat. The collar, cuff bands, and pocket bands are of a darker blue jersey or wool crêpe. Any number of charming combinations of fabrics and colors can be used for the frock. For example, jersey or wool crêpe in two shades of blue to match the coat. Plain and patterned silk would be nice, or pongee with the scallops outlined in a contrasting color. While the sleeveless blouse and plaited skirt shown in the sketch are joined under the scallops, it requires little more effort to put the skirt on a bodice top, and it will more than double its usefulness if it can be worn with separate sweaters. The coat, made in size 8 in tweed, will cost approximately $10 complete. The dress in the same size in wool crêpe will be approximately $7.50.

A Delightful Party Frock

Every little girl will love the engaging little party frock (see page 101) with its rows of little hand-made tucks. It is cut in four sections and has tiny pin tucks as its only trimming. Both the neck and the bottom of the skirt are bound, and the tiny, set-in puff sleeves are finished with straight bands. Narrow velvet ribbon tied in jaunty bows on the hips is run through eyelets around the waist. As sketched, it is made of lemon-yellow crêpe de Chine with black velvet ribbons, but it would also be charming in a little cotton print. Made of crêpe de Chine, in size 8, it will cost approximately $8.50 complete with ribbons.

The children at the bottom of page 101 are dressed with an engaging similarity. The only difference in their little suits is that the boy has the briefest of trousers and his sister the tiniest of skirts. The trousers button on to the blouse under the belt and open on the side. Each leg is made in one piece and joined to the other with a single seam. The little girl's frock is made with the skirt joined to the waist under the belt. The blouses have short kimono sleeves and are cut in one piece. The collar, neck bands, and sleeve bands are made of the same material as the skirt and trousers. A charming combination would be white and peach-colored linen. These suits in size 4, made of linen, will cost approximately $2.75 apiece.



A Proclamation from His Infant Majesty

His Majesty wishes it known, in view of the amount of time which he is expected to spend both in meditation and sleep, that the sheets and pillow cases provided for him should be exceptionally smooth and soft.

His Majesty wishes to call the attention of the Mistress of the Royal Nursery to the high quality of Wamsutta Percale which is now made in convenient sizes of crib sheets and pillow cases for his personal use.

Otherwise His Majesty cannot be responsible for the peacefulness and quiet during the Daily Nap and the Nightly Slumbers which have so often been mentioned to him as highly desirable from the point of view of his subjects.

WAMSUTTA PERCALE CRIB SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

WAMSUTTA MILLS - *Founded 1846*
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

RIDLEY WATTS & CO., *Selling Agents*
44 Leonard St., NEW YORK CITY

In using advertisements see page 6

"Another three months.. *would have* driven me insane"

"HAVE *you ever lain awake night after night, half awake and half asleep, listening to the clock tick away the age-long hours? Then, in the morning, have you dragged yourself from your bed and forced yourself, a big bundle of nerves, to move through another exhausting day?*

"That's what I did for five months and I don't exaggerate when I say another three months of it would have driven me insane. Fortunately, about this time, a friend suggested Postum with my meals, in place of caffein.

"That was four weeks ago. Now I sleep from the moment I hit the pillow; I eat heartily; I haven't been cross for days; I'm 100% happier. Even my casual acquaintances have noticed the change!"

MISS IRENE ANDERS,
2727 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Texas

You may have charged your sleepless hours to overwork, or worries. Don't be too sure! Caffein, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals, has probably caused more hours of wakefulness than any other one thing in the world. This "innocent" habit may be *your* trouble.

You can find out easily—this way! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then see how soundly you sleep!

For Postum contains no caffein—nothing to repel sleep, to attack nerves and heart, or affect digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A distinctive drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer!

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—G. H. 4-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ Check which you prefer
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.*
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

A Little House of Her Own

(Continued from page 81)

It's the ladder for the boys of Lebanon, all right."

"Many a man's gone high without it," Agnes made protest.

"Sure, but how long did it take them? Besides, it's more than that, mother. It's the chance to know the things I've wanted to know ever since I was old enough to watch the fires at night. You know the stuff I used to ask you, Gram, all about the mills, and you used to tell me that some day I'd learn it all? Well, that's what the Tressart scholarship means. It's the door to the place where I can find out what I want to learn about steel." He squared his shoulders, and flung back his head. "That's what I want. That's all I need."

"Don't count too much on it, Marty," Agnes sighed.

"But I've got it!"

"There's many a slip—"

"Not with this cup, mother."

"I hope not, Marty."

"Let there be none," Ellen told him as she went back to set the table.

TAKING dishes from the cupboard while Agnes bent over the stove, the older woman rejoiced anew in the feeling of the little, worn bank book in her pocket, for the house without Marty would be naught for her but dreary prison.

"Marty'll be in Pittsburgh," her thoughts ran like the refrain of a song, "and I'll be in a little house o' my own."

She planned the curtains, the carpet, the table and chairs, the placing of the old bedroom set which she had brought with her to her daughter's house and which she would take away when she went to her own. She pictured a Christmas dinner with which she would welcome Marty's first vacation.

"I can get some extra work during the days," she figured, "until I can pay for it all."

Then she looked at the clock to make sure that she would have time to eat before she went to her task at the Tressart offices.

"Himself is late," she said; but even as she spoke, a footstep sounded on the step, and Big Con Quinlan pushed open the door.

Sullenly, as was his wont, he thrust himself into the kitchen, flinging his dinner pail on the table and grunting surly acknowledgment of Agnes's greeting. He did not notice old Ellen at all, but washed himself at the sink and turned toward the living-room.

"Dinner's ready," his wife sought to detain him.

"What's the rush?" he demanded.

"Mother's got to be at the offices at six."

"What if she does?"

"No one need hurry on my account," Ellen put in. "I can go without—"

"I've got to go downtown," Marty called.

"For what?"

"Class meeting."

"They'll give you a medal, I s'pose." Big Con's voice thrust in the sneer it always found for mention of his son's achievements in study.

"They've given me better than that," the boy triumphed. "I've won the Tressart."

"The what?"

"The Tressart scholarship."

"What'll that do?"

"It'll take me to Carnegie. It'll give me four years there. It'll teach me steel the way I want to know it. It'll start me—right."

"Huh!" Big Con shrugged. "It'll do that for you, will it? Well, what'll it be doing for me while it's doing that for you?"

"Why—nothing."

"Sure. That's my end, always. Everything for you, nothing for me. What kind of a fool do you think I am? Didn't I let you go through high school instead of putting you to work?"

"The law wouldn't have let you put me to work then. I was under work age."

Sunkist Seedless Oranges *Slice Thin!*

SUNKIST California Oranges are so sparkling and appetizing ... first thing each morning. The luscious Sunkist *Seedless* Navels are particularly inviting because they slice so perfectly. The meat is firm, yet tender and juicy, and may be cut thin and served in tempting slices. Or they may be halved and the meat spooned out cleanly ... And the same sort of cheery word may be said of the ease of peeling and segmenting this superior California fruit. No other oranges offer such opportunities for charming salads and desserts. The skin may be readily removed and the segments broken into desired-size pieces without loss of juice ... and without the usual mussiness. Mark the coupon for "Sunkist Recipes" giving new ways to serve California Sunkist Oranges ... *Science has proved what your taste always told you:* California Oranges have the Richest Juice and Finest Flavor. An extra-rich content of needed fruit sugars and healthful fruit acids makes possible their unequaled flavor. The full-bodied, deep orange-colored juice of California Sunkist Oranges indicates a wealth of mineral salts and vitamins ... California Oranges, like California Lemons, are highly important in the treatment of Acidosis, the malady caused by faulty diet. These fruits, though acid in taste, have an alkaline-reaction in the body and help balance our diet of too much good but acid foods like meat, eggs, fish, cereals and bread and too little alkaline-reaction foods such as Oranges and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk. . . . . "Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a free book discussing Acidosis. It contains normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets by a noted authority. Send for it ... mail coupon.

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Price $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address at left. Carriage prepaid. The Canadian price is $19.95.

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 304, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California © 1929 C.F.G.E.

☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.

☐ Free "Sunkist Recipes." Check if desired.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

Let $1.00 show you the advantages of Tontine... an opportunity to test these washable window shades at a special introductory price

NEVER again need dirty window shades bring drabness to your home. For here are washable window shades—du Pont Tontine window shades. An occasional washing with soap, hot water and a brush will keep them fresh and spotless.

Here's a Shade That You Can Keep Permanently Fresh and Beautiful

To see what Tontine shades are like, just clip the coupon below and mail it to us with $1.00. As a dollar is considerably below the regular retail price—this offer must necessarily be limited to one Tontine window shade for each home. You may have the shade for testing in any one of four of our many popular colors—white, cream, green, ecru. Place it on the bathroom window. Here the test is usually more severe than in any other room. Deliberately smear dirt on it. Then scrub it with a brush, soap and hot water. See how Tontine's original beauty and freshness are immediately restored. You will find your window shade problem solved.

Tontine shades can be washed clean—freed from dust and stain with soap, water and a brush.

Made to Last

Tontine washable window shades are impregnated with pyroxylin, the same basic substance used in making the famous, durable du Pont Duco. This treatment keeps them from cracking, pinholing, fraying. They are made to withstand use and abuse. Sun will not fade them—rain cannot harm them. Season after season Tontine window shades will serve you and at the same time add attractiveness to your home.

Send In Your Coupon Now!

This special offer of a Tontine washable window shade at $1.00 cannot remain open indefinitely. It is good for a Tontine shade not exceeding 40 inches in width, and the offer closes July 1, 1929. Now is the time to take advantage of it—to see for yourself the many advantages of Tontine washable window shades. Mail the coupon today. You will receive your testing shade in a few days.

• • •

This Tontine shade at $1.00 is offered for introductory purposes only, and for this reason we can allow only one to a home. The regular retail price of Tontine washable window shades, depending on the length, width and accessories, is from $1.75 up.

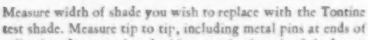
DU PONT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TONTINE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

Follow These Details



Measure from tip to tip, including metal pins Use yard stick

Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above). Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

(This offer closes July 1, 1929).

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y. G H April

Canadian subscribers enclose $1.10 and address coupon:
Canadian Fabrikoid Limited, New Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade ..... inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches), and ..... inches long (shade unrolled).

White ☐ Cream ☐ Ecru ☐ Green ☐

Name .....

Address .....

A Little House of Her Own

"You're not under work age now."

"Come and have your dinner," Agnes called.

"I'll do it when I've settled this."

"There's nothing to settle," Marty said.

"Oh, isn't there? What do you think you're going to do?"

"I'm going to college." The boy braced himself against the wall as if expectant of attack. "I've won the right, and I'm going to take it."

"Maybe you've won it, but you're not going to take it," Big Con thundered. "Do you think that I'm going to keep on working this way four years longer to let you lie in idleness?"

"It's not idleness," Marty flung back. "It's work, hard work."

"Studying!"

"Yes, studying. Don't you see, father, that it's the only chance a fellow has today? Do you want me to work the way you do?"

"You don't have to. You can be a clerk."

"But I can be so much more than that if I take the Tressart. Mother, can't you make him see that?"

"How can I, Marty?" Above the stove Agnes threw out her arms in impotent resignation. "Come to your dinner," she begged.

"Can't you make him, Gram?"

"I'll try."

BRAVELY old Ellen Courtney marched past her daughter, and faced her daughter's husband.

"Don't be a fool now, Con Quinlan," she bade him. "Haven't you the sense to see that your lad has a chance that comes to only one every four years in Lebanon? Didn't old Amos Tressart put it there for the likes of him? And hasn't it done great things already for every one who's had it? Won't it do the same great things for Marty? Has any other father refused to let his boy take it? Faith, no one but an omadhaun'd let it pass!"

"I'd be the fool to let him go," Quinlan cried, "just when he could be earning enough to get me somewhere."

"But in four years—"

"I'm talking about now."

"He'll be worth ten times to you then what he is now."

"Yes, and he'll be twenty-one years old."

"I'll run away," Marty threatened, "if you don't let me take this."

"Where'll that get you?" Big Con sneered. "You'll get nothing in the mills outside Lebanon better'n you'll get here."

"I'll go to the college, anyhow."

"Try it, and see what'll happen here!"

"Come to your dinner," Agnes called once more, her voice a wail of woe.

As if they moved under a flag of truce the three of them came to the meal she was shifting deftly from stove to table. She sat down with them, sighing in relief, but Big Con tried to take up the battle once more, waving a forkful of food as if it were lance of combat.

"So you think you can beat me by running away?" he taunted Marty. "I'll show you what I can do if you try that!"

His glance swept toward Agnes, and she trembled as she held out a dish to him, but she shook her head to command her son's silence, and the four ate without words until old Ellen arose. Marty stood up with her.

"I'm going downtown," he told Agnes, and went out of the house with his grandmother.

They trudged in silence until they came to that turn of the Tyler Road which looked out over Lebanon. Then, as if he could no longer hold down his emotion, Marty burst into speech.

"I must take it, Gram," he cried, his eyes pitiful in their desire for the attainment of that ambition which had beaconed his struggling boyhood. "He has no right to hold me back from it. I've earned it, and I'm going to take it."

"61" QUICK DRYING ENAMEL

Drawn by Adolph Treidler
Copyright 1929, P&L

IT'S TIME to put COLOR on your porch furniture! Do it quickly, easily and inexpensively with "61" Quick Drying Enamel — dries in 4 hours. Change the monotony of your surroundings — furniture, woodwork or floors — with its enchanting tints and rich colors. Any other shade your fancy chooses, by simply mixing! Just brush on "61" Quick Drying Enamel; it's an OIL enamel and levels out to a smooth porcelain-like surface, without laps, streaks or brush marks. And best of all, it's there to stay — resistant to wear and water. The delightful new colors of "61" Quick Drying Enamel are being shown at paint and hardware stores. See them there or send for free Color Chart.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
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PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

TRADE MARK P&L REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Save the surface and you save all"

In using advertisements see page 6

EDUCATOR wearers do not have TROUBLED FEET

© E. S. C. of A. 1929

EDUCATOR wearers are a group composed of business people, fashionables—men and women—who have done a little advanced thinking and come to the realization that it is ridiculous and unnecessary to go limping about in uncomfortable shoes.

Educator shoes have freed thousands from the misery of aching feet. The Five Educator Points embrace the fundamentals of foot hygiene. They protect the foot throughout the daily pursuits of the most active person. They build up the foot where modern habits tend to break it down.

And where will you find smarter appearing shoes?

1—Foot conforming Arch.
2—Snug fitting heel.
3—Tailored instep.
4—Scientific modeling.
5—Flexibility.

No. 9010
This lovely Patent One Strap Pump is at present one of the smart woman's favorites. Cut out sides. Mat Calf Underlay and Collar. Educator Arch-Elator Shank. 1¾-inch covered heel. Same in Brown Kid, with two-tone effect.

EDUCATOR SHOES

Women's	$8 to $10	Infants'	$2.50 to $3.50
Growing Girls'	$6 to $6.50	Men's	$8.50 to $10
Children's (sizes 8½ to 2)	$3.50 to $5	Boys'	$5 to $5.50
Small Boys'	$4 to $4.50		

THIS BOOK SHOWS THE WAY TO FOOT EASE. SEND COUPON

THE EDUCATOR SHOE CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. G. H. 4, 225 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me your free booklet—"Laying the Ghost."

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

A Little House of Her Own

"'Tis yours to take, Marty, but—"

"But what?"

"There's your mother to think on."

"Why?"

"She's done much for you, Marty."

"I know." His mouth twisted.

"She fought him hard to send you to high school."

"I know she did."

"If you go away without his word, he'll make her life naught but misery."

"I suppose so," the boy sighed, "but, oh, Gram, I want it so! I want it more than I'll ever want anything else in all my life!"

"We all want everything that way—when we're young," Ellen said, but the hungry passion of his eyes went with her even when she left him at the gate of the Tressart mills.

All through the hours while she worked in the grimly silent offices she felt that look of desperate pleading upon her. Better than any one else she knew how the boy yearned for the boon of specialized education.

"I worked my fingers to the bone to give it to my own sons," she thought, anger against Big Con rising like a tide in her heart. "I did for them what Tom—and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!—would have done if he'd lived. All the Courtney men have wanted it. Marty's right to want it. He ought to have it."

With brushes and cloths she attacked tables and desks and chairs as if they were animate enemies ranged in file against the boy.

"He's got to have it—but what can I do?"

An open door into one of the offices gave her sight of a desk on which she pivoted her whirling hopes for Marty. Marked with a little brass plate bearing John Morgan's name, it stood sign and symbol of the power of the Tressart scholarship.

John Morgan had been a child of the shacks back of the great mills when he won the award of old Amos Tressart's bequest. Today he was hardly second in authority to Amos's son. From all over the land, from all over the world, men came to him. Power—the power of knowledge of his tools of trade, the power of surety in himself, the power of education—aureoled him so that even his closed desk seemed to gleam with its radiance. Stasia Sullivan and Stasia Sullivan's daughters might flaunt Terence Cassidy's money in Ellen Courtney's face and arouse not one pang of envy in her soul, but the gleam of John Morgan's desk sent her down on her knees before it.

"Oh, God in Heaven," she prayed, "give my Marty the chance You gave this man who sits here! Just the little chance for him now, and I'll ask for naught else. He'll do the rest for himself, will Marty!"

Then, shamed a little by her own emotion, and fearful lest she had been seen in her praying, she took up her brushes and rags and finished her task of the evening.

HER work done, she hurried home through the darkness, and, thinking to avoid Big Con, went around to the back door of the house. Some one was seated on the doorstep, and she called softly,

"Is it you, Agnes?" but it was Quinlan's voice that answered,

"Agnes is out."

"Where?"

"Church, I s'pose. Praying for Marty."

"'Twould harm yourself nothing to do that."

He moved a bit to let her pass, but she stood before him.

"Have you reason beyond the money he'd earn for keeping Marty from going to college?"

"Ain't it enough?"

"No," she held ground. "We've lived these many years without his work. We can live a few more."

In the starlight she could see the boring gaze of his close-set eyes. "Maybe we could," he

A Little House of Her Own

said slowly, "if we didn't have to pay the rent we do."

"What do you mean?" Her throat tightened at the sinister implication of his statement, and her hand once more clutched the worn purse which held her bank book. "What's that to do with Marty's education?"

"Enough." He laid his pipe on the step. "It's the rent each month that comes hardest. If we owned a place, it'd be different. I'd be sure of my old age, then. I could let him go his way."

"What do you mean, Con Quinlan?" she demanded, but already she knew his meaning and, facing the chasm of its import, shook with fear.

"I mean what I've said. If I'd money to own a house, Marty could go to any school he pleases on any scholarship he can get."

"He's your son. Have you no pride in him? Would you bargain for his chance?"

"He's your grandson. Wouldn't you?"

"How could I?"

"You ought to have a good bit of money."

"Where'd I get it?"

"How'd you spend it?"

"And if I had it?"

"Wouldn't you give it," he mimicked her tone, "for your Marty's chance?"

"God knows!"

She turned away from him and saw the blaze of the mill fires leaping above Lebanon, lighting up the sweep of the hills until she glimpsed the dark outlines of the cottage on Collins Street; but higher than its roof and chimney flamed the mirage of that power she had visioned at John Morgan's desk, the power that would lift Marty out of the toil which had been the portion of her people in her generation. Tom Courtney had sought it, and young Tom, and her own Martin. To them she had given all that was in her hands to give. Should she hold it back now from the boy who yearned for it even more than had they, because he knew so much better than they its value?

The cost of giving, the years she must stay in Con Quinlan's house, loomed too close to let her speak. Even in the darkness she could see his avid, greedy gaze fixed upon her, could feel his rising anger that she had dared to save money for purpose of her own, could apprehend his pitiless cruelty if ever she should be dependent upon him. Desperately she held to her purse, knowing her bank book for source of her fearlessness against him.

"God knows!" she repeated.

"You'd better know, too, before morning," he said, and went into the house.

FOR a moment she stood in the defeated helplessness of old age, shaken by the terror of making a decision which would rob Marty of a chance or herself of a home.

"I can't do it, God help me!" she moaned.

Thought of Con Quinlan's ugliness, of Agnes's impotent sadness, of Stasia Sullivan's patronizing disbelief that she had really held the money for the house piled barrier against surrender; but in the moment of hesitation she looked up at the red and blue and orange flames of the mills, and saw marching through them the long procession of labor, every generation moving onward and upward toward that goal which Tom Courtney had long ago seen for his children and his children's children.

"'Tis written," she said with the fatalism of the Gael. "I prayed to God for Marty's chance. He heard me, and He's made me the one to give it to him."

She strode to the doorway and called her son-in-law.

"If I give you the money to buy you a house, will you promise me that Marty can go?"

"I'll promise all right," he shouted. "Where's the money?"

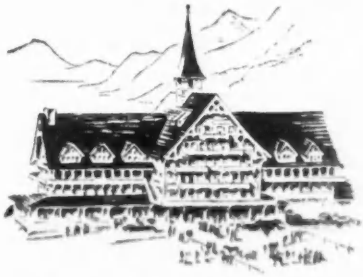
"I'll give it to you tomorrow—when you've signed a paper with your promise on it."

"I'll sign," he grunted, and she knew that

GLACIER PARK

A vacation bargain!

Yellowstone only $4.75 extra—
Colorado without *any* extra fare



The Prince of Wales Hotel, just across the border in the Canadian Rockies

THINK of it! A trip to *three* great scenic wonderlands—for only slightly more than the cost of your Glacier Park ticket alone!

First, Glacier National Park. America's wildest mountain grandeur. Ride the switchback trails, climb the glaciers, travel in comfortable launches and de luxe motors—enjoy the solid comfort of great hotels, cozy chalets.

Then you can go on to Yellowstone—and include the famous Cody Road free.

Then to Scenic Colorado. The Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains may be easily visited on the way. Then home, by an entirely different route!

Only the Burlington's complete service to all the Rockies makes this vacation bargain possible.

Burlington Escorted Tours

A new, carefree way to see the Rockies. Definite cost covering all necessary expenses. Everything planned and paid in advance. Travel expert with each party. Mark the coupon for Tours Book.

FREE BOOK

Send the coupon for free, illustrated book of Glacier Park Vacations. Full details on bargain vacations of 2-weeks or longer

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547 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free illustrated book about Glacier National Park vacations.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours.

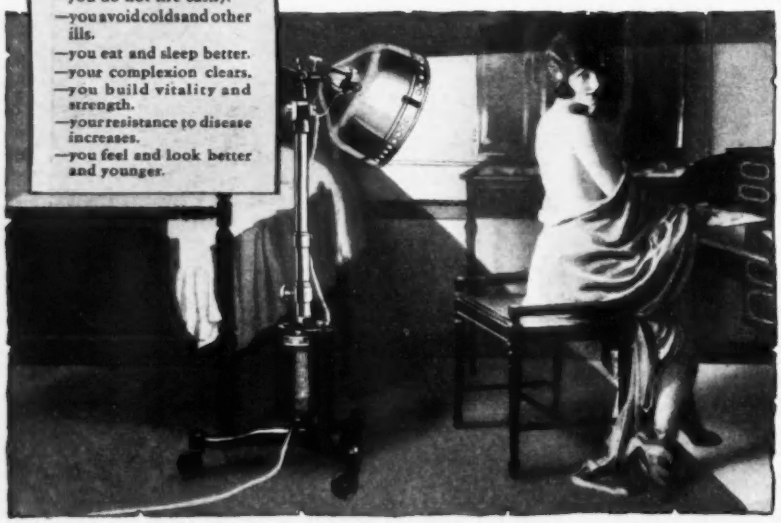
In using advertisements see page 6

For Health.... Enjoy a Daily Sunbath!

Keep Fit
the
Battle Creek Way

When You Get Your Proper Sunlight Ration—

—you do not tire easily.
—you avoid colds and other ills.
—you eat and sleep better.
—your complexion clears.
—you build vitality and strength.
—your resistance to disease increases.
—you feel and look better and younger.



FOR radiant health and youthful vitality your body needs its *daily* ration of energizing sunlight. Scientists have long known this to be true, but it was only recently that this invaluable health-promoting sunlight has been made available in the home.

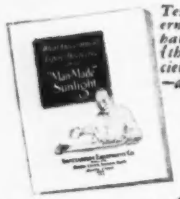
As a result of 20 years of research and study, pure concentrated "man-made" sunlight is now a reality. And this sunlight is even better than natural sunlight. You simply snap a switch in your own home—day or night, winter or summer, rain or snow—and your Battle Creek SunArc Bath sends forth the sunrays that are so amazingly beneficial in promoting health.

Strength, Vigor, Health from These Balanced Rays

The Battle Creek SunArc Bath is in reality a small sun. For it supplies ALL the important INVISIBLE rays of natural sunlight that have proven so essential in building a vigorous and healthy body. Not only the tonic ultra-violet, but the stimulating infra-red rays are supplied by your SunArc Bath. These rays build rich red blood—stimulate body processes—rejuvenate—increase resistance to disease—make you feel and look years younger. And the SunArc supplies these rays in *concentrated* form. Thus, a few minutes spent under your SunArc equals hours spent out-of-doors.

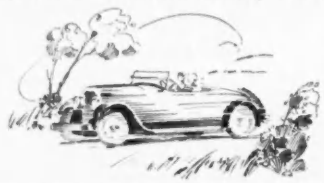
Send for These Interesting Free Booklets

Write today for our latest bulletin, "What Government Experts Have Discovered About 'Man-Made' Sunlight". With it we will also send you our free book, "Sunshine and Health". Ask your Doctor about the value of sunlight in promoting health. Write for the booklets NOW!



Tests conducted by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards have shown the carbon arc lamp (the SunArc) to be the most efficient source of artificial sunlight —a miniature sun.

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Dept. 1942-Y Battle Creek, Mich.



"Sunshine at the Snap of a Switch"

Battle Creek SUNARC Bath

© 1929, S. E. Co.

A Little House of Her Own

his eyes leered in triumph over more than the money.

She put thought of him out of her mind, however, as Marty came up the street, his footsteps lagging with a weariness alien to him. Quietly she went around the house to meet him lest his father hear her speak.

"You're to go, Marty," she told him. "He says you're free to go."

"How did you do it, Gram?" He held her close to him. "Oh, Gram, I want it so!"

"I know, Marty."

"You did it, Gram."

"Maybe I helped."

"You did. You did. What can I ever do for you?" Boyishly he kissed her wrinkled cheek. "Oh, Gram, just wait till I make the grade, and I'll give you everything you want!"

"I won't be wanting much."

"I know what you want," he declared. "You told me once. You want a little house, all your own, and some day I'll get it for you!"

"You're a good boy, Marty," she said, "and 'tis a fine house you'll be giving me," but she knew that long ere Marty could make good his promise, she would go on a journey longer than the Tyler Road.

For an instant old Ellen Courtney fought with tears. Then, with the clairvoyance of age, she saw that she had built for herself in the memory of her daughter's son a habitation more enduring than the house on Collins Street.

"I've all the home I want, Marty lad," she told him, "as long as I'm in your heart."

If You Want a Career

(*Continued from page 39*)

for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life that has come to you through the goodness of God."

But the right attitude, essential though this is, will not in itself assure you of a successful career. You must also have the right preparation. For some reason which I could never understand, many young women who recognize that they must undergo a long period of study and apprenticeship in order to become teachers or nurses, doctors, lawyers, or architects, musicians or painters, blissfully assume that they can plunge into other professions without having taken any steps whatever to fit themselves for them. I am, for instance, constantly approached by persons who wish to become well-paid contributors to large magazines. And the usual attitude seems to be that all they need to do is to experience such a desire—and dozens of eager editors will welcome their manuscripts! Once, driven to desperation, I asked a girl who told me that she had decided to write for a certain magazine whether she had decided to illustrate her stories as well. She looked at me reproachfully, and exclaimed,

"But it takes years to learn to draw well enough for that!"

"It takes years to learn to write, too," I said a little impatiently; and she left me convinced that I was trying to thwart her ambitions and that I did not recognize her talent.

I have also been consulted lately by a young girl who wished to become a foreign buyer for some large mercantile establishment, and by a young girl who wished to secure a particularly desirable secretarial position abroad, each of whom thought I might "use my influence" to help her get it. I took the first girl to see the head saleswoman in an excellent shop where I purchase some of my clothes—and who, incidentally, was selling the most inexpensive sort of ready-to-wear garments when I first

Clever Women Buyers for 132 great stores —experts in fabrics and styles—say

"... the original beauty of lovely clothes can actually be re-newed again and again with Lux ... we prove this constantly with our own fine things . ."

92% of buyers interviewed in 132 leading department stores insist upon Lux ...

THEY know more about styles and fabrics than any other women in the country—the clever buyers for great department stores!

They are paid huge salaries because of this expert knowledge.

Understanding so well the nature of all the beautiful new materials—fragile chiffons, lustrous silks and rayons, downy-soft woolens, colorful cottons—these clever women give their *own* things only the safest care.

Interviewed in their own departments of leading stores in 31 cities, they overwhelmingly agreed on one method of cleansing!

92 out of every 100 interviewed insist on Lux for their own things.

Here is experience to help every woman! Following the well-nigh unanimous rule of these experts, you, too, can keep pretty clothes like new *so much longer* with Lux.

(Above) Glimpse into Paris salon of Poiret, famous couturier, showing one of the expert buyers for an American department store (seated at right) selecting imported creations for her store.

Greatest Groups of Fashion Experts ever consulted—

MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS
MUSICAL SHOWS
FAMOUS DRESSMAKERS
DEPARTMENT STORE BUYERS

all find "Lux actually doubles the life of fine fabrics" . . . Because Lux, made of the purest materials known, by a special costly process, *Re-News* with each gentle cleansing!

In using advertisements see page 6

Equip your Kitchen with A & J. Stainless Steel Kitchen Tools

For only $3.50—less than the price of a theatre ticket—you can equip your kitchen with these indispensable, better-made, genuine stainless steel A. & J. tools! A measuring spoon—plain ladle—apple corer and peeler—perforated kitchen tool—grapefruit knife—batter spoon—7-inch spatula—cake turner—kitchen knife—and fork.

Every part—except the handles—of these tools is made of the very highest quality genuine stainless steel—until now found only in most expensive cutlery. Superlatively easy to clean—no time-taking, hand-spoiling scrubbing or scouring—no danger of rust, or tarnish, or stains. Simply plunge into warm, sudsy water—rinse, and the tools are as clean, shining, and unspotted as when new.

Handles in All Colors

Every tool has a large hexagonal handle enameled in pearl gray or ivory with blu-tip, or in solid colors of green, red, blue or yellow. Every tool is guaranteed by the maker—and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Ask Your Dealer For This 10-Piece Set Today!

Give yourself a present of these work-saving tools—don't put up with make-shifts when convenience is so low priced. But, if your dealer hasn't this combination, give us his name, send us the coupon below with $3.50, and these 10 tools will be sent you, postpaid, post-haste!

A&J BLU TIP

Whether you pay a dime or a dollar, if it's marked A. & J., it's good value

A. & J. MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Binghamton, N. Y.

STAINLESS STEEL KITCHEN TOOLS

A. & J. MANUFACTURING CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
☐ Enclosed is $3.50. Please send me, postpaid, 10-piece set, No. 800-10 A. & J. Stainless Steel Kitchen Tools
☐ Ivory blu-tip ☐ Gray blu-tip ☐ Solid green ☐ Blue ☐ Yellow ☐ Red
☐ Please send me, free, catalog and price list of entire line.

My dealer's name..... *Address*.....

My name..... *Address*.....

If You Want a Career

knew her, but who, by her faithfulness, ability, and courtesy, has risen to her present fine position.

Briefly, vividly, and without glamour, this saleswoman outlined the steps which my young friend would have to take in order to be worthy of the delightful and responsible position which she sought; the time she would have to spend in learning about stock, trade, materials, styles, the laws of supply and demand, the requirements of customers and the way to meet them, the arts of dress; the familiarity she would have to acquire with foreign capitals, their large establishments, their currency, customs, and languages.

"But I want to begin right away, and all that would take twenty years!" gasped Ethel.

"Oh, at *least!*" said the saleswoman cheerfully. "You can *begin* next winter, of course. I'm sure Mr. X would give you a position here, if you really want it. He's always on the lookout for bright young women who are interested in learning. But naturally you wouldn't expect him to send you to Paris or Vienna until he was sure you wouldn't make any mistakes of any kind!"

As to the other girl, who wished to become private secretary to an ambassadress, her dismay was equally great when I told her that in order to qualify for the position she sought she would need to be much besides an expert stenographer. She would need, for instance, to have a thorough knowledge of social conditions in the city to which she wished to go, since she would be obliged to issue and answer invitations, leave cards, draw up dinner lists, assist her employer on her days at home, arrange flowers, and fill in at a bridge table or luncheon at a moment's notice. She would need to be able to adapt herself to the manifold requirements of a large household, not feeling above her own work, no matter what form this took, and not antagonizing the servants, but, on the contrary, cooperating with them. She would need, if she traveled with her employer, to be capable of buying tickets, paying bills, packing and unpacking, and, in an emergency, taking the place of a lady's maid. She would need to speak at least two languages besides English fluently, grammatically, and idiomatically. She would need to be prepared to spend at least half her salary on her clothes, to exercise the dogs, answer the telephone, and read aloud. By the time I had got this far—though I had not finished—Mabel had regretfully decided that she was not, after all, qualified to fill this highly-paid secretarial position!

Improvement Is Essential

Having prepared for your position as earnestly and as thoroughly as is humanly possible, and having embarked upon it, you must keep yourself fit to fill it, and to improve upon it, both mentally and physically. No young doctor, graduating from the best medical school in the country, would feel that he could be a successful physician unless he kept abreast of every discovery and advance made in the great science of healing by further study, by consultation and observation and practise; nor would he expect to be able to guide others in the way of health, if he neglected his own. No merchant who has stocked his shop with goods would expect to prosper if he did not constantly replenish this stock with new and attractive wares. The same truths hold good, though in different ways, of every other profession.

Of course, you must be governed in this respect, as in all others, by good sense, good judgment, and a sense of proportion. If you are a teacher of ancient history, for example, a journey to Athens and Rome would probably repay you many times over for the hard-earned savings that you would spend on such a trip; but if you are an expert candy-maker, a visit to the best-known confectioners in your vicinity would help you a good deal more. If you are a dancer, it is imperative that you should keep supple and slender, and

If You Want a Career

every other consideration should be subordinated to this. If, on the other hand, you are a painter, a few pounds more or less, a little agility more or less, will make no difference, but you should guard your eyesight as you would your own soul. Those who have been given talents "according to their several ability" should prove themselves worthy of the trust, not by wrapping them in a napkin, but by increasing them through their own intelligent and unremitting efforts.

Choose The Field You Prefer

You may think that I have devoted so much space to the discussion of your attitude toward your career, and your preparation for it, that I have not left enough for the discussion of the career itself. But since I feel that any kind of work, well done, is worthy of your consideration, and since every kind of work is available, it is natural that I should give less attention to your choice than to your approach to it. Your natural tastes and talents must guide you.

It is self-evident, of course, that if you have no eye for line and color you will not try to paint; that if you have no ear for music, you will not try to sing; that if you have no aptitude in a family sickroom you will not begin training for a nurse; that if you can not add up a column of figures swiftly and accurately you will not seek a position as an accountant. Aside from such obvious limitations as these, there is no reason why you should not enter any field you prefer, since all are open to you.

I heard a young man exclaim recently that he wished all the girls he knew did not seem to feel that they must open a tea-shop, take up interior decorating, learn shorthand, or go on the stage. Not that he had anything against tea-shops, interior decorating, shorthand, or the stage—far from it; but he thought the varied talents of his friends entitled them to a much greater variety of occupations! And I am inclined to agree with him; for, as I think over casually the women I know who have been most successful in their chosen work, I realize that one is a deep-sea diver; one is a road-builder; one is a dentist; one is a judge; one is a trade commissioner; one is a coal dealer; one is a manufacturer of maple-sugar; one is a dealer in antiques; one is a banker; one is a houseworker; one is a preacher; one is the owner and manager of a large summer hotel; one is the matron of a hospital; several are doctors, politicians, philanthropists, welfare workers, designers, dressmakers, and editors; and a number are writers, with their "field of concentration" including publicity work, advertising, statistics, translation, book-reviewing, biographical work, scenarios, verse, fiction, politics, feature articles, and straight reporting.

Therefore, as I have just said, I see no reason why you should not follow your own bent in choosing your work, and I hope that you will not hesitate to engage in some occupation that appeals to you, merely because you feel—or allow yourself to be persuaded you feel—that socially you might lose caste by doing so. For instance, I should urge you to consider the domestic arts carefully. There is nothing degrading about housework, whether it is done in one's own home or some one else's; and why it should generally be regarded as being on a lower plane than nursing, stenography, or any other vocation, for that matter, is something which I have never been able to understand. However, I do not think that this will always be so.

It was not very long ago, remember, that any girl who worked for her living was regarded with condescension, arrogance, or pity, as the case might be, by her more prosperous and consequently more idle sisters. But idleness has ceased to be the fashion among rich and poor alike. East Side and West Side go to work together. And there is no reason why they should not go into kitchens with the same sense of the dignity of labor with which

Grandma knows . . .

Stories told to princesses! Ways to go to sleep!
How to tuck in tight as tight. Where the fairies creep.
What makes star-shine snap and blaze. Why the bed's of wood,
Why the sheets are smooth and soft; soft . . and cool . . and good . .

GRANDMA knows more about sheets than the way they lull tired little bodies to rest. Years and years of experience have taught her which sheets keep whitest, which sheets launder most satisfactorily, *which sheets wear longest!*

Grandmothers, mothers, daughters—all write us frank, delightful letters bearing comments such as these about their Pequot sheets:

"I have used Pequot sheets satisfactorily for 23 years"; "A good heavy weave, more durable than other brands I have used"; "I used 6 Pequot sheets the first 10 years I was married—sending them to the laundry regularly"; "We always think of Pequot as meaning quality and long wear."

American women appreciate, too, the *luxury* of Pequot sheets. "A Pequot retains its freshness as no other sheet will," one says. Another letter states: "They look best on beds, since they do not wrinkle easily, and they keep whiter after much washing."

And — most frequently — these women say: "Mother taught me to choose Pequot." A tradition, now generations old, of wisely buying sound value! No wonder Pequot is today *the most popular brand of sheets in America!*

Now, Pequot Sheets in COLOR

Pequot now offers, in addition to pure white sheets, a choice of seven lovely colors—*all guaranteed fast.* You may have the sheets in snowy white with colored hem, or the entire sheet in delicate pastel color.

Made by the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Massachusetts. Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston: Selling Agents.

The most popular sheet in America

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

In using advertisements see page 6

FROMM Pedigreed SILVER FOXES

FROMM *Pedigreed* SILVER FOXES

EVERY woman desires silver fox — most fashionable and flattering of furs — but the woman of discrimination demands Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox—most worthy and beautiful of silver foxes.

The breeders have marked each pelt at the Fromm farm in Wisconsin—as a token of the quality resulting from careful breeding and selection—so that you can now be sure of the best in coloring and fullness and silkiness of fur.

Go to the furrier displaying the Fromm symbol pictured above. He will tell you why he and all other fur experts recommend Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. He will show you these luxurious furs — marked with a sealed tag—bearing an individual number—in return for which the purchaser is given a certificate vouching for the pedigreed superiority of the pelt.

If your furrier does not have Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes, write us his name, and we will see that you are shown an assortment of these exquisite scarfs. We will also send you, without charge, our booklet, telling the story of Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes—and instructing you how to care for your scarf.

THIS Medallion identifies the genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox. Be sure it is intact. You remove it — mail it to Fromm with your name and address—and you will receive a certificate—describing the scarf you have purchased and stating its pedigree.

FROMM BROS., NIEMAN & CO., THIENSVILLE, WISCONSIN

If You Want a Career

they go into offices. The girl who decides to enter domestic service can be certain nowadays of good food, good living quarters, good equipment for her task, and higher pay than she can get for almost anything else—unless she is exceptionally gifted; and she is to my mind extremely wise if she takes advantage of the changed conditions which have brought about this situation, and which have raised domestic science to its proper—and beautiful—place among the professions.

Perhaps I may also venture to say that I see no reason why a girl should hesitate to enter a field that appeals to her merely because it is not considered "respectable" by the same kind of narrow-minded and uninformed persons who think housework is "degrading." It is quite as possible to be "respectable" on the stage—for instance—as in the sickroom, and in a dressmaker's establishment as in a broker's office. It all depends on you. If you have a pretty face, a charming manner, and a lovely figure, combined with histrionic ability or a flair for clothes, remember that these are God-given no less than a talent for drawing or a well-pitched voice, and that they can be used in His service and the service of the world quite as truly. Different persons make of the same task a success or a failure, a drudgery or a delight, a shame or a glory, according to their character and their caliber.

Work Has Different Meanings

The story of Sir Christopher Wren walking unrecognized among his workmen, which has already been told so many times, can be told many times more to advantage. Coming upon three toilers, all engaged alike, he said to the first,

"What are you doing?"

"I am hauling stone," the man replied, for to him his work was nothing but heavy manual labor.

"What are you doing?" the great architect asked the second.

"I am earning ten shillings a day," said the man, for to him his work meant nothing beyond the daily wage that he gained.

"And what are *you* doing?"

The question was asked a third time, and the third man looked up with a transfigured face. "I am building a cathedral!" he exclaimed. And his voice rang with joy.

So whether you decide to become a cook or a chorus girl, a banker or a builder, a stenographer or a surgeon or a singer, an aviator or an architect or an author, a dressmaker or a diplomat or a dentist, remember that it rests with you whether you haul stone—a heavy, hopeless task; or whether you earn ten shillings a day, seeing in financial advancement not a means to an end but an end in itself; or whether you build a cathedral—a permanent monument of beauty and holiness. Any one can do the first; almost any one can do the second; but only those who are really in earnest and really consecrated to their task can do the third. If you wish to make a cathedral out of your work you must cleanse your mind of the fallacy that you can "lead your own life" untouched by your duty to others; you must assume, and not evade responsibilities; you must laugh at loneliness, smile at sickness, and beware of jealousy; you must sacrifice yourself, and decline to sacrifice any one else, to attain your ends; you must remember that you can not have your cake and eat it, too, and if you go hungry, you must not whimper; you must decide whether the game is worth the candle, and if it is, you must keep the candle burning with a steady, shining flame.

That is what it means to be in earnest about a career. That is what I believe *you* mean when you tell me you want to have one; and that is why I say God bless you—as I know He will prosper you—in your undertaking.

With deep affection always,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

These Pioneers

(*Continued from page 43*)

I'm going to New York tomorrow morning."

"New York? Tomorrow? Oh."

"Going to look for a job. Been fooling around here long enough. Graduated last June. Had a fool job with the stock yards here. Chucked it last week."

"That's great," said Cissy. "Know anybody in New York?"

"Not a soul."

"Gee. You won't mind that?"

"I don't think so," replied Red. "I'm never lonely. Got over that. My mother died four years ago. That's why I was so late finishing college. I had to take care of her. I wanted to!" he added quickly.

"Of course. I'll have Becky Radnor look you up. She lives in New York."

He held up a hand. "Please, lady, no females. Can't afford 'em. What you bet I get only fifty a week to start on?"

"Why—" Cissy hesitated. Never before had the problem of young men's salaries crossed her mind. "Oh, well, you'll get more later."

"Maybe," said he grimly, "if I'm any good." He crossed his long legs. "Now you tell me one. You look pretty happy. What do you do with yourself all the time? This sort of thing?" He waved a lean hand in the general direction of Aunt Agnes's party.

"Yes," said Cissy. "Pretty much."

"And you like it? That's fine. I like to see people doing what they like."

"Oh, there you are!" came a glad voice at the door. It was Harry, flushed and triumphant, bearing his little sherbet cup. "Oh, hello, Stuart. Excuse me, but Cissy would have herself a hunk of grape ice, nothing but. Listen, they're having square dances upstairs. Aunt Agnes and Colonel Evans and old man Longstreet and a whole flock of them. Darndest-looking thing you ever saw—"

As they left Uncle Rufus's sanctum, Harry voluble and gesticulating, Red said to Cissy,

"If I don't go to New York tomorrow, may I come to see you?"

"I'd love it," said Cissy. "At four."

RED came the next day at four.

"I've got a dinner on at eight," said Cissy, as he was about to leave.

"Darn," said Red.

"All right, I'll break it."

"No," said Red frowning, "I don't believe in that."

Cissy stared. It had never occurred to her before to have principles about dinner parties. "It's at Mary Wright's, and it's music afterward. I can explain to her perfectly."

Red hesitated.

"Wait."

She went over to the telephone. Miss Wright was put on the telephone.

"Listen, darling," said Cissy. "I'm in a pickle. I've got a dear friend—" she grinned at Red—"a dear friend who is in town just for the evening. No, you don't know him. Oh, Mary, you're such a peach! All right, I will. All right, thanks. Yes, we will. No, I won't. All right. Mary, thanks awfully, really . . .

"There!" she said. "Now you can stay to dinner."

So Red stayed to dinner, was very polite to Mr. Willson, was very abstracted, too.

After dinner they sat in front of the fire in the library and in three hours had accomplished a great deal in the matter of falling in love.

At eleven Red rose. "I'm not going to New York tomorrow, either," he said. "I suppose I'm a fool to hang around like this but—"

"I was hoping you'd stay," said Cissy.

For four days they rode in Cissy's little roadster, they sat in front of Cissy's fire, they walked in Cissy's Chicago. On Saturday afternoon Red suddenly said,

"I'm going tomorrow, Cissy."

"Are you, Red?"

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes

For the foot that is "*Hard to Fit*"

NOT enough women know that their "foot troubles" are usually "fit troubles." And there's a good reason. Ordinary shoes are made to vary only in length and width. Yet the foot itself also varies at three other points—at the instep, waist and heel. When a shoe fails to fit at all five points, some foot (fit) trouble often develops.

Wilbur Coon Shoes Give This 5-Point Fit

And the result is relief from corns, bunions, callouses and arch trouble. Slipping heels, gaping sides and wrinkles disappear. Your shoe, now fitted to your individual measurements, looks smarter and daintier. Yet you pay no premium for this expert fit and comfort.

256 Sizes—1 to 12—AAAA to EEEEE

The largest range of sizes and widths and combinations available. Every length-and-width size has three combination fittings at instep, waist and heel. "Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes" is now a reality for women everywhere. In various leathers and fabrics.

Smart Spring Styles Now Being Shown—Write for Dealer's Name

Read This New Book

If you have trouble with your feet or shoes, this book will show you the way to foot comfort and smartness through perfect fit. Contains many new shoe styles. Mailed free on request. *Use this coupon.*

W. B. Coon Company, 69 Canal St., Rochester, N.Y.

Please send booklet *"How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe"*, and nearest dealer's name.

Name _____

Address _____

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Wilbur Coon Shoes

In using advertisements see page 6

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use.

A package lasts over three months.

April 1929 Good Housekeeping

These Pioneers

"Yep, I've got to begin. Cissy!" He clenched his thin fingers. "This hasn't been just—a lark—to you, has it?"

She shook her head. "No, Red."

"Cissy, you're so rich and everything. Would you marry a poor nobody? A fellow that hasn't got a nickel to his name?"

"I'd be crazy about it, Red," replied Cissy.

"Have you any idea how poor I am?"

"No."

"Well, I'm as poor as they come. Your chauffeur makes more than I've ever made. You spend as much on clothes in a year as I spent all the way through Harvard. I have exactly three hundred dollars to my name. I haven't a job, and if I don't get one in New York, I'll have to eat up the three hundred, and then I'll drive a taxi or run an elevator.

"What's more, I haven't anything coming to me. My dad was a minister in a country church. So was his dad. My uncles and cousins are farmers and country doctors and high-school teachers. My aunts do their own work. There's never been a butler in the entire history of the Stuart family. Or a string of pearls. Or a limousine. We're the plainest, poorest people you probably ever met.

"As for me, I may never get any further than my family has. I want to make some money, but I may not. And if you marry me, you may have to be grubby like me all your life. I mean, we have to face that. Because I don't want a nickel from your father. I wouldn't take it, and I wouldn't let you take it.

"We'll have to live in a dinky apartment at first, and you'll have to work and go without things. You'll have to count nickels as you count dollars now, or hundreds of dollars. You'll have to ride in subways and eat pork chops and sit in cheap seats at the theatre, and buy cheap clothes and watch bills like a hawk and play anagrams instead of cent-a-point bridge. You'll have to put up with sloppy, cheap servants, and count the laundry yourself to see that they haven't gypped us out of one of my four good shirts, and go to bargain sales and mend my socks and go to free concerts instead of the opera and free lectures instead of first nights.

"I can't buy you orchids or furs or even probably what you'd consider decent stockings. I can't get you a diamond engagement ring. The little platinum wedding ring will be all I can manage. Now do you want to? Do you—"

"I do, Red." Cissy looked at him clearly.

"All right," said Red. "I believe you."

THEY went to Cissy's father the next morning.

"I think I can get fifty a week, sir," said Red. "Two people can live on fifty dollars. Cissy is willing. I'm taking her at her word. We hope you're willing, too."

Tom gasped. He had just had Cissy's bills for the month of October, totaling well over two thousand dollars.

"I would be willing," he said, "if Cissy knew what she was up against, but she doesn't. And I'm afraid she'd go under and you with her, boy. Poverty's a grinding, cruel thing, even when you're used to it."

He looked at Cissy. The girl was shining.

"Well," he added, "maybe we can do something. If you'll stay in Chicago—"

"No, sir," said Red. "Thanks awfully. But we've got to go it alone. I couldn't look Cissy in the eye if I didn't."

"Dad understands that perfectly," put in Cissy.

And Tom did, although he wondered how Cissy knew that he did.

"Well," he said, "supposing you go on to New York and see what turns up. Cissy, of course, is a free agent. She's twenty-two, and she's supposed to have normal intelligence. Besides, it always seemed to me that marriage is one thing people ought to be allowed to manage themselves."

Tom had heartfelt reason for this position. He had married his own wife, a frail and lovely

The Answer to "What is Youth?"

by Elizabeth Arden

Women no longer want merely to look young.
No—they want to BE young.

"FACES need not lose the firm elastic muscles of childhood," says Elizabeth Arden, "or the fine, clear texture. The signs of age are due to neglect and they are avoidable if the skin is kept immaculately cleansed, if it is nourished and the blood flows joyously beneath it."

So, hand-in-hand with modern science, Miss Arden has developed her Treatments and her Venetian Toilet Preparations. In the friendly quiet of the Treatment rooms at her Salon, skilled assistants, trained by Miss Arden herself, apply the creams that cleanse and the creams that supple, invigorating astringents and muscle-toning oil, with deft hands that give to each woman exactly what she individually needs.

The marvel of it is that women everywhere can enjoy the benefits of the Salon method. Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale in the smartest shops throughout the world. And Miss Arden's scientific manner of caring for the skin may be learned by writing for a free copy of her little book, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

In exercise, as in the care of the skin, Miss Arden stands for all that is best and surely successful. Her specially planned exercises for women are famous in the smart world. And now to add to these exercises she is introducing a new form of self-expression through movement. It is called Plastic Exercise, and it gives a new kind of glory to the familiar routine.

And again, the perfection of the Salon method is available for all. Elizabeth Arden Exercise Records, playable on any phonograph, enjoyably teach a series of rhythmic movements that will regulate contours and stimulate circulation.

Elizabeth Arden designates in home care of the skin ★

For cleansing: VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM. $1, $2, $3, $6.

For toning and whitening: VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

For smoothness without fattening: ARDENA VELVA CREAM. $1, $2, $3, $6.

For tightening skin: VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT. $2.25, $4.

For helping to restore sunken tissues: VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL. $1, $2.50, $4.

For contracting sluggish pores: VENETIAN PORE CREAM. $1, $2.50.

For a protective powder base: AMORETTA CREAM. $1, $2.

For removing wrinkles around eyes: VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM. $1.50.

Invisible face powder: POUDRE D'ILLUSION. In Illusion (a flesh tint), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White. $3.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for Beauty and Health.

On sale at smart shops all over the United States, Canada, Great Britain, in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia, The Far East, South America, West Indies, The Philippines, Porto Rico, and Honolulu, Hawaii

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1929.

In using advertisements see page 6

Gone

is all the drudgery and mystery of learning to play a piano . . . . . .

So simple and effective are the new methods of teaching that Public Schools are successfully giving Class Instruction to Children . . . .

THE piano has taken a new and important place in modern education. For years educators have agreed that if piano study could be made simple and interesting it would become one of the real important subjects in training the minds of the children of this country. And why not? Is not music the greatest spiritual influence that a child can have?

Piano Study Simplified

The simplification of piano study has been accomplished. Modern methods of teaching make learning to play the piano so natural, so effective and so interesting, that over 400 cities and towns in this country have added piano study to their curriculum.

This new educational movement is gaining ground daily. City after city is offering piano study as an optional course in its public schools. Think of the significance of these happenings. In not a great while every child in America will be able to learn the rudiments of piano playing at school —and at public expense.

Chicago Schools Adopt Class Piano Instruction

So successful is this plan of teaching children to play the piano, that the city of Chicago recently put piano study at the option of its public school children. To know and love music and how to make it, is indeed a contribution to public welfare.

You will naturally be interested in the spread of this work. It means additional advantages to your own children. Let us send you some literature describing this new development in child education. Send for it today.

National Piano Manufacturers Association

247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

These Pioneers

invalid, against a storm of opposition. She had lived only seven years, but they were years so richly full that Tom, bereft as he was, still lived on those brief years, had yet to find a living woman who could fill his heart as his dead Margaret did.

Red left that afternoon, and Cissy went around in a high state of suspense. Only one thing in the world was important now, that Red should get a job.

On the third day she had a telegram: "Got the job at fifty per stop is that really enough?"

She wired back: "Heaps stop and I have plenty of furniture stop Dad says go ahead but then he knew we would anyway."

Red wrote: "Darling, I'm worried about the wedding. It costs like the devil to go to Chicago but I wouldn't do it any other way. I do think brides ought to be gone for and fetched. I have three hundred in the bank. Do I have to have a cutaway? I don't own one. And I'll never need it again. But I want to be right for you. It's swell about the furniture. I like the idea of having some of your old family stuff. I'm saving thirty a week. Oh, yes, the job. Not bad. Small office, small accounts, but good enough for a beginner. I'm doing a series of layouts now on Peter-Panties, rubber trousers for babies. Makes me feel like the mother of six. Your dad is a brick. And you are a brick and an angel and a darling. And I am a transported man."

Meanwhile, Cissy was taking cooking lessons, doing her own mending, and trying otherwise to learn how to be the wife of a poor young advertising man.

The cooking lessons left something to be desired, however. She spoke of this to the lady who, for ten dollars a lesson, instructed the daughters of the rich in that useful art.

"But, Miss Ritchie, I'll never see a mushroom when I'm married. Or an artichoke. Or a shrimp. Or a sweetbread."

Miss Ritchie smiled archly. These rich girls would have their little jokes.

IN FEBRUARY Red came for his bride.

Wedding presents poured in. Cissy gave her father three of the four silver fruit bowls, six of the nine silver platters, two of the three clocks, and odd dozens of plates and glasses which a generous constituency lavished upon a favorite daughter. Parties were endless. Even Cissy was groggy-eyed after the brutal round of teas and luncheons and dinners in her honor. And Tom gave Red a bachelor dinner that no scion of any of Chicago's nobility could have scorned.

The wedding which Tom arranged was bang-up, if small. The hour was noon. The place was Tom's drawing-room, banked with white lilacs brought all the way from Georgia, because Cissy loved white lilacs and only in Georgia were they abloom. The maid of honor was old Lydia, dashing in peach-colored tulle. Tommy was home from school, round-eyed at the thought of his sister being a married woman. Tom was handsome and hospitable, and in his heart genuinely proud of this daughter of his. But he was afraid for her, too. Spoiled girls, Tom still held out, should not marry poverty-ridden young men.

As for Cissy and Red, they stood shoulder to shoulder at the garlanded little altar and pledged their vows in clear and confident voices. If the truth were known, Red did not feel quite so confident as he sounded. Could he, could he, in the plain, humdrum life that was to be theirs, keep this girl as smiling and tender and trustful as she was today?

But Cissy's faith was complete. She believed in Red and in herself and in life as she had always believed in everything, whole-heartedly and without a question.

THEY found an apartment in Dyckman Street at forty-five dollars a month.

At first Cissy was appalled by the smallness of its three rooms, the dinginess of the neighborhood, the distance for Red from the office.

These Pioneers

Then she began envisioning her furniture in the little rooms, saw that the sun did creep in of afternoons, and that the bathroom was modern and slick.

They put the four-poster in the bedroom, the refectory table in the living-room, and the chairs everywhere. Two of the chairs were humble little maple affairs of Empire persuasion, of that original family of six that had traveled westward with Thomas and Narcissa Willson in 1835. Perhaps on their return journey they had creaked a bit in protest at being uprooted from their adopted country. Perhaps they were glad to be back East again after so long a sojourn in a strange land. Anyway, there they stood in Cissy's bedroom, stiff and decorous, for Red to put his shoes under at night, for Cissy to throw her brief, expensive garments on in a pleasant, feminine heap.

"Curtains," said Cissy one day. "What the dickens does one do about curtains?"

"They have 'em at department stores," said Red. "See 'em advertised."

So Cissy bought ruffled net curtains at $2.75 a pair, and Red hung them. And they both exclaimed over the charm of those ruffled white curtains festooning their windows so sweetly. Nearly one hundred years before, Narcissa and Thomas Willson had so exclaimed over the new, red-calico curtains hung at the windows of their log house.

"Now," said Cissy, "drapes."

"What's drapes?" asked Red.

"Things to hang at the doors."

But drapes were too expensive. Cissy bought some of glazed chintz, and at the look on Red's face, when she told him the price, hastily took them back. She bought instead some material by the yard and brought it home.

"Very pretty," said Red, "but who's going to sew it?"

"Me," said Cissy.

"You can't."

"I know it," said Cissy. "Could you—maybe?"

"God forbid!" said Red.

So she took it to the tailor around the corner, and great was that gentleman's bewilderment when requested to tailor two pairs of cretonne draperies. But Cissy was firm, and the draperies turned out beautiful and trim.

CISSY plunged into cooking. "They say," she said, "pot roast is cheap and tasty. Like it?"

"My favorite dish."

But hers was not the savory, spicy pot roast of their dreams.

"Dog meat," said Cissy, prying it with a fork.

"Send it to Quirk," suggested Red.

Cissy wrote a letter to the cooking department of a woman's magazine.

"What makes pot roast black and rich?" she requested to know. "Mine is grayish and sad."

"Ah," she said to Red, when the reply had come back. "You sizzle it first and then add bay leaves and things."

Perhaps the greatest day in Cissy's life was the one on which they sat down to a pot roast of her own making, a pot roast dark and rich in color, spicy and racy of taste.

The apartment was finished to the last touch.

"Now," said Cissy, "what about this career-business for me?"

They had discussed before the advisability of Cissy's getting a job.

"Up to you, darling."

Secretly, Red would have preferred to keep his wife at home, but that was Cissy's affair, he considered.

Cissy hunted jobs for three days.

"No," she told Red on the third evening, "nothing to it. I can earn twenty a week at a department store, twenty-five a week as a reception clerk in a movie office, or I could spend three months learning shorthand and grab off maybe thirty. But carfares and lunches would eat up some of it, and our dinners out would take nearly all the rest."

Why do faces grow old *and shoulders stay young*

DO YOU KNOW ?

SHE happened to take her hand mirror to a bright window . . . the horrid truth burst on her. Her shoulders and back were as satiny youthful as they'd ever been. But *her face!* It was actually getting old! It had already lost a little of its apple-blossom smoothness, its youthful texture. In that candid light it looked positively coarse.

What a panicky moment when a woman who has considered herself young realizes that her face is beginning to show wear and tear!

What makes the face and hands grow old so much faster than the shoulders? Weathering! It's weathering that makes everything grow old; it ages the paint on your house, it corrodes metals—and these are things built to withstand exposure. What, then, of the delicate skin of a woman when it meets these same harsh conditions! Exposure to raw Spring winds. To dust. To smoke and grime. To heat and cold. Naturally, this day-by-day weathering dries the moisture and suppleness from the skin. No wonder it gets old!

See for yourself. Just compare the silky-textured skin of the *protected* part of your body with the texture of your face and hands. You started life with the same lovely skin all over. Exposure—weathering—has made the difference.

Is it still possible to repair the damage already done, to prevent further ravage? Yes—and quite simply, too. If your skin is to look young—and stay young—you must keep it naturally soft and supple—free from chapping and windburn. Hinds Honey & Almond Cream will do it for you. This wonderful liquid cream seeps gently into the skin, freshening it as it sinks in. Use it today, to offset today's weathering. Use it tomorrow, the day after and every day. Then weathering won't affect your skin. And if your skin is beginning to "go" a little, you'll find that Hinds Cream will supple it again. If it is chapped and rough from the wind, Hinds Cream will soothe and relieve. Because it puts back the moisture exposure has dried out.

In the morning after you have washed your face, smooth in Hinds Cream. Then apply your powder and rouge. And during the day, whenever you have a minute, smooth in Hinds Cream. Use it again on your face and hands at night before going to bed.

Try this friendly Hinds Cream. It will give your skin the chance to be as nice as it was ten years ago. And if your skin is exquisite now, it will keep it so.

We'll be glad to send you a generous sample bottle. When you see how gratefully Hinds Cream is absorbed by the skin, how sweetly soft your skin feels, how fresh and young it looks, we know you'll feel repaid.

To get this sample bottle just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m. Eastern time; 7 p.m. Central time.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 189 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM —the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

This coupon not good after March, 1930

LEHN & FINK (Canada) Ltd., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8

In using advertisements see page 6

Check "ammonia diaper" irritation *with* MENNEN

When red blotches of irritation appear on baby in the "diaper region" it is probably caused by "ammonia diaper" (easily recognized by the odor.)

Mennen Borated Baby Powder gives quick relief

FREE: *Nursery Wall Chart on Baby Care*

This Mennen Baby Chart graphically illustrates the essential routine of baby care. It is about 3 feet long and may be conveniently hung on the nursery wall. Write for your chart—it's FREE.

The NEW Mennen Can with the nursery motif —in delicate color tones.

When baby's buttocks and thighs are red and sore—scalded by "ammonia" from the diaper—only Mennen Borated will do, because it is Borated and Zincated scientifically as a specific relief for this condition.

Your doctor will tell you of the virtues of boric acid and zinc oxide in the treatment of inflamed skin.

Mennen Borated Baby Powder quenches the "fire" in the diaper region—soothes and cools the child's skin by helping evaporate excess moisture.

Mennen is different from all other powders because it is properly Borated and Zincated in combination with a perfect blend of purest talc.

You will note the softness and smoothness of Mennen Borated Baby Powder. It prevents friction and chafing in the folds of baby's skin.

The MENNEN Co., Dept. GH4., Newark, N. J.
The MENNEN Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

MENNEN
BORATED BABY TALCUM

These Pioneers

Because I couldn't do a job downtown and cook your dinners, darling. I'm too darned slow. But I answered an advertisement yesterday. A Japanese gentleman wanted German lessons, and I applied and P. S. I got the job. Five dollars a lesson. Twice a week. Every Monday and Thursday evening at eight."

"Good Lord," said Red.

"Of course, I know French better than German, but at that I'll know more German than he will. His name is Hisao Momose, and he's in the Japanese bank here. And on Monday and Thursday evening you will retire into the bedroom and curl up with a good book."

"Smart mama," said Red warmly.

So life as it was to be lived began for Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stuart. They even began a social life of a sort.

Becky Radnor had turned up, squealing with delight that Cissy was in New York. And not a hair did Becky turn at the sight of Cissy's cheap, brave little apartment; not a sign did she make at the spectacle of Cissy stewing tea and buttering muffins in a dark, cramped New York kitchen. She gabbled gaily on. Cissy and her Red must meet all the gang. They must do all sorts of jolly things. There were some awfully amusing places. Had Cissy been to any of the Harlem night clubs?

"Becky," said Cissy, "we can't. We couldn't keep up."

Becky stared. "Keep up with what?"

"With you. And your friends. We can't do theatres much. We can't entertain except in the simplest way. When my clothes go—I've got scads now, of course—I'll have to buy cheap ones. We can't buy theatre tickets and go to night clubs and send people flowers and steamer presents—on the grand scale, I mean. We can't play bridge for money. We can't do any of the things you do, in the way you do them. See? Get it through your head?"

Becky was dashed, and she didn't quite get it through her head, but she gave in gracefully.

"All right. That's settled. And am I out, too?"

"Darling!" Cissy put out a quick hand. "I should say you're not out. If you'll come all the way to Dyckman Street and let me go all the way to East 68th Street sometimes, that's just what I want. And if any of the other girls I knew at school will do the same, that's all jake. Only don't try to make us swim in the grand big society pond. We couldn't do it. And we don't want to have to try. Now, will you come to dinner next Wednesday night? Red's bringing home a man. I'm going to stew an old, old rooster. And Red and his boyfriend will wash the dishes. All right?"

"Grand," sighed Becky blissfully.

But—Cissy Willson stewing roosters!

RED was bringing home many a man and many a woman these days, and a more complete collection of down-at-the-heel newspaper men, incipient and unsuccessful poets, painters who hadn't arrived, bond salesmen who didn't sell any bonds, little wistful married couples, girls working their way through college, music students with empty pockets, could not have been assembled by any one except the talented Red. Red brought them home proudly, and Cissy fed them royally. She liked most of them. They were all trying to do something, just as Red was. They were a hard-working lot, and Cissy had lately learned to appreciate work and persons who worked. But if she had not liked them, she would have fed them just the same. Red's genius for finding out all the needy little people in the world, Red's stout championship of every lame duck he saw, were too precious to his wife for one word of discouragement from her—even if lame ducks are always hungry ducks and capable of eating anybody out of house and home.

The lame ducks were far from lugubrious over their various plights, however. Banter flew around the four walls of the little Dyckman Street flat. Laughter rang there night after night.

These Pioneers

"But the thing I can't decide," said Cissy one day, "is whether it's true hospitality to have people often and give 'em what you've got, or to have 'em less often and do them honor with a real fancy feed."

"Give 'em what you've got," spoke Red.

So Cissy, often with Becky's help, fed them frankfurters and sauerkraut, beef stews and carrots, and Red announced stentoriously one night that them as wanted to smoke would please to bring their own cigarettes, the Stuarts certainly could not afford to buy coffin-nails for every cigarette fiend in New York. And now and again they went down to Greenwich Village or to Morningside Heights on return invitations from the impecunious but grateful lame ducks.

Becky remained loyal, braved the subway and Dyckman Street every week, as often as she could pried Cissy loose for a luncheon or tea, was triumphant when she could get them both downtown for a quiet dinner or a theatre party.

She tried gravely, too, to help Cissy in domestic problems.

"Now there's custard," Cissy said one day. "What do you do to custard to make it jell? Mine is very odd custard—you know, like Russian soup, runny underneath, clotty on top."

"I'd stick to gelatine," advised Becky.

"I do. And cut-up oranges and bananas. And baked apples. Becky, if you ever get married and don't know what to give your husband for his supper, bake an apple."

"I will," said Becky, heiress to ten millions.

One Saturday Red came home to find Cissy plunged into soapsuds in the kitchen wash-tub.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Oh, Red. What did you come home for?"

He glared at the wash-tub, at the heaped-up wet clothes, at her.

"Get out of here," said Red.

"I won't."

"Get out. No wife of mine washes clothes in my house."

"You're a nut. Do you know how much we pay that Bohunk to wash our clothes every week? Four-ten and a big fat lunch to boot. How can I earn—"

"Get out," repeated Red.

And Red finished the washing.

SUMMER came, with it Tom Willson and young Tommy, to take Cissy and Red on unbelievable junkets to roof gardens and theatres, to Long Island for week-ends, to Massachusetts on a week's motor tour. That week was Red's vacation. One week with pay was all the office could allow him, and a week without pay Red did not even consider.

In the fall Red got a ten-dollar raise, and the Japanese gentleman wearied of German lessons, so the weekly income remained *in statu quo*.

And Cissy's cooking and dishwashing and mopping and sweeping went on, and they began to pall.

The apartment was dinky. Housework was dull. Cissy, looking back at Chicago, did not regret that she had exchanged Chicago and all that it implied for New York and Red. Only, darn it, the money thing was beastly. It was beastly, always, every time you made a move or thought a thought, to have money on your mind. She hated it. Hated to poke around on a butcher's counter, hunting a little cheap hunk of meat. Hated to ride everywhere she went in the smelly subway or the slow old bus. Hated to climb eternally to the top gallery of a theatre. Hated to buy ten-cent mints, drug-store ice-cream, cut-rate soap, grocery-store cakes, three jonquils instead of a dozen, bananas instead of oranges, oranges instead of grapes. Hated to press her own clothes, mend her own lingerie, mess around with little bottles and rags trying to clean her own frocks. She hated it, but she did it. Red had warned her; she had given her word. And Red was worth it all.

Free for the Afternoon—

with dinner in the oven and the *AutomatiCook* standing guard

THOUSANDS upon thousands of women are now freed forever from the kitchen range. The White Handle AutomatiCook has made this possible.

You simply prepare the food for the oven—light the burner—set the White Handle at the proper temperature mark and slip the food into the oven.

Then, with an easy mind, you can go about your other duties, or leave the house entirely for an afternoon in the shops, at bridge or the matinee.

Roasts, fowl, pastries, bread—even whole meals are cooked in this way—with never a failure, never a burned, scorched or underdone bit of food.

For the AutomatiCook is absolutely dependable, and *it works automatically*. It is not subject to errors of judgment, and it just can't forget.

The AutomatiCook is on more than 90 makes of modern ranges. It is not sold separately. It is recommended by home economics bureaus, gas companies, and range dealers—everywhere.

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook—very complete—attractively illustrated. Send 25c today for your copy.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY · *Youngwood, Penna.*

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In using advertisements see page 6

You never knew before how SMART a window shade could be!

The first glimpse of Brenlin Stripes will change all the ideas you've ever had about window shades.

For here at last is a window shade with distinction of *pattern!*

Smart, slender stripes, woven right in the fabric itself. Window shades that are actual units of decoration, like your draperies, rugs, furniture!

Many beautiful hand-applied tints to choose from. Colors that resist fading by sun, spotting by rain.

Brenlin Stripes will not wrinkle or sag. Its reinforcing stripes and firm Brenlin material keep this shade always straight and smooth-hanging.

Send for samples, descriptive book, and color selector

See Brenlin Stripes for yourself! And choose just the tints which will harmonize with your rooms—by means of an interesting new Color Selector. 10c enclosed with coupon below brings you samples of Brenlin Stripes in all tints. Color Selector, and instructive book on this modish material. We will also send name and address of your nearest Brenlin dealer.

BRENLIN STRIPES

The Chas. W. Breneman Company, Dept. B-7, 2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me samples of Brenlin Stripes, descriptive book, and Color Selector. Also, name and address of nearest Brenlin dealer. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin)

Name.....

Address.....

These Pioneers

The lame ducks still came, and Cissy and Red still made their return excursions. On October the twenty-seventh, the Stuarts celebrated their meeting-day of a year before by going to a revue and laughing themselves sick over the leading man's jokes. But the tickets had cost $13.20, and Red needed a new overcoat.

In November Tom wrote and formally invited his daughter to visit him, not neglecting to mention that it would be his pleasure to pay her fare.

"Go on," urged Red. "It'll be a grand spree for you."

But before she could get off, Red fell ill. He came home one blowy, biting day with a flushed face and too-bright eyes.

"I feel funny."

"Red, you're sick!"

Red's illness lasted four long weeks. The first night the physician looked at Cissy shrewdly.

"Could you nurse him?"

"Yes," said Cissy, who had nursed nobody in the world except Quirk.

She and Becky nursed Red through those first five days, Becky in the daytime, Cissy at night. It was a severe case of grippe, just skirting pneumonia. Red's temperature was 104. He was delirious. And in his delirium he kept fighting to get out of bed.

"I gotta go to the office. Why," he would demand then angrily, "is everybody trying to keep me in bed? I gotta work!"

And then, when they had forced him down on the pillows again, he would murmur, "Gee, my head," and would drift off to sleep for another restless, tossing half-hour.

Cissy went around thinking: "It was that thin old overcoat. And the old hot subway. And his skimpy lunches."

Tom telegraphed that he would foot the bills. And Cissy, choking as she wrote, replied that she knew Red would rather not—and wondered, as she wrote, how much the doctor would charge for his two visits a day.

Tom telegraphed, "Get a nurse or I'll come and nurse him myself."

So Miss Adams was imported, and Becky was sent home.

After it was all over, they took from Red's precious savings one hundred dollars for a fleece-lined overcoat. And Red promised to drink malted milk every day for lunch and to eat until he burst. Cissy cried again when the doctor's bill came, a mere fifty dollars for all those days and nights of service.

"Red, think of that. That man—it was worth hundreds."

"Good scout!" said Red huskily.

BY CHRISTMAS Red was well again, had lost his haggardness, had put a little flesh over his sharp bones. Cissy gave him a muffler, he gave her a little bronze dog, Quirk to the life. They sent her father cigars, Tommy a tie, and on Christmas Eve Red delivered to the doctor the best framed etching that twenty-five dollars could buy.

But that first married Christmas was somehow dreary. The dinner was all right—one of Cissy's famous stewed roosters—but Cissy was tired, tired of stewing roosters, tired of eating them, tired in her body, tired in her soul. She rushed around briskly enough, tried to be gay, but the tiredness was there. Red saw it. Cissy knew that he saw it, and couldn't help it.

They read that afternoon, took a walk. And at home, Cissy was thinking, dad was having his famous Christmas afternoon party; tonight old Lydia was giving a Christmas dance.

In bed that night Red gathered her up suddenly, buried his head in her shoulder. He said not a word, but it was as if he said:

"Don't give up yet. Don't give me up, Cissy."

Cissy, contrite, hugged him fiercely.

As the winter went on, the strange langour of that Christmas Day gave way to a new restlessness that, fight it as she would, Cissy could

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with stainless Mirror-
stele blades, new
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not conquer. Days she would fly around feverishly as if to flee from something that dogged her very heels. Nights she would lie in bed hours after Red had gone to sleep, and with every part of her, body, mind, soul, she ached—ached for the gaiety, the ease, the luxury of her old life; ached to dance to jazz, to drift down a theatre aisle to the sound of violins, to sit at suave and brilliant dinner tables with gay, amusing men and women, to wander around shops among lovely, lavish things, hers if she wanted them, to spend long, idle afternoons once more with Lydia and Mary and the others, chattering, drinking tea, gossiping, laughing.

Just so had the first Narcissa lain in her rose bed in Illinois, aching for the more easeful, convivial life which she had left behind in her native Pennsylvania.

In February Tom wrote plaintively that he didn't see why, just because a girl was married, she couldn't visit her father, and enclosed a check for one hundred dollars.

Cissy arrived in time for a Valentine party at Mary Wright's, a coming-out party for little Lucy Steers, and a dozen other teas and dinners, here, there, and everywhere. She was ridiculously happy. Happy because of Red back there in New York, her Red whom she knew now, if she had never known it before, she loved even better than all the luxury, all the jollity, all the carefree idleness, of this other world. But happy, too, because she was again tasting deeply of this world and, tasting, was finding it sweet.

"Look, Cis," said her father one day, "I'm going to give you these portraits of your great-granny and grandpa. I didn't like that bare place over the couch in your living-room. These will fill it up nicely."

Cissy looked critically at the portraits which, in later days of affluence, Narcissa and Thomas had had painted by an itinerant and not too classical painter peddling his way around the new Middle West.

"Mm. I like 'em," said Cissy. "Gee, old Tom was stern-looking, wasn't he?"

"He had something to be stern about," replied Tom shortly.

"Yeh? Well, I like Narcissa better. And I'd love to have the portraits, dad."

"All right," said Tom. "I suppose Tommy ought to have them some day if he ever gets married. But he's a long way from being married, that young man. What do you think he wants now?" Tom asked indignantly. "Polo ponies!"

Cissy laughed.

"Well, he won't get 'em," stated Tom flatly. "What he'll get when he finishes prep school is a nice, hard job at fifteen a week, if he doesn't want to go to college. My Heavens, a kid of seventeen talking about polo ponies!"

THEN one day Cissy came to her father, flushed and grave and important.

"Dad, I've got to go home. Right away."

"Why?"

"I'm going to have a baby. And Red doesn't know. Didn't myself. I've just been to Dr. Morris."

Tom took his cigar out of his mouth. "Well, what's the hurry? You're not going to have it tomorrow, are you?"

"No. But—well, I just don't want to be racketing around here any more with that coming along. I want to be with Red." She looked at him bravely.

"All right," said Tom. "There are trains every day. Tomorrow be all right?"

"Yes."

Later Tom asked: "Was this thing planned, Cissy?—If I'm not being intrusive."

"Yes, dad."

"But—well, babies are expensive these days. And with Red trying to get ahead—"

"I know, dad," said Cissy. "And Red didn't want to—much—at first. But I did. If we have a baby, we'll take care of it some way. If we wait, we might wait forever. So we're

These Pioneers

going to have it—now. I—want it like the dickens."

"I see," said Tom.

And he did. He saw it entirely, and again he was proud of his girl, and again he was afraid for her.

"Well," he said, "you needn't name it after me or anything, but you've got to have a good doctor and go to a good hospital. And it's on me. You've got to do it right!" he added belligerently.

"All right, I will," said Cissy, amused. "But not on you, darling. Because it's not one of these C.O.D. babies. We have a fund. That's why we have been so terribly cramped. Red named it the Tiny Tot Endowment Fund. It's in a good sound savings bank. And we've got three hundred and sixty-one dollars and forty three cents at the moment."

Cissy could not save her news until she arrived home. She telegraphed to Red.

"Tiny Tot will arrive in Dyckman Street next October."

Red answered, "Hooray I hear the patter of little feet already."

BUT at the Grand Central Station, when Cissy had hugged Red until he was breathless, and had verified the big news, and had assured him fifty times over that she was all right, "perfectly all right, idiot," and had refused resolutely his handsome offer of a taxicab home, she suddenly stopped in the middle of the broad staircase and demanded,

"Red Stuart, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Red. "Come on, I've got in the Bohunk to cook us our dinner."

"I won't go a step until you tell me what's the matter."

"And I haven't got a thing to tell you except that Becky's gone to Palm Beach and sent you a crate of oranges, and I ate 'em all up and enjoyed them thoroughly."

At home, however, after the Bohemian charlady had left, he told her.

"I've lost my job."

"Well!" said Cissy.

"The agency's gone out of business. They weren't making ends meet even. Rotten for Charlie and Ed, of course. They're such good chaps."

"Rotten," said Cissy.

"I'm looking for a job now, of course. Got my last pay yesterday."

"Red, how long have you known this?"

"Only a week."

"Because," said Cissy dangerously, "if you had played any heroics with me and let me go to Chicago—"

"Nope," said Red. "No heroics. Honest."

"Good."

"I've got a swell letter of recommendation. Cissy!"

"Yes?"

"I'm so sorry for you—I could cry." His gray eyes went down. "And I'm so ashamed—"

"Sorry for me?" said Cissy hotly. "Well, you needn't be. And ashamed! What have you to be ashamed of? It wasn't your fault the agency went blooey. Besides," she went on, "I think that office was too small for you, anyway. You ought to be in a big, successful office where you could do real things. They've always cramped your style—that bunch of pikers."

"Cissy," said Red, "of all the good sports I ever saw in this world, you're it. Gosh, I didn't know they came that way, honest! I didn't think even you—and you know what I think about you."

Before they went to sleep that night, Red said again: "But I can't help being ashamed and humiliated. Of all the times for me to fall down, just when the Tiny Tot—"

"Don't worry about the Tiny Tot," said Cissy. "He's a long way off yet. By the way," she added, "we won't tell dad. He'd be sending checks every hour on the hour. This is our party, just yours and mine. Right?"

"Right," said Red. "And it isn't even your

"In the six years I've kept house, I've never had to buy a new sheet . . ."

writes a housewife from Rochester, New York

"I REALLY do find that they stand much harder usage than any others," Mrs. Carl Cooman writes us. "And in our house sheets do get hard wear . . . particularly on the children's beds.

"Yet in spite of this rough treatment I've never had to buy a sheet since I began keeping house six years ago!"

Daily use confirms results of scientific tests

Other women tell us they have the same experience as Mrs. Cooman . . . confirming by actual use the results of recent laundry tests which proved that Dwight Anchor sheets stand up better than others after repeated washings.

The 108-inch length keeps blanket edges clean; and the 3-inch hem at both ends makes a sheet to be used both ways.

From various department stores, we bought eight brands of sheets . . . including Dwight Anchor . . . and sent them to a steam laundry.

There they were washed and ironed, again and again, until the fabric had stood a strain equal to years of wear at home. And when the test was over we found that while other sheets were literally washed to shreds, Dwight Anchors were still sound and strong.

These sturdy sheets are made in *all the bedroom tints* —pink, blue, nile, maize or orchid; also white with tinted hems. Colors are fast.

Ask your shop for Dwight Anchors, guaranteed and laundered. Or we will send you the name of a shop that can supply you. Address Dwight Manufacturing Co., Minot, Hooper and Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas Street, New York City.

Hem perfect—the greatly enlarged photograph shows Dwight Anchor hem unbroken after test washings equal to years of average home wear.

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS · SHEETING · PILLOW CASES · TUBING

Manufactured since 1840

In using advertisements see page 6

SAVAGE
HEALTH MOTOR
EXERCISER AND REDUCER

Patents applied for by J. G. DeRemer

NOW, in addition to the original Savage Model A health motor, the first portable exerciser and reducer, sold at $122.50,* Savage introduces the new popular Model B . . . a compact, sturdy, quiet running, good-looking brother of the Model A, priced at only $83.50*.

The new Savage can also be used on desk or table, or at small extra cost can be mounted on the Savage adjustable stand. It is finished in Baltimore Grey and nickel, is equipped with both wide and narrow oscillator belt and has variable stroke control for mild surface, or deep tissue massage and manipulation.

The best stores will demonstrate the Savage Line to you. If your favorite store can not do so, we will gladly give you the name of a nearby dealer. But by all means, write now for the interesting story of mechanical massage for exercising and reducing, and full details of Savage Health Motors for family and institutional use.

*Prices given are East of the Mississippi

SAVAGE PRODUCTS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Dept. E., Utica, N. Y.
Subsidiary of Savage Arms Corporation
Makers of the famous Savage-Stevens Sporting Arms, the Savage Wringerless Washer and Savage All Electric Ironing Machine.

SAVAGE PRODUCTS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, Dept. E., Utica, N. Y.
I am interested in keeping and looking fit. Send me your story, "The Spirit of Health."

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These Pioneers

party, Cis. It's mine. I'll get a job. Don't worry, honey. Remember, there are forty-thousand taxi drivers in New York, and every day at least one of them gets fired."

But Cissy could not sleep. Wide-awake and staring she lay until dawn. It had come. The very worst thing had come. Red had lost his job. And she was going to have a baby. Trembling, she lay there, staring at tomorrow and the next day and the next. Staring and trembling, she heard new, horrid noises, the deadly, menacing sounds of the wolf that at last threatened her door, herself, her child. Ah, silly! There was no such thing as a wolf. Then she heard the snapping, snarling sounds only the louder.

Just so had Narcissa Willson in 1835 trembled in her bed at the gray, hungry forest wolves prowling around her home in the wilderness.

THE very worst thing had not come, however. For Red's new publicity job, with a new motion picture company in Long Island, ended abruptly, as things do in the movies, the day before Cissy's baby came. Red did not tell Cissy, but Cissy went to the hospital knowing. She had read a paragraph in the evening paper to the effect that World Wide Pictures Inc. had found the atmospheric conditions in Long Island unsuitable for filming purposes and was about to close its doors. She read this and an hour later knew that her baby was about to be born. She went about last-minute preparations thinking:

"Red's lost his job. And I'll be lying up there in the hospital like a queen in a room that costs eight dollars a day with a baby that will cost us all we've got."

She put away Red's laundry, emptied the refrigerator pan, wrote a note to the milk man, put powder and toothbrush in the little bag which had been packed for a week, as Red, wild-eyed and white, lunged out to fetch the doctor.

Red had lost his job, and the baby was coming tonight.

At ten o'clock they all bundled into a taxi, the doctor and Cissy and Red. Cissy was calm and smiling. Red was a maniac.

At midnight Cissy was wheeled out of her room, past a goggle-eyed and crazed young man at her door.

She grinned as she went by on the cart.

"Buck up," she said. "This is our big day, you know."

ON THE third anniversary of their marriage, Red brought home extravagant dozens of tulips and daffodils. Cissy produced an extravagant duck dressed up with apple sauce, and the Dugald Stuarts made merry by themselves.

Young Dugald was asleep in the bedroom—they were still in Dyckman Street, and no lean-to could be built on the steel structure of this home.

"Well," said Red, stretching his long legs, "I like the new apartment downtown fine. It'll be swell to have a fireplace and a garden for Dug. But I kind of hate to leave this dump, honestly I do, Cis."

"So do I," said Cissy. "I've really loved it here. Red the new tenants came today to look at the apartment again. They're going to be married next week. She's a telephone girl, and he's a shipping clerk. They're so thrilled. And they think this place is a palace."

"So it is if you're living with the right person."

Cissy smiled swiftly. "Nice Red! Let's leave them a bang-up present, something that we've used and loved here."

"Anything but Dug," said Red.

Cissy looked around her. "What say the floor lamp? We can get another little cheap one."

"All right," said Red.

"Gosh," said Cissy, "I hope these little kids will be as happy here as we've been. We've

These Pioneers

had fun here, the jolly kind of fun, and we've been happy in the other way, too."

"Gosh, yes," said Red contentedly. "But we've had tough times here, too."

"Oh, not so tough," said Cissy. "Anyway, that's probably why we're so fond of it now. Because we had a hurdle or two here."

"Probably," said Red.

"But of course the new apartment is lovely. Red, isn't it grand to have a hundred a week and a swell new apartment 'way downtown and a baby?"

"Grand!" said Red heartily.

They were silent.

"Gee, listen to that steam heat," said Red admiringly. "It's as cold as the dickens out tonight, too."

"I know. I love that sound. Wonder if our radiators will boil that way downtown."

"Sure," said Red largely.

She was looking up at the portraits over the couch. "You know, Red, those two, old Tom and Narcissa, never even heard of steam heat—or elevators—or bathrooms—or any of the other things we take so for granted. We must be awfully soft. I feel soft every time I look at them and think of how they suffered—hard work and cold and Indians and wars. Gee, Narcissa didn't even have a doctor, one time when one of her babies was born. And she worked like a dog, knitted her own stockings, baked her own bread, made her own cloth at first. And old Tom had to cut down the trees to make his own house, and build his own roads, and grow his own food. Gosh, I don't see how they stood it."

"Believe me, I couldn't do it."

"Nor I. Wonder why they did."

"I don't know," said Red. "They were just pioneers, I guess. We can't understand that spirit today, because there aren't any pioneers any more."

"I suppose that's it," said Cissy.

Shellfish Now in Season

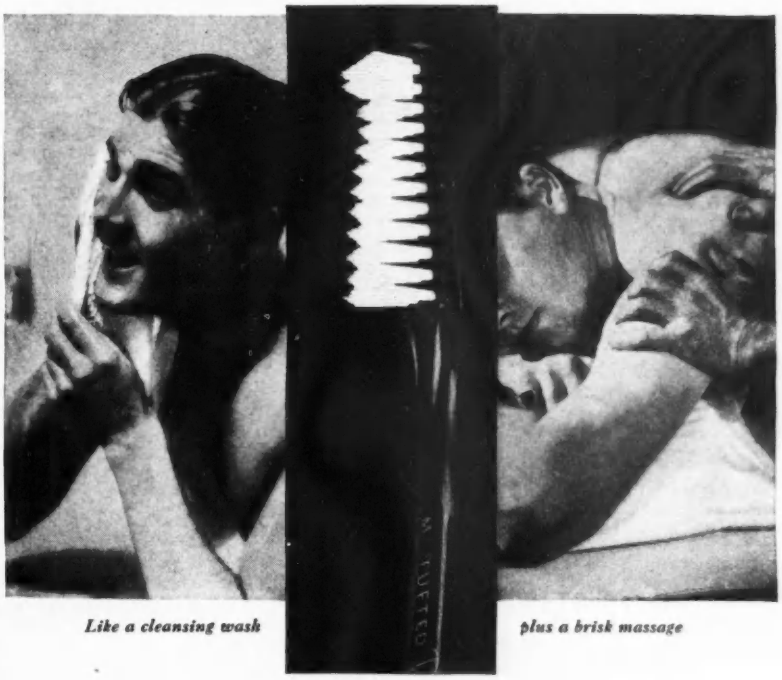
(*Continued from page 91*)

from the tail and remove it in one large piece. Run a sharp knife lengthwise through the center of the tail piece of flesh and remove the intestinal tract which is embedded in it. Then hold the body shell firmly in the left hand and with the first two fingers and the thumb of the right hand draw out the body, leaving in the shell the stomach, which is not edible, and also some of the green part, which is liver. The sides of the body itself are covered with the lungs, which are discarded. Break the body in several pieces and pick out the flesh surrounding the bones in the bony part of the body. The coral substance, which is the roe of the lobster, is used as a garnish.

For *Broiled Live Lobster*, prepare the lobster for splitting either by inserting a sharp knife in its back between the body and tail shells to sever the spinal cord, or plunge it into boiling water for about five minutes and then remove. The latter method is a pleasanter one of preparing them, although the flesh will not be quite so juicy. (If you are sure of your market, the dealer will undoubtedly split them for you.) Next, cross the large claws and with a sharp-pointed knife begin at the mouth, make a deep incision, and cut quickly through the body and the entire length of the tail. Lay open the lobster as far as possible and remove the stomach and intestinal canal. Crack the large claws. Brush the meat with melted butter, season with salt and pepper, and place on the broiler rack with shell side down. Broil eight minutes on the flesh side, then turn and broil six minutes on the shell side. Serve on a hot platter with melted butter, and garnish with lemon slices or parsley. For individual servings small lobsters split in two may be used.

Baked Lobsters taste nearly as delicious as broiled ones. After the lobsters are split and

a VITAL *double* benefit



Like a cleansing wash *plus a brisk massage*

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic *cleans* AND *massages!*

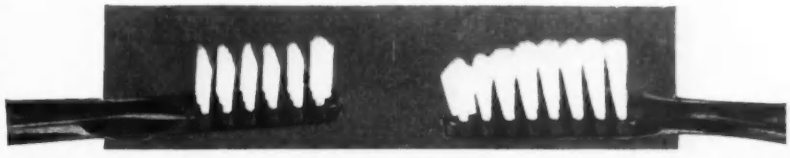
HEALTHY, ACTIVE GUMS nourish the teeth, supply them with fresh vitality, keep them *alive*. But gums to be healthy must be *massaged* each time you brush your teeth.

Today you need a tooth brush that cleans *and* massages. And the Pro-phy-lac-tic—improved in accord with the best dental advice—actually brings you this vital double benefit. Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to clean every part of every tooth glistening white. The bristles are perfectly spaced to slip in and clean even *between* the teeth. More—they are live, springy, perfectly blended to massage the gum tissues to firm, rosy health.

Try a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. Brush from the base of the gums to the tips of the teeth. After every brushing you'll feel your whole mouth respond with a tingling sensation of good *health*. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—for those whose gums need special massage.

Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for smaller-than-average dental arches.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Radio Program—WEAF Network—Every Tuesday 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

In using advertisements see page 6

Five minutes of your time may mean a beautiful new car *for you*

$5,000
O-CEDAR CONTEST

$1,000 Cash (First Prize) buys a smart new sedan
$500 Cash (Second Prize) buys a snappy roadster
$250 Cash (Third Prize) buys tires and gasoline
And 378 other attractive awards starting at $100

YOU have never had a better chance to win enough money for a nice new car of your very own. This contest is so easy that busy wives and mothers everywhere are responding with enthusiasm. From many high-school girls, come letters showing that the modern youngsters are rapidly learning what time-savers O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish are in their homes. What clean, dustless, gleaming floors and furniture result when O-Cedar Mops and Polish are used.

Take five minutes now and tell us "Why Every Housewife Should Use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish." How and when they use them. What they save in time and energy. What results they get. Ask your friends who use O-Cedar Mops and Polish. Remember, you do not have to buy any O-Cedar Product to enter this contest.

To get started on your letter read the pointers below. Better still, you will find O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish at all grocery, hardware, department, drug and other stores. See how they clean. Try them. You'll like them. O-Cedar Corp'n, Dept. A-4, Chicago, Illinois.

O-Cedar facts to help you win!

O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patented triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction, practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable and renewable. New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad quickly removable for cleaning and washing.

O-Cedar Polish is unsurpassed for renewing any polish mop. Superior for furniture. *Apply on damp cloth.*

Observe these easy rules!

Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. A-4, O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of *each sheet*. Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges are Katharine A. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*; and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World*. Their decisions will be final.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

★ *Easy to have beautiful floors with O-Cedar Polish Mops.* 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

© 1929

O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12-oz., 60c; *quart,* $1.25.

Shellfish Now in Season

seasoned, arrange them in a baking-pan, shell side down, and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for thirty to forty minutes depending upon their size.

For *Lobster Thermidor* boil three medium lobsters and when cold split them in two. Remove the small claws and lungs. Crack the large claws, and fill the cavity in the head with the meat from the claws. Meanwhile melt three tablespoonfuls of butter or fat in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour, and stir until smooth. Then add one-half teaspoonful prepared mustard, one-fourth teaspoonful finely chopped onion, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one cupful of cream. Stir until smooth and creamy, then pour over the split lobsters, which have been arranged in a baking-pan. Sprinkle one and one-half tablespoonfuls of grated cheese over the top, and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for about five minutes or until the cheese is brown. Serve half a lobster to a person.

Soft-Shelled Crabs

Soft-shelled crabs are usually boiled, broiled, or fried. Before using, they need a certain amount of preparation, however. The back of a soft-shelled crab tapers to a point at each side. Lay the crab on its face, then take one of these points between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and pull the shell back about half way. Pull off all the spongy substance thus exposed. Do the same at the other point on the opposite side. Then pull off the tail or apron which laps under the crab and the spongy substance under it. Wash the crabs, and they are ready for boiling. Boil in the same manner as lobsters for twenty minutes.

For *Broiled Soft-Shell Crabs*, combine one-fourth cupful of melted fat, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a speck each of cayenne and pepper. Roll the crabs first in this mixture and then very lightly in flour. Place them on the broiler rack, and broil ten minutes, turning them once.

For *Fried Soft-Shell Crabs*, prepare six crabs as directed above by removing the apron and spongy substance under the shell of each crab. Then beat two eggs slightly, roll the crabs first in the egg and then in the cracker dust or flour. Fry in hot, deep fat at 360° F. for eight minutes or until golden brown. Remove from the fat, drain, and sprinkle well with salt and pepper to season.

For *Boiled Hard-Shell Crabs*, cover the crabs with boiling water to which one tablespoonful of salt has been added and boil thirty minutes. Drain and when cold break off the apron or tail. Next take the crab in both hands with the thumbs at the tail end and pull the upper and lower shells apart. Discard the material that sticks to the upper shell, and remove all the orange, waxy material and spongy substance between the halves of the body and at each side. The edible part of the crab lies in the two compact masses remaining and in the small flakes that may be removed from the large claws.

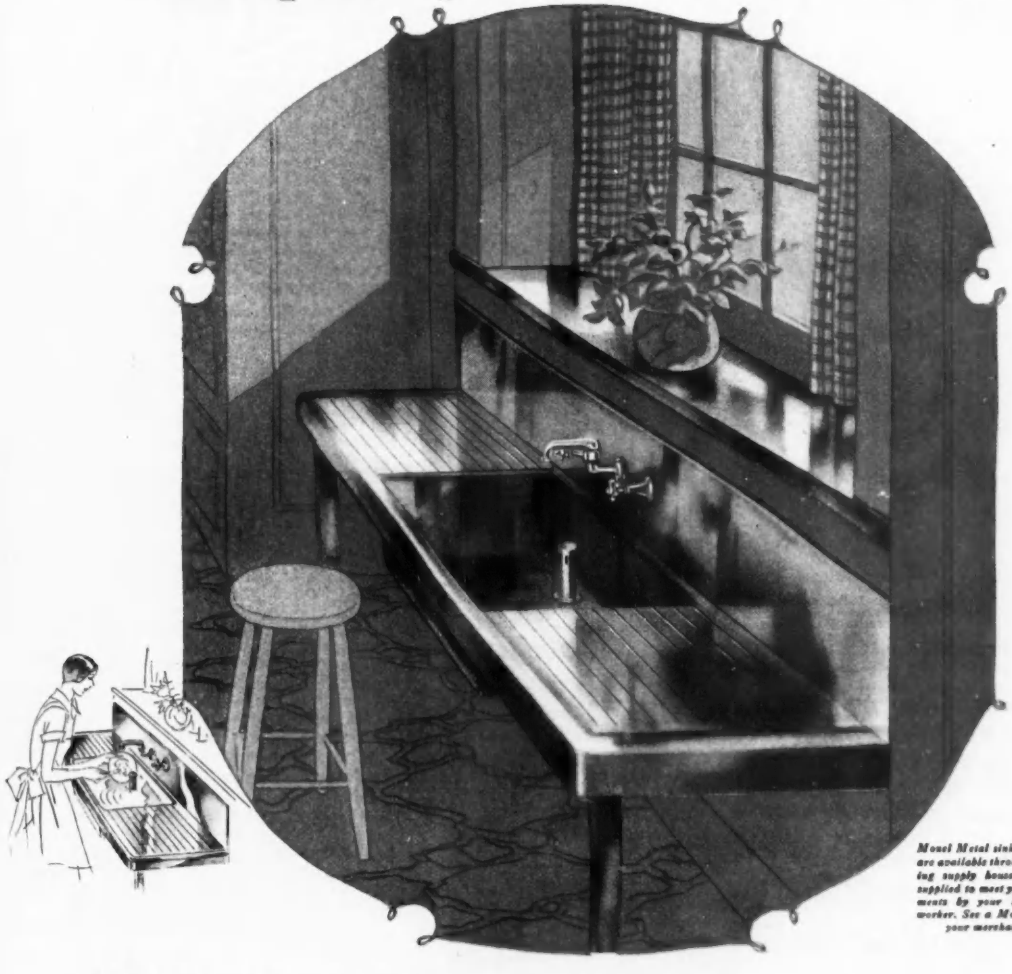
For *Deviled Crabs*, use the meat from twelve hard-shelled crabs or two cupfuls of canned crab meat. Reserve six of the upper shells and wash them thoroughly. Meanwhile melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth. Then add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard, one-half teaspoonful of horseradish, one teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of milk. When smooth add the crab meat and two hard-cooked eggs finely minced. Mix well and put into the crab shells. Sprinkle with one-half cupful of buttered bread crumbs and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for ten minutes. This recipe serves six.

Scallops, shrimp, and clams claim as varied uses in every-day meal planning as lobsters and crabs. In our bulletin "Fish and Shellfish Cookery" are included many interesting fish combinations which will appeal to the menu maker. See page 90 for information concerning this booklet.

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW

Silvery Beauty that Harmonizes-ALWAYS



Monel Metal sinks and drainboards are available through regular plumbing supply houses. Or they can be supplied to meet your special requirements by your local sheet metal worker. See a Monel Metal sink at your merchant plumber's.

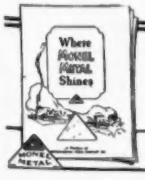
MONEL METAL equipment will harmonize with the color scheme of your kitchen—any kitchen. The bright, silvery beauty of this white Nickel alloy reflects its surroundings, adds a crisp note of cheerfulness, and in many other ways makes your kitchen a pleasanter place in which to work.

Monel Metal's silvery appearance is only one of its many advantages. Its unfailing cleanability, its absolute rust-immunity, its toughness and durability—all these properties mean less work and lasting attractiveness.

Monel Metal kitchen and pantry sinks are being specified by progressive architects and home-owners because they keep their good looks under the grate and grind of the thrice-daily handling of glassware and dishes, pots and pans. Monel Metal table tops, washing machines, cabinet tops, oven linings, range hoods, and hardware will likewise meet YOUR demand for completely modern and long-wearing equipment.

In planning a new home or repairs on your present one, discuss the use of Monel Metal with your architect and sheet metal worker. Also mail the coupon for more information and a sample of Monel Metal.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 67 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.



UNTOLD centuries ago, nature combined two-thirds Nickel with one-third copper and made the alloy that in 1905 was named Monel Metal. This alloy is produced and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark and identifies the genuine alloy.

Monel Metal—A Product of The International Nickel Company, Inc.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me without cost or obligation your descriptive booklet, together with a sample of Monel Metal.

NAME_____

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G.H. 4-29

In using advertisements see page 6

A Telephone Call is the nicest sort of Remembrance

A Bell System Advertisement

ANNIVERSARIES to be remembered . . . friends convalescing . . . children away at school and feeling homesick . . . birthdays coming. . . .

Whatever the occasion, an out of town telephone call is the nicest sort of remembrance.

It is the quickest way to reach people. It carries with it your voice—a touch of intimacy no other means of communication can give. And it is surprisingly inexpensive. Few gifts cost so little, yet pay such big returns in appreciation and affection.

Upon many occasions a telephone call is most appropriate. From your own home, you can bid friends bon voyage. Wish them success in new undertakings. Invite them to social events—and know immediately whether they can accept. Make "voice visits" with them no matter where they are, or conduct business promptly and efficiently. Conclude vacation arrangements. Reserve hotel or camp accommodations. Plan to meet friends and relatives when traveling.

And "family solidarity" is so easily accomplished. Even though other members of the family are in distant places, you can keep in close touch with them *by telephone!* Make it a practice to telephone friends and relatives regularly.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

Deftly Loomed SLUMBER THROWS

DIRECT FROM THE NATIVE WEAVERS

$6.50 POST PAID

Luxuriously comfortable! Beautiful new creations in virgin wool — the latest handicraft of the native Vermont weavers. Charming homespun basket weave, decorative in color and pattern—just the touch to lend new charm to the Boudoir, the Lounge, Sleeping Porch, Living Room or Den. A superb gift. Pure soft wool all through; lustrous satine trim; full standard size 60" x 72". Mailed anywhere direct from the weavers for the very low price of $6.50, postpaid; not sold in stores. Your choice of base colors, Rose, Blue, Green or Orchid, with harmonizing bands and trim. Satisfaction guaranteed. *Send for handsome catalog of woolen wares of charm, distinction and heirloom quality.*

FREE Color Catalog *Beautiful* **Woolens**

Blankets, Robes, Blazers, Jackets, Sportwear, Homespun Suitings, Dress Goods, Etc.

VERMONT NATIVES INDUSTRIES, SHOP 28, BRIDGEWATER, VERMONT

A Palm for Victory

(*Continued from page 37*)

stop to examine them. She went on and turned a second corner where there was a fine flight of stone steps. No one ever denied her these steps or prevented her from examining the big metal door to which they led.

She loved to run her fingers over the picture molded on the door, to feel, reaching up as far as she could on tiptoe, the strange clothing of many men, the folds of flowing garments, of materials wound around heads, the curious gear of almost naked feet. These men knelt to make two lines through which rode a man on a donkey. Some of the kneeling people had taken off their cloaks to spread down before the riding man, and some of them had stripped a near-by palm tree of branches which they waved.

But never, stretching as far as she could, was Virginia able to reach the riding man. She wondered who he was. No one besides herself ever came up the flight of steps, so she had never been able to inquire. The loneliness of the door made it doubly hers. She could talk to the molded figures without interruption. Sometimes they stepped down from the door and talked to her.

SHE played on the steps all that morning and came back to them after lunch. When the sky at the end of the street became like her mother's tea-gown, pink deepening into mauve, she reluctantly said good-by to the great door and started for home.

When she reached the apartment, she said to the doorman,

"Good evening, John; has Mrs. Slater come home?"

"That she hasn't," said John, smiling at her with eyes almost lost behind the fat of his cheeks.

Said Virginia, "I expect she'll be late."

"Well, that would be no surprise," said John.

Something in his tone made it necessary for Virginia to walk very beautifully through the door he was holding open for her. She held her head very high, saying to the colored man at the switchboard, "Good evening, Clement," and she made her voice even deeper than usual. She hoped, indeed, it would sound like a grown-up voice and prevent Clement from commenting on her mother's not being home.

"And how are you?" asked Clement, showing his fine, white teeth.

"I'm splendid, thank you," said Virginia.

"Daddy still away?"

"Daddy's in Seattle."

"Still building bridges?"

"He's helping to build them," said Virginia. "He helps very hard."

"By the way," said Clement, "Lucille, she had to go to Staten Island. She got word her sister's awful sick. She'll be back early tomorrow. She said your supper's all fixed and waiting for you."

At once Virginia became afraid. She was sure Lucille would have forgotten to light the lamps. She would have to go alone into a dusky apartment where strange black shadows stood behind chairs and in corners. But to confess fear to Clement would be to blame her mother.

She said with a tight throat, "Thank you, Clement," and stepped into the elevator.

"Have you been out again all by yourself?" asked Felix, the elevator man. Felix was almost white. He had red color in his cheeks above his black mustache. "Pity there ain't no other children in this house," said Felix.

That did not sound exactly like a criticism of her mother, nevertheless Virginia was careful still to hold her head high and still to use the grown-up voice.

"I'm by myself a great deal," she said. "I'm not afraid to be by myself. I like it." Firmly she stepped from the elevator. "Good evening, Felix."

Now the thing to do was to go on talking. All the way along the hall she said, "Good evening,

A Palm for Victory

Felix." She opened the apartment door quickly. There were no lights. She reached frantically and switched on the hall light, stopping only a half-second in her rush across the living-room to the wing chair.

The chair received her like a person. There was an extra measure of comfort in it because her father always selected it to sit in. It retained something of the breadth of his shoulders, the strength of his slow hands, the steady quiet of his eyes. Within the chair she was safe.

Any second her mother might come in laughing and switch on all the lights, crying, "Look what I've brought you."

For she never failed to bring Virginia a gift. If she came early, it might be a tight little bouquet of flowers in a paper frill, or candies arranged cunningly in golden wrappers to make a gilded bunch of grapes. But sometimes, when she came very late, she brought strange things. Once it had been a silver coffee pot half full of coffee, and once a lady's scarlet slipper with rhinestones flashing in the heel.

When she brought her strange gifts, she would come into Virginia's room and sit on her bed, talking and talking.

Virginia would say, "Please, mother, you ought to go to bed. Please!"

"I'm lit, Ginny."

Virginia would get out of bed to coax her. "You're wrinkling all your coat."

"I'm lit like a house on fire."

But those things never happened if her mother came early. Now Virginia, rigid in the wing chair, longed with all her heart for her mother to come early . . .

SHE longed so hard, eyes fixed on the outer door, she thought she saw the knob turning. It was turning. The door opened slowly to show, not her mother, but Mr. Sam Bidderwell in his primrose satin jacket, and behind him a shining black horse.

Mr. Bidderwell said: "I hope you don't mind if I bring in the horse, Ginia. I need him to sit on, for these breeches I'm wearing are so tight I have to sit astride and let my legs hang down. That eases the strain on my kneecaps."

Virginia was delighted. "Oh, please do bring him in," she cried.

Mr. Bidderwell said, "First, I'll dust off his shoes." He did that with his pocket handkerchief, the black horse lifting daintily each foot. Then Mr. Bidderwell got on the horse's back and slowly rode him to stand before the fireplace.

He said, "This morning I heard that gentleman telling you about King Philip and me, and how we lost the Derby."

"That was Mr. Polling," said Virginia.

"He knows nothing about horses," said Mr. Bidderwell. "I galloped beside him all day, hoping he'd give some interesting details of this year's racing, but all he could talk about was the betting."

"Will he bring my mother home early?" asked Virginia. "She promised to come before dinner."

"I'm afraid she's forgotten that," said Mr. Bidderwell. "When I left her, she was having dinner at a country inn."

"I suppose," said Virginia, "she was dancing. She loves to dance with Mr. Polling."

"She was dancing," said Mr. Bidderwell.

"Well, you see," Virginia told him, "when you're out and there's music and dancing, it's very, very easy to forget a promise," and she added, "especially if you're lit."

The man stretched one leg and then the other without answering. The black horse flicked his ears.

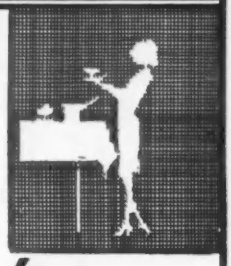
"I do hope she's not going to get that way," said Virginia.

Still Mr. Bidderwell went on stretching his legs.

She inquired anxiously, "Did you notice if she was beginning to?"

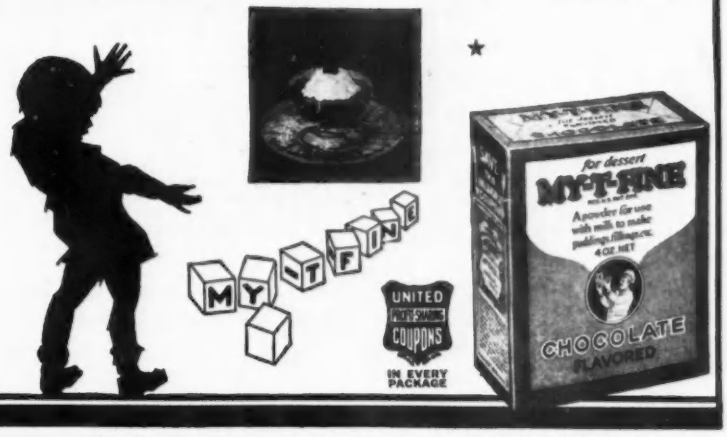
Said Mr. Bidderwell: "I don't suppose these breeches will ever stretch. It was on

MY-T-FINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
dessert



Children love it
-and it's good for them!

MY-T-FINE Chocolate Pudding is more to children than a delicious dessert. It is *milk* with all the valuable vitamines left in, plus energy-producing carbohydrates—starches and pure cane sugar, plus *whole chocolate* rich in butter fat.
Children eat MY-T-FINE *enthusiastically*. It satisfies the natural longing for sweets, digests quickly, and is real food. MY-T-FINE Dessert is easy, simple, and quick to make. A package and 2 cups of milk serves 4 to 6.
We would like to send you a cook book telling you more about MY-T-FINE and other D & C Quality Food Products. Your copy is waiting for you. Address The D & C Co., Inc., Dept. G, Bush Terminal Bldg., No. 10, Brooklyn, N. Y.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UNITED PURE CANE SUGAR COUPONS IN EVERY PACKAGE
for dessert
MY-T-FINE
A powder for use with milk to make pudding-like sauce.
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MACARONI
and get it!

Hotels Need Trained Women

High-Salaried Positions Open in Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Institutions

Managers, assistant managers, floor clerks, hostesses, etc., are wanted in America's Third Largest Industry. Hundreds of new establishments now opening are calling for trained women. Shortage acute. Lewis Students' Employment Bureau receiving daily calls.
You can quickly learn at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan the duties of Hotel Hostess or other executive. Coffee Shop Manager, etc. We put you in touch with positions everywhere. A good income and quick advancement are offered those who succeed. The work is fascinating, developing charm and personality. Past experience unnecessary. Many Lewis Students are winning success in this uncrowded field. Mrs. M. F. Miller, Bertoten, Md., writes: "Your Course has been of inestimable value to me. Since graduating I have been Housekeeper-Hostess, managing my own cottage 'Annex'."

Free Book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY" gives full details. Write for it today
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room BK-2411 Washington, D. C.
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Fruit Juice Quick

NOW you can get a glass or a gallon of orange, lemon, grapefruit or lime juice—easily, quickly without muss or bother. Simply turn the handle and strained juice pours into the glass. You get all the juice from the fruit. Bowl and reamer are of highest grade vitreous china, easily removed for washing. Always sweet and clean. Acid and stain proof. Four vacuum cups hold the stand securely in place. No clamps or screws. Simple, sturdy—finished in bright orange lacquer. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Obtainable at most department and hardware stores; also gift shops, or we will ship express prepaid for $3.95 U.S.A.

"Holmes" Juice Extractor

HOLMES MANUFACTURING COMPANY
641 So. Johnston Street, Los Angeles, California

The Sift-Chine
(SIFT-ING MA-CHINE)

Not an ordinary flour sifter, but a sifting machine. Highest quality—★ built to last for years. One hand operates—quickly—easily. Does not scatter flour. Eliminates lumpy baking. DOUBLE screen. One operation sifts contents twice. Used and endorsed by leading food authorities. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue. Money-back guarantee. At your dealers or postpaid for $1.00

MEETS-A-NEED MFG. CO.
2965 Utah Street Seattle, U. S. A.

In using advertisements see page 6

Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

Try the coffee that lets you sleep

So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening. No one ever knows the tasteless caffeine is gone.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it, breakfast, lunch, or supper. . . . What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1860 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

Kellogg's ★

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

A Palm for Victory

account of them I lost the Derby. They were brand-new, delivered by the tailor that morning, and they seemed only a little snug. But after the second heat I was in agony. I longed to take a knife and rip them at the knees, but being an American, riding an American horse for an American gentleman, I knew all eyes were on me. I thought I could ride out the pain, but it grew. King Philip here began to sense that something was wrong, and still I did nothing. When it came to the race itself, we got off nicely. When we came to Tattenham corner we were going sweetly, and I got ready for the down-hill pull. But my knees could stand no more. My left leg gave a jerk, and at the pace we were going almost threw me from the saddle. It pulled King Philip around and sent him crashing into the ropes, over them into a company of dragoons that had galloped up to see us take the corner."

"Mr. Polling told me that," said Virginia, "while my mother was getting dressed." She inquired searchingly, "Were you close beside her at the inn?"

"I sat at the same table," said Mr. Bidderwell.

"Then please tell me if she was remembering to be careful."

"I'm afraid she wasn't."

"You should have spoken to her," said Virginia. "I do. When people come to the house, she always asks me to remind her. I whisper to her, 'Please be careful.' Sometimes I hide her glass."

"But you see I can no longer do things like that," said Mr. Bidderwell. "Very few people can even hear me. At first, it was terrifying, but of course I got used to it. But the day I was thrown I couldn't realize what had happened. I picked myself up, and the first thing I saw was King Philip trying to get to his feet. I helped him up. Then, as I stood there holding his bridle, I was surprised to see that both he and I were also still lying on the ground where we had fallen.

"An officer of dragoons lifted my head to his lap and tried to pour some brandy down my throat. I tried to tell him that I was all right, but he couldn't hear me. Then I saw a little stable boy I had come to know crying. I put my arm around him, but he couldn't feel me. I tried to speak to people in the crowd but no one paid any attention. I began leading King Philip back to the Warren where we had weighed in and saddled. No one saw us.

"People were surging all over. The favorite had won. People were mobbing the jockey who had ridden him, a nice boy who had left fifteen pounds in the sweaters in one week. He looked like a dying lad with two red spots in the hollows of his cheeks. I wanted to shake hands with him. He couldn't see I was there.

"I went away then from the crowds, leading King Philip over the downs. I never knew a day to smell sweeter. The trampled grass gave up a smell like warm honey. I noticed a sound like thunder beginning to be in the air. It came rolling over us, stronger and stronger, like the sea rolling over pebbles. It grew loud and frightful, so that King Philip trembled, and when I stroked him my own hand shook. We crawled under a hedge and cowered together, waiting for the storm of noise to pass."

JUST then the hall clock chimed twelve.

Virginia asked, "And did the noise stop?"

"I'll tell you that some other time," said Mr. Bidderwell. "I have to hurry away now. But really, Miss Ginia, you ought to be properly in bed. Can you reach around and unbutton your dress?"

He leaned from the horse to inspect her dress.

"I can," Virginia assured him, "but I'd rather wait up. I always take off her hat and her shoes."

"You may have to wait a long time."

"Will she be so very late?"

"I'm afraid so."

A Palm for Victory

"Couldn't you please go and tell her to hurry a little?"

"I'm afraid she wouldn't hear me."

"Couldn't you try? Tell her I'm sitting up in the wing chair. It always makes her very sorry when I sit up in the wing chair."

"I'll try," said Mr. Bidderwell, "and even if I can't make her hear me, I'll do something. You can depend upon that."

He went out riding the black horse, stooping low from his back to close the outer door after him.

AFTER that it seemed suddenly to be morning. The sky was bright, and wind was blowing through the open window. Virginia felt stiff and cold. She slid down from the chair and went to look in her mother's room. It was empty.

Then Lucille came, but she did not remove her hat or her red fox neck-piece. She did not even go into the kitchen. Standing in the hall, she said: "I'm not exactly back, Miss Ginia. My sister, she ain't hardly going to get better, and I got to take care of her. But after that I'll come back, and I want to know if Mrs. Slater will be so kind as to pay now the two weeks that's coming to me."

"Mrs. Slater went out," said Virginia.

"She's early for a change," said Lucille. "When's she due back?"

"In about half an hour," said Virginia, "or perhaps a little longer."

"Well, I can wait that long," said Lucille. "Had your breakfast?"

"Oh, yes," said Virginia airily.

Surely, when you weren't in the least bit hungry, it was the same as having eaten.

"Then I'll wait right here in the hall," said Lucille. She sat on the settle and opened a newspaper she carried. "Usually I'm scurrying back there in the kitchen," she said, "and I never gets time to read my paper till afternoon."

She spread the sheets open slowly, enjoying the unusual leisure of this hour.

Felix came to the door with the telegram for Virginia's mother. After Felix left, Lucille said,

"Is you going to read that telegram or does you have to wait for your mother to read it?"

Virginia considered gravely the yellow envelope.

"'Cause I could read it for you," said Lucille.

"I think I'd better wait," said Virginia.

"Perhaps you'd better," said Lucille, "but sometimes it's better to read first and wait afterward."

"Then read it," said Virginia.

Lucille read it slowly. She was disappointed. She said: "It's just that your father is going to be in Chicago today and wants to chat with your mother."

She handed the yellow paper to Virginia.

"I always like a little excitement in a telegram," she said, "something weighty like deaths or marriages or even accidents."

Virginia was trying to remember the telegram as Lucille had read it, "Arrive Chicago October 3rd. Telephone me—" There was a long word she couldn't remember. "Lucille, what comes after 'Telephone me'?"

"Blackstone," Lucille told her.

Virginia went on memorizing the message. Lucille turned to her newspaper.

"First thing in the newspaper," said Lucille, "I read the accidents. Sometimes accidents gets a mighty scanty report, but there's one this morning that was wrote up pretty good. It seems last night a man and a woman had their car broke down on the road, and one of these here country taxis happening to come along, he towed them into a garage. Well, the break-down was too considerable to be fixed up just then, so the man and the woman they left their car and went with the taxi. They told him to go to a place they named, which was a road-house up in them parts, and he was going there, when all of a sudden a man riding

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At the right you see the Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes this slip-cover handle easier and fit better than ordinary kinds. One zip and it's fastened

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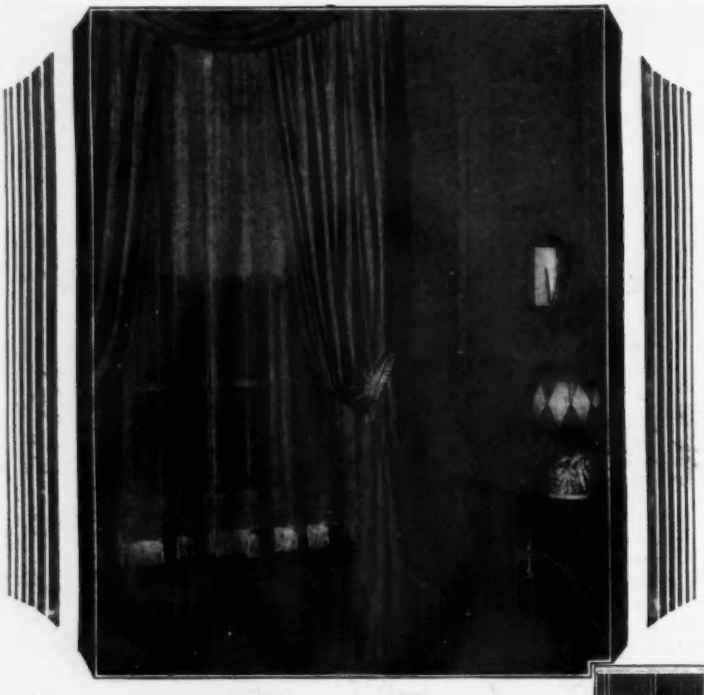

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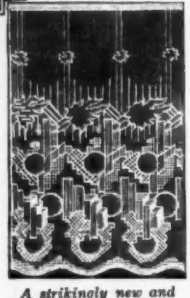
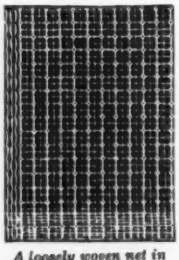
There can be no design too attractive, no weave too delicate or lacy, to curtain your windows. From outside, the transparent laciness of curtains reflects the enviable good-taste of the owner. From within, lace curtains will mellow sharp lights and add an intimacy and individuality quite impossible without them.

In Zion Lace Curtains you will find the art of lace making at its height. The beauty of design, the skill of the craftsmen, the delicacy and enduring fine quality of the lace—all are apparent in exquisite Zion Lace Curtains and Nets. Not in all the world are there more beautiful loom lace curtains than those which come from the Zion Lace Mills. You can see them at a store near you. May we call your attention to the coupon below?



A strikingly new and distinctive design in the Modern Art manner is this Zion Lace Curtain No. 07411.



A loosely woven net in this attractive style, No. X5558, combines delightful transparency with unusual durability.

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Stop that toilet leak!

A Starkey Rim Tank Stopper, the new sure-seal Doughboy type tank ball, will do it. Guaranteed to stop annoyance and expense of leaking toilets caused by tank ball trouble for at least 3 years. One size fits all low-down tanks; easily installed; no extra equipment needed. If not at your dealer's send $1 to **Star B. Mfg. Co., 1054 Wagner Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.**

A Palm for Victory

a horse appeared right in front of the taxi. The taxi driver slammed on the brakes, and they skidded. The taxi wasn't hurt none, but the man and the woman they was hurt pretty bad. The lady, she's in a serious condition, and when the paper went to press, her identity ain't been discovered."

Virginia was not listening. She asked again, "What is that word after 'Telephone me'?"

"Blackstone," Lucille told her. She looked at the clock. "It's now quarter past ten. If your mother don't hurry, she can't telephone your father this morning." She folded up her paper. "I got to go now. I ain't exactly leaving you, but where there's a woman sick unto death and five little children, it don't leave you no choice."

She sat gazing down at the newspaper folded between her hands. She said, "I feel terrible blue to think I'm going from here." She sighed. "I feel terrible blue. Money like clockwork." She began to talk to herself. "Good food and the lady never home. No one to count eggs. No one to boss and nag. Just a natural sweet child that can carry a tune."

She began to sing one of her many songs that Virginia had come to know by heart and often sang with her:

"Sorrow on the way!
My ears they hear sounds.
You can't shake sorrow from the cherry tree.
Wash clean my sins."

She said to Virginia, "Ain't you going to sing, honey?" And lifted her voice a little to encourage her.

"Sorrow on the way!
My eyes they see sights.
You can't shake sorrow from the cherry tree.
Lord, save my soul."

Virginia, who for some reason did not want to sing that morning, could not resist the plaintive sweetness. She joined in the last verse.

"Patience on the way!
My time it ain't come.
You can't shake patience from the cherry tree.
Trudge to Jerus'lem."

WHEN it got to be eleven o'clock, Lucille had to go away. The rest of the morning passed, but still Virginia's mother did not come. The sun left the windowsills, and Virginia was sure it was afternoon, but she went downstairs to make doubly certain.

She said to Clement,

"I'd like to know the exact time."

"It's now exactly twenty-two minutes past three," he told her, asking, "Where's all your nice color? You look pale."

"How do you telephone Blackstone, Chicago?" she wanted to know.

"You call it on long distance."

"Oh, I know. You say, 'Please give me long distance.'"

She went upstairs again and waited. Not feeling like running or jumping, she was contented to sit in the wing chair and wait. It was, she thought, particularly fortunate that she cared nothing about eating. In fact, to think about food made her feel ill. She shivered a little.

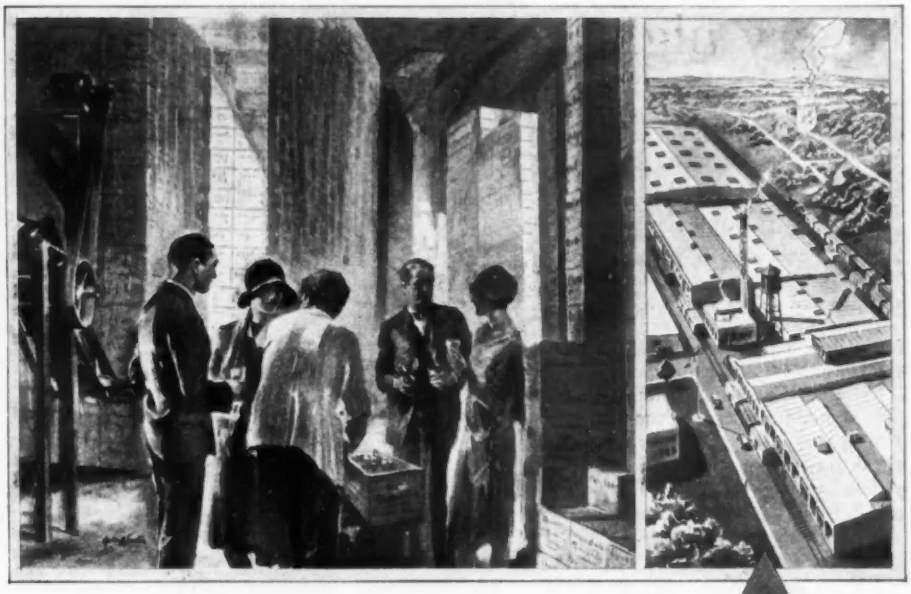
Long before the sun went down, she began to prepare against the dark. She turned on all the lamps, but they were hardly sufficient. She then began to collect all the candles she could find. When the sky grew yellow and amethyst, she lit the tall pink candles. When the first stars came out, she lit the red ones. It occurred to her that in the brass candelabra were so many little candles that she could, by lighting a single one at long intervals, wear away the entire night.

"The Rich, Mellow Flavor is Certainly Due to the Ageing"

Says Alice Bradley, *Head of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*

"I was greatly impressed when I visited the plant at Millis, Mass., by the extreme care and cleanliness with which Clicquot Club Ginger Ales are made. And I was completely convinced that Time plays an important part in the perfection of the flavor. The rich mellowness is certainly due to the ageing."

Alice Bradley



IN the world of foods and cookery there is no one more outstanding than Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery at Boston. Like so many other distinguished visitors to the Clicquot Club plant, she was immediately curious about the way in which Clicquot Club Ginger Ales are aged 6 months.

"How do you age Clicquot Club?" she asked. "And does it really make a great difference?"

Ageing Develops Supreme Flavor

So Miss Bradley was shown the two steps in the ageing process. First, the great glass-lined containers in which the flavor-elements age while blending . . . then the vast warehouses where row on row and tier on tier, the finished product achieves perfection. Science controls the exact conditions under which the ageing takes place, but it is the master chemistry of Nature that ripens the blend. Here, as the months go by, the rare old mellowness of the finished product develops. It takes 6 months to make every bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Taste Detects the Difference

And finally Miss Bradley herself made an interesting test. She tasted first the new Clicquot . . . then the aged Clicquot as it was ready for shipment from the warehouse. She compared one with the other. And, as she herself has said, she was convinced of the important part Time plays in the perfection of the flavor.

Perhaps one day you, too, will make a little journey to this sun-flooded plant at Millis. If so, you will see for yourself how Clicquot's supreme flavor is developed . . . how carefully its purity is guarded . . . how as a final safeguard, it is bottled only in *brand-new bottles*. And you may always be sure that Clicquot Club is ripe, rich and thoroughly digestible because it has been aged 6 months.

You may care to write for the booklet, "A Miracle of Nature," edited by Alice Bradley. It includes many new recipes for desserts and salads . . . delicious warm weather menus. Write for your copy today. It is free. The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

Clicquot Club*

GINGER ALES

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In using advertisements see page 6

Reg. U. S. GRISWOLD Pat. Off.

If you cook a hot dinner every night

Do you often tire of the familiar meat servings . . . often wish for some new kind of roast, or steak, or ham? Here's one to all effects; and it will surprise you by its inexpense. It is delicate like quail. And its outer shell is young leaves that stay whitish green as they shine through red tomato sauce.

Little juicy steak-cakes are bundled in cabbage leaves—then steamed in the Griswold Tite-Top Dutch Oven. This is a "Waterless" Dutch Oven. The vegetables and meats you usually boil can now be steamed in it, and their flavors cherished. Steamed safely, gently—with a perpetual self-basting that adds to their tenderness and good rich taste.

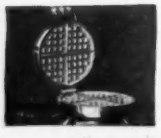
Write for "Aunt Ellen's" Meat-in-Leaves recipe. Free—as is also her booklet on Waterless Cooking, with fifty more recipes. Address "Aunt Ellen," Dept. O, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna.

Kitchen-furnishing stores have Griswold "Waterless" Utensils. Cast aluminum, beautiful to cook with, to wash, to keep hanging in sight in your kitchen. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Dept. O, Erie, Penna.

★

GRISWOLD

Waffles give a "party" accent to dinners—with the salad, the chicken, or the ice cream. This Griswold Electric Waffle Baker is simple to bake with—and simple to keep clean. $10.75. It is also made in Heart-Star pattern.



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"Every Cup a Treat"

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GOLD CAMEL COVER-HOLDER with DROP-CATCHER

is an indispensable article of daily use for teapots. It protects the cover and cups against breaking as well as the table-cloth from spots.

Special prices given on Gold Camel Cover-holder with Drop-catcher in quantities of 25 and upwards upon request.

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For the enclosed 25c send me prepaid a Cover-holder with Drop-catcher for Teapot (see illustration) and a box of ten Parke's Gold Camel Individual Service Tea Balls.

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World's Largest Bean Shippers

SEND FOR BOOK

"14 Ways to serve Beans in Summer"

A Palm for Victory

Yet long as she waited between lightings, the time finally came when only a single candle remained to be lit. She waited and waited. She cried a little when she lit this last light . . .

HER tears prevented her from seeing that her mother had at last come. Not until she came between Virginia and the candle light did Virginia notice she was there.

She was leaning against the table, wearing, as in the portrait, her black chiffon ballet skirt. She said: "Please stay in your chair, Ginny, and don't touch me. I met with an accident last night, and I've been very ill. I'm only borrowed for a little while from myself, so I can telephone your father. After I telephone, I must go back to the hospital again."

She walked slowly to the couch, where she sank down into the ballet skirt like the moon into a cloud. She said: "I'm sorry, Ginny. I meant to come early. I really meant to."

Virginia could see the sorrow in her eyes. She said, "I don't mind at all, now that you are back."

Then it was time to telephone. Her mother said: "Please get long distance for me. Ask for the Blackstone, Chicago, and say you want to speak to Mr. James F. Slater."

Virginia got out of her chair and went to the telephone. As she crossed the floor, a pain began to knock inside her head. While they waited for a connection with Chicago, the knocking became so loud she could hear nothing else. When the telephone rang, her mother had to tell her.

She took a long time to find the receiver. Then she said, "Hello," and heard her father's voice answering. She told her mother, "Daddy's there," and handed her the receiver. She was glad she was not going to do the talking, her throat was so sore.

She went back to her chair and heard her mother saying:

"You must come home, Jim. You must come at once. What's the matter? Can't you hear me? Jim, you're needed. You must come home."

Suddenly her mother threw the receiver down, crying, "I can't make him hear."

She looked at Virginia, asking with terror in her eyes,

"Can you hear me, Ginny?"

"Of course, I can," Virginia told her.

She noticed that her mother's mouth had been painted hurriedly. She said, "Your mouth is just a teeny, weeny little bit crooked."

But her mother paid no attention. She said: "The black horse is coming to take me back. I don't want to go back. All my life I've been in prison inside my body. I don't want to go back to it."

Virginia said: "Don't go back. Stay with me."

Her mother leaned against the table. "If I go back," she said, "I'll be no better than I was before. And there'll be new sins. I shan't be able to help myself. I don't know what to do. It's three minutes to twelve. The black horse will come for me at twelve, and I shall have to go."

"Hide," said Virginia. "Hide behind the screen."

No sooner was her mother behind the screen than the clock in the hall began to chime. The door opened, and the black horse came in, flicking his ears. He walked slowly to the center of the room and stood there."

"She's not here," said Virginia.

The black horse walked slowly toward the screen, and when he reached it, he lifted a fore foot and pawed until the screen fell over.

There stood Virginia's mother, terrified. She began to weep. She said, "Perhaps if I pray—" and got down on her knees. But she could not remember any prayers, and she called:

"Ginny, can't you help me? What was that prayer your father taught you?"

Kneeling there in her frightful anxiety, she was not aware that a strange man had come

If it isn't Diamond Crystal it isn't Shaker Salt

For Tingling Health

Good digestion waits on appetite," and appetite is roused by flavor. ¶All the flavor in any food comes out *in full* with Diamond Crystal Salt. Those porous, fluffy, flakes go *in*—not merely *on*. They dissolve swiftly, blend completely, and put a tingle on the food's own flavor. ¶You better your best cooking and baking by using Diamond Crystal.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., ST. CLAIR, MICHIGAN

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Learn about the radiator enclosures that you can have at really moderate cost . . .

The beautifying effect of modern radiator cabinets is conceded; their cleanliness and healthfulness are well-known; their economy has been demonstrated.

Only high cost stands in the way of their more general adoption — just as it once limited the use of automobiles and many other things. The manufacturers of Radkover Radiator Enclosures have solved the problem by the use of standard units, economically produced by volume methods.

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Send us your name and address for Radkover literature, showing these beautiful radiator cabinets, of different sizes and types, installed in beautiful homes.

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G.H.A.
City ..... *State* .....

HOLYOKE HEATER CO.
94 Sargeant St. HOLYOKE, MASS.

A Palm for Victory

into the room. Virginia thought him strange until the light fell on his face. Then she recognized him as the sorrowful man who rode the donkey on the big metal door.

When he spoke, her mother turned wonderingly on her knees to look at him. He said gently,

"You must go back, for your time has not come."

Her mother pleaded: "If I go back, I'll do all the same things over again. I'd be a much better mother to Ginny if I stayed. Can't you help me to stay?"

He asked, "Have you no strength against the body?"

"I try," she said, "but I never seem able to try hard enough."

He told her, "There is a way to strength, but it is full of sorrow."

"I'll take it," said her mother.

He told her, "If you take this way, your ears will burst with the sounds, and your eyes will break with the sights, for you will hear the sins of the world, and you will see the sins of the world."

Her mother bowed her head.

"And you must trudge alone."

Her mother bowed down.

"And ever after the shadow of the tree will be in your eyes and in your heart and on your tongue."

Her mother bowed until her clasped hands rested against the man's feet. He said,

"I'll lift you on the horse."

But when he lifted her on the horse, she grew dizzy. The horse was too high.

Then the man said, "I will bring the ass's colt waiting outside the door."

He brought in the ass's colt, which was no other than the donkey he himself rode. On the donkey's back were several garments, which the man folded and arranged for Virginia's mother to sit on. A long leaf of palm dropped from among them, and he picked it up and gave it to her mother to hold.

He lifted her on the donkey and walked beside her as the donkey bore her gently through the door. The black horse followed of its own accord.

As she went through the door, her mother turned and said, "I love you, Ginny."

For quite a little while Virginia was allowed to see her going on her way. Then all outlines became blurred, and Virginia could distinguish only the tip of the waving palm. Then that, too, vanished.

A MINUTE puff of white cloud moved close to Virginia's face. She wanted to reach and touch it, but she had no strength. It moved away and became amazingly only a nurse's cap above a fringe of dark hair. In spite of wanting to examine this cap, Virginia's eyes closed.

Her father's voice, small and far away, said:

"At exactly half-past eleven the call from New York came through. I spoke into the telephone, and a faint voice answered. After that I couldn't get any response. Ordinarily I should have thought I'd been cut off, but I felt there was some one still at the other end. Then I can't tell you the feeling I had, the peculiar and convincing sense of dread. I felt I must go home right away. I flung my things together and bolted out of the hotel and caught a train for New York."

There was silence.

Then her father's voice said: "The sun was streaming in, but all the lamps were still lit, and on the table was an array of candles all guttered out but one. Then I saw her lying in the wing chair. She didn't know me. She said,

"'Thanks, Mr. Bidderwell.'"

Another voice said: "You could divorce me. Men do for less."

Smaller than ever, her father's voice asked, "Do you want it?"

"No," said the other voice.

One Less Step in Dishwashing Now

New way cuts time in half. Beads of soap end dish-wiping. Even glasses rinse beautifully clear. Drain dry to sparkling brilliance—without wiping.

Suds in a flash

Rinse—don't wipe

Dishes clean and sparkling

WASH. Rinse. Then you're through. Three times a day Super Suds saves you from dishwiping.

For here's a soap that dissolves 100%! That rinses off *completely*. No tiny soap specks to stick and streak. No clinging soap film to spot dishes as they dry. With Super Suds even glasses dry sparkling clear, without wiping.

Because of this, one woman out of every three* now uses Super Suds. In some cities, one woman out of every two. Although Super Suds has been on the market scarcely more than a year!

This is what we've just learned from a nationwide survey. From 212,960 answers from women who told us, "We're using Super Suds because it saves precious time in housework."

Read what these women discovered

Said a busy young housewife in Minneapolis: "With Super Suds I never *wipe* dishes. They'll dry clear and unstreaked just with rinsing them."

From Topeka: "Super Suds gives instant suds. No more heating water boiling hot in the teakettle to hurry up slow chips and flakes."

From Buffalo: "Super Suds dissolves so completely that it rinses out of clothes just beautifully. I can get whiter clothes in one less rinse now."

Super Suds not only gives suds *above*, but completely dissolved soap *below*, where the real cleaning is done. It penetrates instantly *underneath* the surface. Spreads to every drop of water in the pan. Cleaning . . . cleaning . . . everywhere at once . . . energetically . . . thoroughly . . . swiftly!

Get Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing. For laundry. For sinks, linoleum, woodwork. Wherever you want quicker washing, cleaner rinsing. Only ten cents for a big box. At any grocer's.

*NOTE—These figures are the result of a recent investigation conducted in principal cities throughout the United States. They are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives in conversations with them in their kitchens. 4282

In using advertisements see page 6

Why 218 Health Commissioners Advise

This "COOKED" *Bathroom Paper*

Costs No More Than Ordinary Toilet Paper

218 Health Commissioners in 40 states advised, after careful inspection, this New-Type Paper.

Modern science has found that many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in cheap, yellow ground-wood "toilet papers" . . . papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why two hundred and eighteen Health Commissioners and scores of practicing physicians all over the United States are advising the new-type *cellulose* bathroom paper called "Northern Tissue."

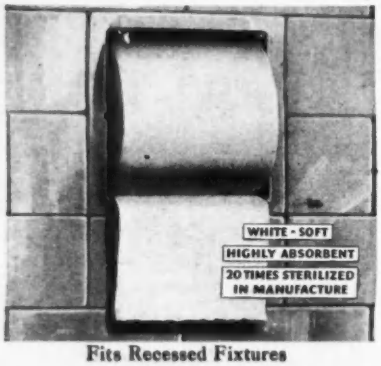
Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—until today more homes use "Northern Tissue" than any other white bathroom paper in the world.

Cooked at 302°—20 Times Sterilized

First this new-type paper pulp is cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized, every sheet in every roll.



Fits Recessed Fixtures

Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; giving you an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c a Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use cheap, yellow ground-wood toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

Ask for

NORTHERN TISSUE

with the Blue Core

FREE
TRIAL ROLL

JULIA NEIDLE, Nurse, Dept. 24.
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, white, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the paper free from raw ground-wood.

© N. P. M., 1929

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

A Palm for Victory

Then it added, "I want another chance."

"That settles it," said her father.

"I never," said the other voice, "could be that way again."

"We'll take a long holiday," said her father. "We'll go to Paris, to Florence, to Madrid, just as soon as you and Ginny are well enough."

Hearing her name, Virginia made an effort and opened her eyes. This time she saw distinctly. On one side of her bed sat her father with hands clasped behind his head. On the other side sat her mother in a wheel chair, and like a mermaid's legs into her tail her mother's legs went down into bandages.

Feeling Virginia looking at her, she slowly turned her head until Virginia could see the deep shadow in her blue eyes.

Smiling happily into them, Virginia said, "I'm hungry."

A Choice in Hors d'Oeuvres

(*Continued from page 83*)

plates garnished with parsley. The filling is enough for six sandwiches.

For *Egg Baskets*, hard-cook the desired number of eggs. Shell and chill them. Then cut them in halves lengthwise and remove the yolks. Slightly moisten the yolks with mayonnaise or cream and mold into balls the size of cranberries. Roll some of these balls in paprika, some in finely minced parsley, and some in grated cheese. Heap four or five of these in each egg-white basket and serve. Narrow strips of green pepper may be used for handles if time permits.

For *Cheese Olives*, select large stuffed olives. Cut each olive in half and put together with a ball of seasoned, moistened cream cheese.

A tasty *Caviar Hors d'Oeuvre* submitted to us by a male reader of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is the following: Cream together two tablespoonfuls of Roquefort cheese and four tablespoonfuls of cream cheese. Fill celery stalks of two-inch length with this mixture. Then with a knife make a narrow, lengthwise trench through the center of each filled celery stalk. Fill the trench with a small quantity of caviar. Then cover it over with some of the cheese mixture, making it rounded. Sprinkle with paprika and serve.

Often it is a few carefully chosen relishes or hors d'œuvres that make the main course at luncheon or dinner inviting. Such relishes may frequently replace the salad course. For example, a crisp red or white cabbage relish made with finely shredded cabbage, shredded green pepper, and diced tomatoes or cucumbers, all in equal quantities, can be marinated in French Dressing, drained, and served in a relish dish along with ripe olives and circles of cranberry jelly. In making the latter, pour the hot cranberry jelly into a cold, wet, shallow pan. When set, cut into circles about one and one-half inches in diameter and serve. Chopped, cooked or canned beets combined with chopped cabbage and seasoned with French Dressing; shelled hard-cooked eggs coarsely chopped and mixed with French Dressing; watermelon pickles, which can be purchased in pint and quart jars; olives marinated for two hours in olive oil to which a cut clove of garlic has been added, and then drained; dressed cucumbers that have been pared, the surface scored with the tines of a fork run down the surface lengthwise, then thinly sliced crosswise, sprinkled with salt and pepper, covered with Tarragon vinegar, and allowed to stand two hours before draining; radishes, carefully washed, thinly sliced crosswise, and marinated in French Dressing before serving; thinly shredded green pepper and tiny, diced, cooked carrots combined with thin rings of onion, marinated in French Dressing, and drained—all these suggest varied combinations for the relish or hors d'œuvre dish.

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

(*Continued from page 98*)

these lazy striplings tend to load them with reproaches. They do this in all sincerity, being wholly unaware that usually they are themselves responsible for the laziness they deplore and condemn.

That, in a single phrase, is the truth as I see it with respect to the chief cause of laziness. If laziness has, as it demonstrably has, various causes, I am convinced, and I hope to satisfy you as I tried to satisfy my friend of the little personal debate, that laziness has its main root in parental errors which have the effect of early bringing the instinctive urge to purposeful endeavor into disastrous conflict with other instinctive urges—notably the urge to imitation. It is not that children "inherit" laziness from their parents; it is that the parental manner of their upbringing unconsciously inclines them to repress their instinctive urge to do, and habituates them to the avoidance of creative, constructive, socially useful, and personally satisfying doing.

No doubt in any laziness survey worthy of the name one must reckon with the enervating influence of unfortunate bodily conditions—such as malnutrition, dental disease, adenoid overgrowths, tonsillar infections, etc.—when undertaking to account for the prevalence of laziness among growing children and the transformation of once energetic children into lazy adolescents and adults. But the influence of factors such as these is really secondary as compared with the influence of parental misrearing. As one keen-minded teacher put it not so long ago, hurling a metaphorical bomb into an educational conference,

"Before we talk of curing a child of backwardness and laziness by taking out his tonsils, let us inquire about his parents."

Are The Parents Lazy?

Nine times out of ten, perhaps oftener, inquiry about his parents will reveal that neither of them is conspicuously interested in the work he or she has to do, and that at least one of them may be conspicuously uninterested in it. The family situation is only too likely to resemble that of a household wherein a small boy of my own acquaintance is unmistakably "slowing down" and gradually qualifying for admission into the great army of the truly lazy.

In this household both parents not only are devoid of any real work interest, but frankly regard their leisure hours as so much time to be "killed" as agreeably as possible. The mother works energetically enough in attending to details of housekeeping, but when free from these she shows an almost obsessional craving for excitement and amusement. The father, a salaried man, dislikes his work and has no hesitation about saying so.

He is equally willing either to go rushing about with his wife in quest of entertainment, or to sit idly at home, drowsing over the newspaper or inertly listening to whatever the broadcasters of radio stations choose to give him. He is not willing, when at work, to exert himself any more than is necessary for routine accomplishment; or, when away from work, to undertake through study and reflection to fit himself for business advancement. He is, to put it bluntly, a typical exemplar of that most mischievous yet widely accepted gospel, the gospel of "getting by."

To make a bad matter worse, so far as his little son is concerned, this easy-going, unambitious parent sympathizes at heart with his boy's detestation of school. "Of course, you must go to school," he duly tells his little William. But it is noticeable that he permits William, on any flimsy excuse, to absent himself from school. Noticeable also is the extent to which he takes the child for long automobile drives, to theatrical performances, and to "movie" shows. These no doubt please William hugely. As surely they make for a chronic fatigue and for a nervousness which themselves foster the defect of laziness.

Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have this special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

- ☐ Tar Shampoo
- ☐ Olive Oil Shampoo ★
- ☐ Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 18-D, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.: Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

SCRANTON
LUSTRE SPREADS

THREE orchid prints, on a putty-colored wall, repeat the color note in the rich, orchid Lustre Spread. Green and rose in dresser and lamp shades create charming contrasts. The new Lustre Spread booklet shows in color, correct bedroom harmonies, built around each of six carefully chosen Lustre Spread colors. Mail coupon and 10c.

Scranton Lace Company
Dept. 105, Scranton, Pa.
Enc'd 10c for Color Harmony Booklet
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

OPENS or closes by one simple movement. Stands perfectly rigid. Large ironing surface.

A quality product in every detail; made to last a life time. Delivered to you in individual Kraft container.

Our folder G will interest you. Write for it today.

The BICKNELL
Folding Ironing Table
J. F. BICKNELL LUMBER CO.
Worcester, Mass.

SIMMONS
Cribs

Scientifically perfect for baby's sound healthful sleep . . . Come to you hygienically clean and safe in sealed cartons, springs included. $12.50 to $40. Beautyrest Mattress to order.

Keeps little spines strong and straight

For *growing babies* of *busy mothers* . . . .

Happy as the day is long is the baby who plays in this fascinating Circus Pony Shoofly. As he plays, the tiny muscles get the exercise that makes chubby little bodies grow straight and strong. Mother is relieved of worry and is free for her housekeeping duties. She knows baby is happy and safe — the Shoofly can't tip over and baby can't get out.

CIRCUS PONY SHOOFLY

Is built to stand rough usage. Of proper size for children from six to thirty-six months old. Between the heads is a playbox to hold baby's little toys; under the seat is a solid foot rest. Attractively finished in ivory, red and black.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, this plaything will be sent to you direct. Delivery guaranteed. Your money back if you are not satisfied after a week's trial. Just send name and address with $5.00 ($5.50 Denver and west); or write for beautiful illustrated catalog, free, of this and other playthings, to The Mengel Company, Toy Department, 1900 North Market Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

MENGEL *Playthings*

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

Still, their significance in this connection is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the significance of the pernicious example set by his father and mother, and more especially by his father. Why is the father himself so lazy? Did he "inherit" laziness from his father? To that question I can give a confident answer in the negative, since it happens that I knew the father's father, William's grandfather.

As a young man the grandfather was a busy doer. He married a bit late and in the interim saved money. This he invested so fortunately that before William's father came on the scene, William's grandfather was under no necessity of working hard for a livelihood. He ceased working hard for a livelihood. To all intents and purposes he ceased working at all, and gave himself to frequent holidays, fishing, hunting, and haunting of the baseball park. Life was "fun" to William's grandfather. Noting this, why should life mean anything but "fun" to William's father? Why should he bestir himself to impart to William a saving sense that conceivably life may be meant for something other than fun?

No, one doesn't have to drag in heredity to explain laziness. Bearing in mind the extraordinary, the tremendous suggestibility of childhood, the inborn and extreme tendency of children to imitate, one need only study a lazy man's family history for a generation or two in order to appreciate how readily suggestion and imitation may combine to suppress the achievement-urge and make laziness seem the "natural" and the "normal" thing.

In the case just mentioned, it is true, William still has a chance of escaping from the handicap parental example has imposed on him. Outside influences, the influence of inspiring teachers, of good books he may happen to read, of schoolmates from homes where work is deemed something better than a necessary evil, influences such as these may yet re-establish in little William the urge to accomplish. But the odds are all the other way, especially in view of the tendency of children to imitate their parents, to let the sentiments and the attitudes of their parents become for them the great patterns of thought and action. The odds are, to put it candidly, that William will grow to be at least as lazy a man as his father is today and as his grandfather was in his day.

If he does grow thus, he will be only one of an enormous company which, there unhappily is reason for adding, is all the while becoming larger.

Is Industry Old-Fashioned?

Of this unpleasant fact of the spread of laziness, so gravely meaningful to society, evidence continually comes. I had a curious reminder of it recently, when talking with some newspaper publishers, one from New York, a second from Pennsylvania, a third from Wisconsin. Somebody asked the Pennsylvania publisher what kind of young men were now entering the newspaper field in his city, and this drew the response:

"The kind represented by a lad who came into my office the other afternoon to inquire if I had an opening for him as a reporter. He had just been graduated from a near-by college and thought he might like newspaper work. When I told him that I could perhaps find a place for him, instead of registering gratification, he demanded,

" 'What will it pay me, and how long will I have to work?'

"I explained that his working hours would necessarily be uncertain, and that at first, while he was learning the ropes, he would be more of a liability to me than an asset; that somebody would have to give time and effort to instruct him in newspaper technique. But I thought I could pay him $12 or $15 a week to start.

" 'H'm!' he shot back. 'I wouldn't dream of taking any job for less than $50 a week, and I would want to know exactly how long I was expected to work every day.' "

You need but snap a switch to summon the Summer Sun

SUDDENLY through the dark of the night the summer sun appears. You have summoned it, and there it stands, warm and glowing.

What more astounding miracle could you imagine? What greater blessing can there be than this? Such is the wonder of the Eveready Sunshine Lamp. Its light duplicates natural summer sunshine at any hour of the day or night.

This light is so scientifically exact in reproducing sunshine that it will do for you all that sunshine will do. Turn on the Eveready Sunshine Lamp and you turn on ultra-violet rays in the same proportions in which they are found in summer sunshine. You turn on all the colors of the rainbow at once. Therefore, the light is intense, pure white to the eyes. The invisible heating infra-red rays are produced too, in their proper proportions to the other rays, and so this man-made sun glows with grateful warmth.

No longer need you wait until summer to take your sun baths. Tonight, before you go to bed, you may stretch forth your body and bathe in this light. Nervousness and fatigue will disappear. Drowsiness will come. You will sleep soundly, and wake refreshed. Do this nightly and see how miraculously your health is raised to a higher level.

Sunshine, natural or artificial, greatly benefits the healthy. Do not use it, however, for the treatment of disease except under your doctor's instructions, for this powerful agent may harm the sick as much as it helps the well. In illness, seek medical advice. Write for the booklet "Making the Summer Sun Stand Still."

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
***Carbon Sales Division*, Cleveland, Ohio**

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

The new Eveready Sunshine Lamp plugs into any convenience outlet, and comes complete with two pairs of special goggles and ten Eveready Sunshine Carbons, ready to operate. Price, $137.50. Sold by electric light companies, electrical specialty dealers, department stores, and physicians' supply houses.

EVEREADY Sunshine Lamp

Eveready Sunshine Lamp

EVEREADY Sunshine Carbons

Ask your physician

In using advertisements see page 6

Where FLOORS *get the hardest* WEAR!

THE parts of the floor that your visitors see first — in hallways, around tables, in front of the radio or piano — are the places that get the hardest wear. Now — these places can be just as attractive and beautiful as the rest of your floor. And they can be kept lovely *forever* with this magic quick polish — Old English Wax.

The Wear is on the Wax

Think of Old English Wax as a thin, hard, transparent coat of armor that really protects your floor like a glass top protects the finish of a desk from scratches and wear.

And Old English Wax is so easy to apply — whether your floors are now waxed, varnished, shellaced, painted or linoleum. Just apply a little Old English Wax — allow ten minutes for drying — then polish to glowing beauty with a clean soft cloth or a Waxer-Polisher. That's all—then your floors are safe from mars and dullness.

Because Old English Wax contains such a high percentage of imported carnauba wax — its polish is twice as lustrous and lasting as that given by ordinary floor waxes. Full directions on every can. Sold at hardware, paint, drug, housefurnishing and department stores. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.

Old English Wax

PASTE & LIQUID POLISH

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Many Openings in Fashionable Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Everywhere

YOU can be a hotel hostess. Opportunities everywhere in fashionable hotels, clubs, apartment houses, for women of all ages. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings in this fascinating profession. Previous experience unnecessary. Our easy method of special instruction will equip you for a splendid position and good salary. Nation-wide Employment Service Free of extra cost. Lewis students everywhere are winning success in this new profession for women. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 a year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." *Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."*

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. BK-2412 Washington, D. C.
Charter Member National Home-Study Council

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

The Wisconsin publisher broke in: "You're having pretty much my experience. All the cubs of this generation seem to think about is getting and spending. Earning doesn't seem to be in their vocabulary, and certainly they have no idea what work is, as you and I used to know it when we broke into the newspaper game."

At about the same time I chanced to meet an old friend, the head of a far-famed preparatory school in Massachusetts. He had a perplexed, worried expression, and I jestingly remarked on it.

"I am a bit worried," he admitted. "I have to prepare my Commencement Day address, and I am trying to screw up courage to give to the parents who will turn out for the exercises a straight-from-the-shoulder talk on 'Flappers and Fans.'"

"Meaning by 'fans,'" I questioned, "'boys who can fairly be deemed male flappers?'"

"Meaning by 'fans' the young fellows who are so lazy and lacking in ambition that they want and expect somebody to fan them comfortably through a life of effortless ease. There have always been boys of this sort in our school, but we have never had so many as we have been getting lately. This year's lot is about the worst on record. It is time for some plain speaking."

Thus, in all earnestness, this worthy schoolmaster spoke to me. Later I learned that his courage had failed him and that he had given a perfectly innocuous Commencement Day address of the conventional type, devoid of anything calculated to disturb the complacency of any parent. Yet it really is a great pity that his courage did fail him, and a greater that school-teachers as a class feel obliged to refrain from telling parents the truth about the juvenile indifference and laziness now so much in evidence. Soon or late the truth will have to be told, fully, emphatically, in the language of the plainest of plain speaking, and the sooner the better for both parents and children, as also for the country of which parents and children alike are citizens.

Certainly it is not being told even in the present-day heated denunciation of "flappers" and "fans," denunciation which for the most part is wide of the mark. If the "flapper's faith," as the Rev. Dr. Maclean of Glasgow Cathedral terms it, is "to have a good time and go through life with a giggle," demanding as much as possible from the world and giving to the world as little as possible, it is sheer folly to blame the young themselves for their adoption of this happiness-wrecking, misery-insuring creed. They have not invented it, yet neither has it formulated itself.

Parental Work-Dodgers

It has been foisted upon them, logically, inescapably, by parents who, like the work-detesting father I have cited, exemplify in their own lives the "flapper's faith" which the younger generation, the rising generation, put more glaringly and more recklessly into practise because they are young and have the glorious exuberance of youth. By no possibility can the fact of this foisting be controverted. One has only to look about a bit to have it unpleasantly confirmed that parental "fans" and "flappers" are to be numerously found, fathers and mothers to whom home has become little better than a place for bed and breakfast—fathers and mothers who are insatiable pleasure-hunters, arrant work-dodgers.

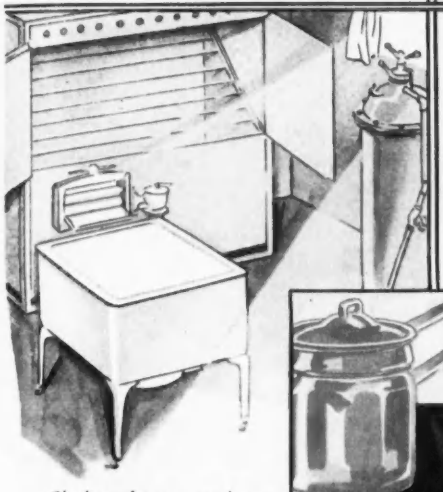
Can such parents reasonably expect to have other than lazy children? Can such parents with any show of justice reproach their children for their laziness? For the matter of that, if report is to be credited, some of them not only infect their children with laziness by the contagion of their example of maximum idling, but directly and consciously incite them to get through life as easily as they can.

I have before me at this moment a recent newspaper clipping outlining an address given to the Rotary Club of Boston, by J. Adam

Ranges finished in porcelain-enamel are easy to keep spic and span. Of course, they will wear better if the enamel is over an ARMCO *Ingot Iron base.*

* * *

The finest refrigerators, both ice and mechanical, are finished in porcelain. Many come in lovely colors to match your decorative scheme.



Clothes dryers, washers and water softeners made of ARMCO *Ingot Iron will give you longer service.*

Cooking utensils like these add gay touches of color are so easy to keep clean, and never absorb cooking odors or flavors.

Good to look at . . . easy to clean— *this modern kitchen equipment*

Today's housewives are demanding more than plain utility in their kitchen furnishings. They want the color and beauty that porcelain-enameled equipment adds to this important room.

Moreover no other finish has the same advantages as porcelain-enamel. It never needs repainting or recovering and its glassy non-absorbent surfaces require no scrubbing and scouring to keep them clean.

Don't put off any longer the charm and ease that porcelain-enameled equipment can bring to your own kitchen. But just remember, when you buy it, that there are great differences in the quality of such products.

How to be sure of the best . . .

Your investment in kitchen beauty will be a *lasting* one if you look for the ARMCO TRIANGLE when you buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron has played a big part in making possible the beautiful porcelain-enameled products of today. No other metal takes and *holds* a porcelain-enamel covering like ARMCO Ingot Iron. The manufacturers who put the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE on their products are offering you the best material-value that money can buy.

It will also pay you to insist on ARMCO Ingot Iron wherever metal must resist rust. This iron is so *pure* that it outlasts ordinary steel and iron by long years of service.

All porcelain-enameled ware looks somewhat the same. But this famous triangle is your assurance of unseen quality.

PORCELAIN ENAMEL ON
TRADE MARK
ARMCO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RESISTS RUST
INGOT IRON

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export: The Armco International Corp. *Cable Address:* "ARMCO-MIDDLETOWN"

In using advertisements see page 6

Why Not Look Younger— As You Grow Older?

YEARS may come and years may go, but why let them leave a wrinkle on your facial calendar? Years are no excuse for losing natural color, for sagging muscles, double chins, blackheads and hollows under the eyes. These come from personal neglect—failure to give yourself that daily personal care you deserve. Don't accumulate "facial blemishes" simply because you think you are growing older.

Whether you are thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty, you can always look younger. Charm is ageless, provided it is regularly and systematically cultivated. One of the first essentials to charm is a clear skin—which you can have with the aid of the—

Lucille Buhl

Beauty Molding Trio

(A complete Month's Treatment for $3.50)

Lucille Buhl Cleansing Cream will effectively, yet gently, remove the almost invisible particles of dust and dirt that clog the pores, leaving it thoroughly cleansed and reflecting the freshness of youth. (Per jar $1.00 to $3.50)

After cleansing, refresh the skin and rejuvenate the pores to normal action with Lucille Buhl Pine Needles Astringent. ($1.00 to $3.00)

Then gently but firmly mold the muscles of the face and neck back to their natural firmness, with the aid of Lucille Buhl Molding Cream. ($1.50 to $3.00)

Beauty Molding helps to rejuvenate sagging muscles, remove lines and restore a firm, young contour. Complete directions given in illustrated Beauty Molding Chart, furnished free.

ASK YOUR DEALER for the Lucille Buhl Beauty Molding Trio and a free copy of the Beauty Molding Chart. If he doesn't carry them, he will gladly order for you—or, send direct, giving dealer's name. Attractive brochure on correct care of skin, mailed free.

LUCILLE BUHL, Inc.
Suite, 906, 2 West 45th St., New York City

Other
Lucille Buhl
Beauty Preparations

Lucille Buhl Protection Cream, Liquid Powder Base, Cream Rouge, Day-Evening Powder, Hand Cream and others, all moderately priced and all of which have been tested and approved for purity and excellence by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine.

ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Choose correct announcements for the happy event in the quiet leisure of your own home—so much more satisfactorily than on a hasty shopping trip. My Sample Book, with its helpful suggestions, is so complete that it will delight you. Sent FREE upon request, with dainty book of "Wedding Etiquette." For prompt service, tell me about how many announcements are required. Anne Kieran, THE CATHEDRAL OF ENGRAVING, INC., 2 Langenberg Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Let me start YOU in your own TEA-ROOM

Make Money as I Do!

I have started hundreds of women in successful Tea-Rooms, Cafeterias, and Motor Inns. Get my FREE BOOK that tells how. You can earn a fine income in an executive position or as owner. Write me now about how I put ambitious women into this fine new money-making field.

Jeanette Ware, Suite 14, 52 West 39th St., New York City

Only $10.95

for smart new copper percolator . . . . . send for Free booklet

New Torrid Copper Percolator makes 7 cups of delicious coffee, full-flavored as really enjoyable coffee should be. Smart table appointment, too, with graceful lines, gleaming nickel finish, colorful handles. Yet very moderate in price. Available at most dealers. Insist on Torrid. Write today for free booklet showing 12 exceptional electric appliance values. The Beardsley & Wolcott Mfg. Company, Dept. 4G, Waterbury, Connecticut.

TORRID · Electric
HOME HELPERS

Handy for Garbage

Odorless . . . . Saves Many Steps

IN modern kitchens everywhere the Sanette Garbage Receiver will be found beneath the sink, absolutely odorless, ample in capacity (saving thousands of steps to outside garbage can), strongly made and beautifully enameled in green, yellow, red, blue or white.

Fitted with removable, leak-proof inner pail of galvanized steel; 3 gal. capacity.

Also made in 2 gal. and 5 gal. sizes. Prices—2 gal. $1.50, 3 gal. $3.00, 5 gal. $5.00. If your department store or hardware dealer cannot supply send check or money order. We pay shipping charges.

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Ask your dealer to show you new Sanette Waxed Bags to fit these cans. Save wrapping of garbage. Keep cans clean.

MASTER METAL PRODUCTS, Inc.
295 Chicago St., Buffalo, N.Y.

SANETTE

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

Puffer. Mr. Puffer, a specialist in vocational guidance, startled and shocked the Rotarians by citing statistics "that showed that less than half the parents responding to a questionnaire had ever talked with their children over their coming careers, that of those who had talked with their children . . . 70 percent had advised their children to look for something 'soft and easy.'" This last statement would seem almost unbelievable, so hard is it to conceive of parents as foolish as this. Yet it is, when one envisages facts, precisely the kind of advice that might be expected of parents unreservedly accepting for themselves the "flapper's faith"; and, as suggested, it is notorious that there is no dearth of such parents in our topsy-turvy, most jazzistic age.

More than this, as I stressed at the outset, given a parental example of laziness, children actually need no urging to look for something soft and easy, whether in school work or the work of the business world. And—it should, of course, be clearly understood—parental laziness is by no means confined to excitement-longing, pleasure-questing parents. Some of the laziest parents of my acquaintance are sedate and home-loving bodies, persons to whom "flapperism" is the last word in unseemliness. Yet as idlers, as essential loafers, no "flapper" can excel them.

Nor—please do note this well—is laziness as regards the daily task and the profitable use of leisure the only sort of parental laziness which makes for laziness of the young. That may equally result from parents being lazy in respect to certain problems and responsibilities of parenthood itself. Here we come to something into which we must go in detail, for most parenthood-lazy fathers and mothers are serenely unconscious of their laziness, just as many of the work-hating, pleasure-hunting parents are unconscious of the inertia-breeding consequences of their life attitude to the boys and girls they have brought into the world.

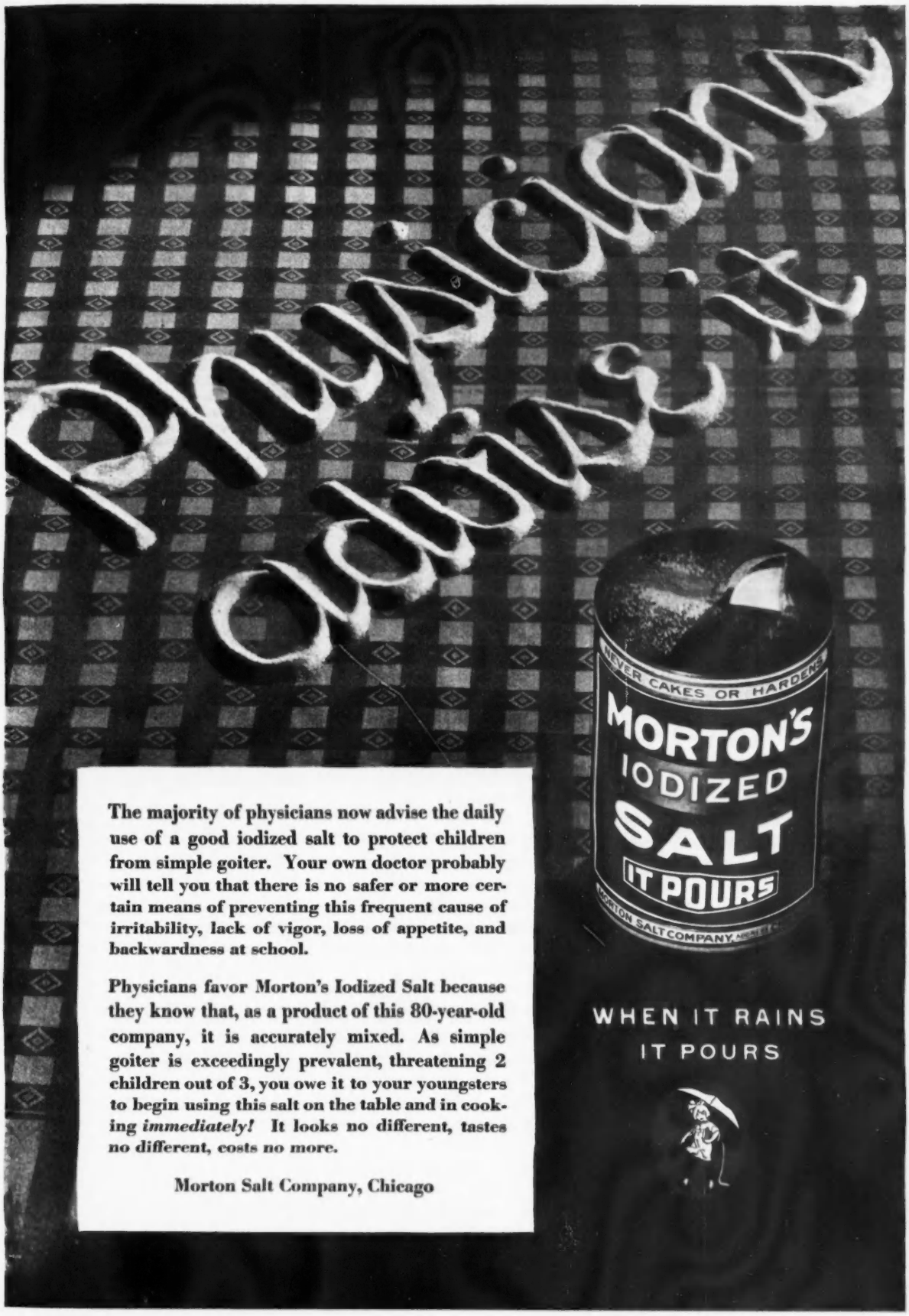
Parents Who Are Mentally Lazy

To specify, there are parents who could not possibly be called lazy so far as meeting occupational demands is concerned, yet who are distinctly indolent when it is a matter of exerting themselves to help their children develop as children are meant to develop. You know even as I know, for instance, parents too lazy to make any attempt to answer the questions their little ones so frequently put to them in obedience to the promptings of curiosity, that instinct having the important object of promoting mental growth. What happens to the children of these parents—children who are chided for their questioning and imperiously ordered to "Keep quiet" or "Be still"—is that in many cases the curiosity instinct is so chilled that when the children later go to school they are virtually without any desire for learning.

They have to be prodded, they have to be incessantly exhorted, to apply themselves to their lessons, and, for all the prodding and exhorting, they profit from them little. Then, aggrieved and scandalized, their parents think it the righteous thing to stigmatize them as lazy, oblivious to the part they have themselves played in producing the laziness that moves them to wrath. Nor is it only laziness that may result from the common policy of ignoring children's questions and keeping them in a general state of repression. The case of little Dick is a striking illustration of what may happen in extreme instances.

Little Dick was a small boy sent to a psychological clinic for examination because he was doing so poorly in school that his teacher suspected him of being mentally defective. The examining psychologist did not confirm her suspicion. His tests indicated that Dick was bright enough, and that he merely was suffering from, so to speak, a functional paralysis of the mental processes.

A talk with Dick's mother went to bear out this finding, for she reported that in early childhood he had been bright, vivacious, and



The majority of physicians now advise the daily use of a good iodized salt to protect children from simple goiter. Your own doctor probably will tell you that there is no safer or more certain means of preventing this frequent cause of irritability, lack of vigor, loss of appetite, and backwardness at school.

Physicians favor Morton's Iodized Salt because they know that, as a product of this 80-year-old company, it is accurately mixed. As simple goiter is exceedingly prevalent, threatening 2 children out of 3, you owe it to your youngsters to begin using this salt on the table and in cooking *immediately!* It looks no different, tastes no different, costs no more.

Morton Salt Company, Chicago

In using advertisements see page 6

MARY ANN SHELL PAN

CAKE SHELL READY FOR FILLING

These New Pans suggest

MODERN EFFECTS IN SERVING

WITH Mary Ann Shell Pans you make up your own favorite recipes—but in a different form, inviting colorful combinations. It is the deep, open shell that gives such opportunity for novel effects. Using one Round Family Size (8 inch) Mary Ann Shell Pan several courses may be prepared and served in the modern manner. A rice ring with vegetables; a shrimp salad in aspic; sponge cake with whipped cream; or blanc mange with a fruit filling.

For variation you will want to use the Square family Size and the individual-portion Bridge Sets, round and square, 4 to the set. All are made of neoloy, the new rust-resisting metal.

Each Mary Ann Shell Pan or set of pans is packed in a colorful carton, making it especially effective as an inexpensive gift or bridge prize.

Your Dealer will supply you with Mary Ann Shell Pans or, if you are unable to get them, we will ship them to you direct by mail. Merely send us money order or stamps for the correct amount.

A book of suggestions, illustrated in color, accompanies each pan. Particularly helpful as well as different from any recipe book you ever used.

MARY ANN
PATENT NO. 1302364
*** *Shell* PANS**
for Cakes Entrees Salads and Desserts

EDWARD KATZINGER CO.
1949 North Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Address this coupon to EDWARD KATZINGER CO. 1949 No. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Check items you wish, send money order or stamps and we will mail to you prepaid the Mary Ann Shell Pans.

- ☐ **Round Family Size, 8 inches, 75c**
- ☐ **Square Family Size, 8 inches, 75c**
- ☐ **Round Bridge Set, per set of 4, diameter 3", $1.00**
- ☐ **Square Bridge Set, per set of 4, 3" square, $1.00**
- ☐ **Hostess Size, 10 inches, 90c**
- ☐ **Measuring Cups, ¼, ⅓, ½ and 1 Cup, per set, $1.00**

Name.....

Address.....

G. H. 4

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

uncommonly active both mentally and physically.

She added: "He was so active that he made a nuisance of himself. He butted in on everything, he asked questions all the time. We had to scold him, we even had to spank him, to keep him quiet. I can not understand why he is now so dull and dumb."

The psychologist thought he could understand. He prescribed for Dick special schooling designed to reawaken the stifled instinct of curiosity and dispel the crushing sentiments of inferiority the parental repression had established. And he impressed upon the mother the lamentably-often ignored truth that parents really ought to give at least as much thought to the business of parenthood as to the details of housekeeping or livelihood-earning. His recommendations being heeded, it was not long before Dick triumphantly emerged from the unhappy host of the "feeble-minded."

Again and again, I would emphatically add, grave mental retardation, to say nothing of juvenile laziness is indubitably traceable to parenthood-laziness of one sort or another. In Dick's case the laziness of the parents unwittingly impelled them to a direct stunting of his mental growth. Because he questioned them too much, because he was forever wanting to do things that inconvenienced them, they took the easy but harmful way of the adage, "Children should be seen, but not heard." The result might have been the same had they, even while conceding Dick's right and his need to question and to be developmentally employed, been too lazy to study and to meet his physical needs.

A Mistaken Mother

Here is John, aged thirteen, brought to a medical psychologist by a desperately anxious mother. John is the prize dunce of a preparatory school in which he has been a pupil for three years. John's mother is a member of various clubs, including a club devoted primarily to "Child Study." She has attended meetings of this club faithfully; has been much edified by the papers read and the discussions following them. This has not prevented her from being unmistakably lazy with regard to her own particular job as John's mother.

As appears when the psychologist, having completed his testing of John, starts in to question her. John, he announces, to her great relief, is no moron, is not innately so conditioned that he must always be a dunce. He is merely the victim of some remediable condition that has made him temporarily dull. One such condition is malnourishment, and a glance at John has satisfied the psychologist that it is conceivably the condition accounting for John's sad plight. But, his mother protests, she has always fed John well; she has always given him all the food he wanted. Did she take pains to train him to want what was best for him? Did she, to be more specific, accustom him to wanting such edibles as milk, fresh fruit, green vegetables? Why, no. Oddly enough, he had a prejudice against these, and there really seemed no need to insist on his eating them. The psychologist did not say, though he might with reason have said:

"And so, madam, because it was the easiest way, because you were too lazy to study the dietary needs of your growing child, you pampered John and let him eat only what he most wanted to eat. Indulging his appetite, his food likes and dislikes, you doubtless indulged him in other things, as is the way of lazy parents. All this would make for the dulness that frightens you, the dulness and the laziness for which you are yourself to blame."

The psychologist may have thought this, but he was too diplomatic to say it. He simply suggested to John's mother that it would be an excellent thing for her to send John to a certain boarding-school. Thither he went, and there, freed from the pampering home environment of an unconsciously lazy mother, disciplined and dieted in accordance with the prime needs of boyhood, he outgrew his reputation as a

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

dunce, and outgrew, too, the home-bred laziness that had caused his personality to shrink until the dunce's cap had fitted him only too well.

This, truly, is the sort of thing that is happening all the while. It happens so often—as evinced by the case cards of medical psychologists and the records of psychological clinics, of educational clinics, of habit clinics—that one is tempted to insist that parenthood-laziness rather than any blight of inheritance is responsible for most of the mental retardation commonly thought to mean positive and irremediable degeneration. Most assuredly, so far as sheer laziness is concerned, one need incriminate neither an inherited blemish nor an instinctive tendency to the avoidance of effort. Fairly and squarely the blame may be put on parental failure to study childhood's needs, and on the deadening influence of a faulty parental example.

Many are the parents who, though well aware of the existence of a whole library of books on parent-craft, are too lazy to read even a single volume calculated to make them more efficient as parents. Many parents are there, too lazily indifferent to the suggestions of medical advisers looking to the mental and moral as well as physical betterment of their young.

"I know Dr. Blank thinks I ought to insist on Jimmy's getting to bed earlier, but Jimmy does so love the movies, and besides, I hate to think of leaving him alone in the house while I go to a show."

"Yes, I have been told that Mary's adenoids are slowing her up, but she'll grow out of the adenoids—all children do."

"It's too much trouble to fuss over Tommy's drinking milk at lunch, when he hates milk."

So it goes. Add the fact that parents too lazy to exert themselves expressly in their children's behalf are usually parents averse to exertion in general, and the marvel is not that laziness is widespread, but that the outside influences of good neighbors, good teachers, and good reading so often offset the inertia-engendering infection of a home atmosphere in which "Do nothing more than absolutely must be done" is the rule.

Youthful Ability Neglected

Twenty-five years of intensive study of human nature and human behavior have in fact satisfied me that if only parents as a class were not addicted to some form of laziness, not simply would adult laziness quickly and markedly lessen, but there would be so marked a rise in the average intelligence level that the achievements of so-called "men of genius" would no longer be the rarity they are. As I see it, genius is exceptional not so much because great mental ability is lacking in the masses of men, but because the parent whose example and whose fostering care would tend to develop human ability to its maximum is still exceptional. The power in the child, the normal child, remains latent and unused power, even repressed power, primarily for the reason that parents neglect to exert themselves to make of their children the achieving men and women they might become.

This belief has, for me, been strengthened of late by perusal of a statistical work issued by Stanford University, a survey by Dr. Catharine M. Cox and associates, of "Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses." What Dr. Cox sought to establish was a catalogue of characteristics marking in childhood those destined for great things. What she certainly has established is the uncommon good fortune of children blessed with busy, industrious, and accomplishing parents—and parents willing to give time and effort from their own labors to the labor of helping their children make the most of whatever innate talent they possessed.

Here are a few—but only a few—of the men of genius indicated in Dr. Cox's work as having had the benefit of a good parental example, and often of painstaking education in the home by

DRIES IN 6 HOURS

This Once Was a Man's Job!

—but the new, quick drying KYANIZE Floor Enamel brushes on so easily and evenly—right from the can—that renewing floors is easy for any woman.

Kyanize

FLOOR ENAMEL

is the new and perfect coating for what seem to be hopeless floors. It is an enamel, high grade and waterproof, tough enough to stand the hardest wear without cracking, chipping or peeling. Free from offensive odor it comes in eleven popular colors.

Pick out an old, soft-wood floor or one where the grain is no longer attractive—then spread a few easy brush loads of KYANIZE Floor Enamel over it—watch it level out to a clean even smoothness. It hides the old grain, the unsightly spots and stains, the worn places.

Because of its great durability and its waterproof qualities, KYANIZE Floor Enamel is excellent for porch and piazza floors. Use it on floors of cement, concrete or wood—it's satisfactory on all kinds.

On old pattern-worn linoleum it gives a beautiful new solid color finish —uniform in its attractiveness.

Send for our new booklet, "The Charm of Painted Things," or if your dealer cannot supply you with Kyanize, send $1.00 for a special trial pint can with brush and booklet included.

Special $1.00 Offer

If your dealer does not carry Kyanize Floor Enamel (solid covering) send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we will forward to you postpaid a full pint can of this master enamel for old floors including brush to apply it. Mention color you desire—Dust Drab, Light Yellow, Warm Gray, Navy Gray, Dark Yellow, Rich Red, Tile Green, Golden Brown, Mahogany Red, Buff, Deep Orange

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY

172 Everett Station

Boston, Mass. U. S. A.

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This Guaranty Protects

when you buy the merchandise advertised in Good Housekeeping

Every article advertised in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING carries with it a money-back guaranty. You have the guaranty whether the article is susceptible of some laboratory test or not. All household appliances, food products, and toilet preparations have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute or the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, maintained by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. These are marked with a star (★). The examinations are technical and practical, the tests being made under the supervision of experts. Every article which, by its nature, cannot be tested, bears the same money-back guaranty if the advertisement appears in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The number of products advertised in this issue is so large that room for our Guaranty could not be found in its usual place on Page 6. Page 6 is Good Housekeeping's Index to Guaranteed Advertisements, one of the most dependable buying guides you have Consult Page 6 before you make any purchase

$1 AMERICA'S SUPERB GLADIOLUS Prize Winning Collection

"Extristrong" young bulbs offered direct to the public. Contains Scarlet Princeps, Alice Tiplady (orange) Albania (White) E. J. Shaylor (rose) Early Sunrise (Salmon) and other choice varieties.

3 ONE-DOLLAR OFFERS

60 Medium Bulbs $1.00
40 Large Bulbs $1.00
25 Very Large Bulbs.. $1.00

Mail your order now! Orders Postpaid Anywhere in U. S. A.

WATERLOO BULB FARMS
Dept. G Waterloo, Iowa

DIRECT FROM LEADING GROWER

FREE Peerless plant marker with each order.

BULBS 10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10c and names of four friends who grow flowers. Will include FREE, oulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.
S.W. PIKE, Seedsman, Box 33, St. Charles, Ill.

BURPEE'S Garden Book

The Vegetables or Flowers you would like to see growing in your garden—read all about them in Burpee's Garden Book, full of pictures and garden news. Write for your copy of this garden book today. It's free.

W. Atlee Burpee Co. Box 266 Phila., Pa.

Dreer's Garden Book

If you love Flowers and like to grow your own Vegetables, you'll thoroughly enjoy this 1929 edition. It offers countless suggestions in Seeds, Plants and Bulbs, with illustrations and directions for growing them successfully.

A copy free if you mention Good Housekeeping

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden Street
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Good Housekeeping's GARDEN CALENDAR

Practical advice by an authority on the year 'round care of gardens. Price 50c. Send stamps, money order or check to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

SHADY SPOTS IN YOUR LAWN

Quickly beautified with

GOLDEN HARVEST *Mixed* Lawn Grass Seed

Most good dealers have it—Grocers—Hardware—Druggists or mailed direct in U.S.A.
50c for 1 pound package, $2.00 for 5 pound bag, postpaid
BROOKMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

Lazy Parent, Lazy Child

one or the other parent—or, in some instances, by a grandparent:

La Fontaine, Cobbett, Sir Francis Drake, Michael Faraday, Lord Clive, Cromwell, George Fox, Ulysses S. Grant, Rembrandt, William Harvey, James Madison, Louis Thiers, Ariosto, Dürer, Liebig, Linnæus, John Locke, Heine, Herder, Molière, Guizot, Lamartine, Robespierre (whose mother "devoted her entire time to the education of her children"), Wagner, Danton, Jefferson, Webster, Bunsen, Carnot, Cavour, Humphry Davy, Hume, Peel, Voltaire, Schelling, Goethe.

Almost at random these names have been selected from the many biographical analyses in Dr. Cox's portly volume. From the point of view of determining the particular ingredients of genius it is an inconclusive work; it is by no means inconclusive in its suggestion of the contributory influence of the right kind of home environment, and especially of a home maintained by parents who do not shirk work, who do not stress chiefly life's pleasure possibilities. If genius, as has lately been asserted, is today more of a rarity than ever, there is at least the possibility that this is partly because the gospel of "Take life easy; be content with getting by" is increasingly finding acceptance by parents as by the population in general.

In any case, those parents who accept it, and, accepting it, play before their children the rôle of an idler or semi-idler, need never hold it against the children if the latter do not excel in diligence, if they crawl unwillingly to school and pass from school to the world of maturity with a frank work-aversion. Lazy parent, lazy child, is among the most logical of sequences. It always has been, and it always will be.

Magic of the Dye Pot

(*Continued from page 84*)

and pondered how the dye pot could create spring beauty there.

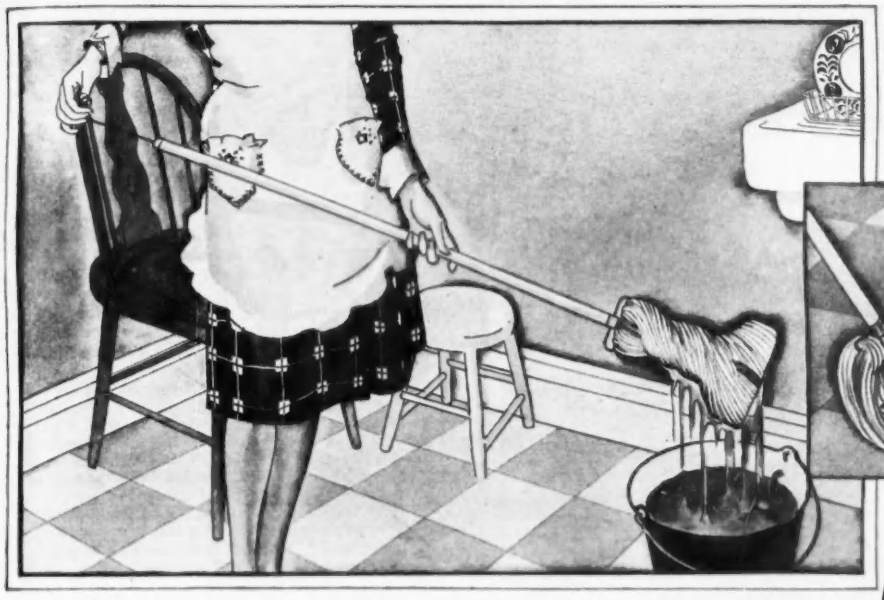
Our experience taught us that it is most important to follow exactly the directions accompanying the dye or the decolorizing material. For best results, too, it is well, when possible, to test the dye with a piece of the material you wish to color before the whole garment is placed in the dye bath. This is particularly true if a color has resisted stripping and you must dye over it. Practically all of the dye manufacturers maintain Home Service Departments whose directors are always glad to answer questions and supply detailed information concerning problems in home dyeing. We are sure you will find that the satisfaction of much work accomplished with the expenditure of little time and money, coupled with the joy one always finds in creative work, contributes much to the magic of the dye pot.

Are You Wire-Bound?

(*Continued from page 89*)

ordinary lighting circuits. This, then, produces another requirement, namely, circuits adequate for the appliances to be used on them If you purchase an ironing machine or some other appliance whose rating exceeds the 660 watts permissible on a so-called "lighting and convenience outlet circuit," you should have a special circuit installed for it, not only to insure proper use, but to insure safety.

Remember that wiring is comparatively cheap considering what you obtain for the expenditure. The value of eyesight is hard to determine, and it is difficult to evaluate convenience, but balancing these against the cost of adequate wiring leaves no doubt as to the desirability of adequacy. Why be wire-bound and tied to inadequate wiring when the condition can be remedied?



Without soiling, without even wetting one's hands, the job is done with the Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop. You turn the handle grip—its cloth is twisted dry

Hotter, faster-cleaning suds can be used since hands need never touch the cloth of this self-wringing mop. The cloth, a special kind, is unusually absorbent

Grease spots that you've had to kneel down to scrape away with a knife, you rub off easily with the Betty Bright's firm "nose"

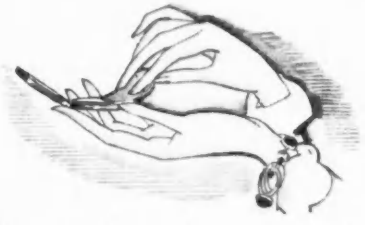
Soft white hands ... they never touch mop water *now*

HORRID—just the thought of putting one's hands into dirty mop water! And the inevitable aftermath . . . reddened, roughened skin, the ruined manicure . . .

How welcome then, is this new way of mopping! New, though over a million women are already using it.

By this modern method, with a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop, you merely turn a handle grip, the cloth is wrung! There is no straining of wrists, no straining of your back, for you stand erect. And your hands are kept clean, soft, lovely.

Obviously, now that hands need never enter the mop bucket, you can use suds and rinsing water as steaming hot as desired. A cleaner floor, one to walk on many minutes sooner!



And here is another very real advantage. By holding down the handle grip of the Betty Bright you give this mop a square broom-like "nose," which you can glide closely along the baseboard, around table legs, under furniture and even beneath the radiator without the slightest danger of a splotch. Then, merely by turning the mop over, a firm edge is obtained that will rub off grease spots.

It is no trouble at all to remove the cloth from this mop. Betty Bright replacement cloths cost only fifty cents at your dealers.

You can buy an extra cloth, treat it with a few drops of Betty Bright Polish and, using the same handle, substitute this special cloth to polish hardwood floors.

The Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop, complete with cloth, costs only one dollar and it is sold by leading department, hardware and grocery stores in almost every city. If you are unable to find it, send a dollar with coupon below, and receive a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop, postpaid.

BETTY BRIGHT SELF-WRINGING* MOP

$1.00

[ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE]

Parker-Regan Corp., Dept. 49-A, 524 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, O.; 593 Market St., San Francisco

Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop complete, I enclose $1 (money order, currency or check).

Name..... *Street*.....

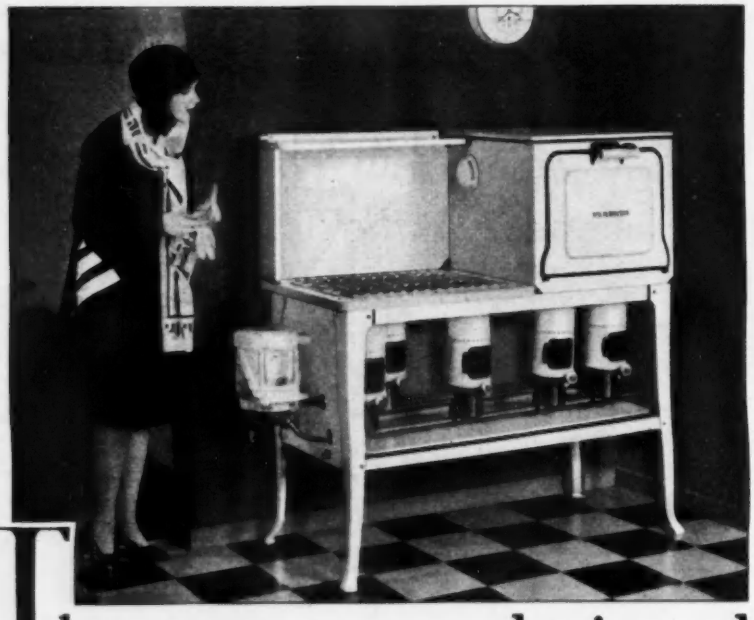
City..... *State*.....

This store hadn't it (name and address).....

.....

NOTE: *Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, $1.50; Betty Bright Polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish, 30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent postpaid on request.*

In using advertisements see page 6



The new range designed for busy women . . .

WITH this beautiful new oil range to help you, Madam, you will need to spend far less time in your kitchen. For it has 27 time and labor saving features. Among them: a new design built to save steps . . new burner arrangement . . all-grate top . . Giant Superfex burners, one a "Big Giant" . . heat as swift and clean as gas . . built-in "live heat" oven . . accurate heat indicator . .

Hard, smooth porcelain enamel finish, all white or trimmed with gay color.

It comes with long Perfection or short Puritan chimneys. Other new Perfections without built-in ovens can also be had in the two different styles. All are beautiful and swift-cooking. Prices $18 to $164. Easy terms at any dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, *Cleveland, O.*
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

PERFECTION
Oil Burning Ranges ★

If you will send us your name and your grocer's name we will send you a generous sample of Malt-O-Meal. This delightful wheat cereal, flavored with barley malt is excellent for infant feeding and is enjoyed by grown-ups, too. Cooks in two minutes. Write your name and address plainly.

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
NORTHFIELD MINNESOTA

A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY

NUT flavor

Does *Almond* Flavoring give you trouble? Perhaps you use too much. The "born cook" says half a teaspoonful of Almond does the work of two of Vanilla. Send 10c for "Doubly Delicious Desserts of a Born Cook." If your grocer hasn't Burnett's ALMOND send 40c for regular 2 oz. bottle and *free* recipe book to Joseph Burnett Co., 4 D Street, Boston, Mass.

Name .....
Address .....

★ BURNETT'S ALMOND

All the King's Horses

(*Continued from page 63*)

sensible philosophy, she reached the Ponsonby yard and mounted the front steps. There she paused, her jaw dropping.

The Ponsonby living-room, seen through the windows, appeared to be rotating madly about the form of a young woman in a gay silken gown. Chairs reeled and whirled as she dashed a vacuum cleaner in and out among them; vases waltzed on the tables; books projected themselves into space in marvelous parabolas.

"Oh, there you are!" cried the active Mrs. Ponsonby, stopping the cleaner and yanking the cord from the floor socket. "All righty. I thought you'd never come. Just lock that hall door, honey. All righty. Teacher a crank today?"

"A whole tool chest," confirmed Genevieve Gertrude dolefully, gazing with interest at the disorder about her. "Say, she sent Peter to the office for just using the same adverb too many times. Honest, that's all he done, and she jawred somepin terrible 'bout the post-card box. Don't I take out the twins?"

"The twins are snoozing in the back yard," explained their mother, straightening a tipsy picture. "Keep them out as long as you can, will you? Six o'clock will be all righty. You'll find fifty cents on the kitchen table—a little extra for Easter eggs, huh? I'm expecting a caller—an old flame. He phoned about ten minutes ago, and the house was a sketch—a perfect hurrah's nest— Oh, my heavens! Here he comes up the walk now, and *look* at the dust—"

She caught up the brief skirt of the silken gown and ran its under side over the piano bench, the polished surface of the davenport table. Genevieve Gertrude capably seized the vacuum cleaner and trundled it into the hall. As she passed the window, her serious eyes met the twinkling ones of a tall man in a naval lieutenant's spick-and-span uniform. His gloved hand was on the bell; a florist's long box was under his left arm.

"Well, say," mused Genevieve Gertrude, tiptoeing through the kitchen, "he must of just burnt up the grass under his feet a-coming! The telefoam's hardly cold yet. I betcha he seen you a-dusting with your skirt all the samey, Missus Ponsonby. If you was *my* ole flame, out you'd go, deader'n a door-nail. Here's my fifty cents! Now, *if* I only had two dollars more, I could get me that simply elegant egg."

She cocked an ear toward the bursts of laughter in the living-room. Then she sighed as she opened the back door, and voiced an emotion known to many a daughter of Eve,

"There's somepin 'bout them uniforms what makes you feel awful thrilly—kinda all squinchy down your back."

IRENE and Ione lay asleep in the double perambulator—pink ribbons on Irene, blue on Ione; a deep cleft in Irene's white-rose chin, a deeper dimple in the velvet cheek of Ione; golden-brown curls escaping from Irene's cap, brownish-gold ringlets moist on Ione's brow—angelic, cherubic, seraphic—*when* asleep. And *only* then!

Genevieve Gertrude tied the fifty cents securely in a corner of her handkerchief, tucked Mrs. Fairchild's tonic bottle under one side of the embroidered robe, the double-yolked egg on the other, snapped off the brake, and sedately wheeled her charges into the street, red-carpeted with fallen maple buds.

This pleasant way merged, after a bit, into Mayflower Avenue, which rambled up a steep hill. Almost on its summit was the home of those newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellsworth Hardinge, more familiarly known to Genevieve Gertrude as the baldy editor and Miss Hewitt.

That flaming-haired damsel, panting a little, flushed of cheek and damp of forehead, but stoutly propelling the heavy chariot of the twins, stopped to gaze with pride and affection

ARTHUR GERLACH

SO GAY, SO LOVELY, SO MODERN-SO PRACTICAL!

This lovely Vollrath ware comes in beautiful colors. It brightens up your kitchen in the most charming way! By selecting colors that go with walls and woodwork you can get the most harmonious effects. And this modern ware is as easy to wash as your china. It makes a modern kitchen—*colorful and practical.* Genuine Vollrath Ware made only by The Vollrath Company [Est. 1874] Sheboygan, Wisconsin

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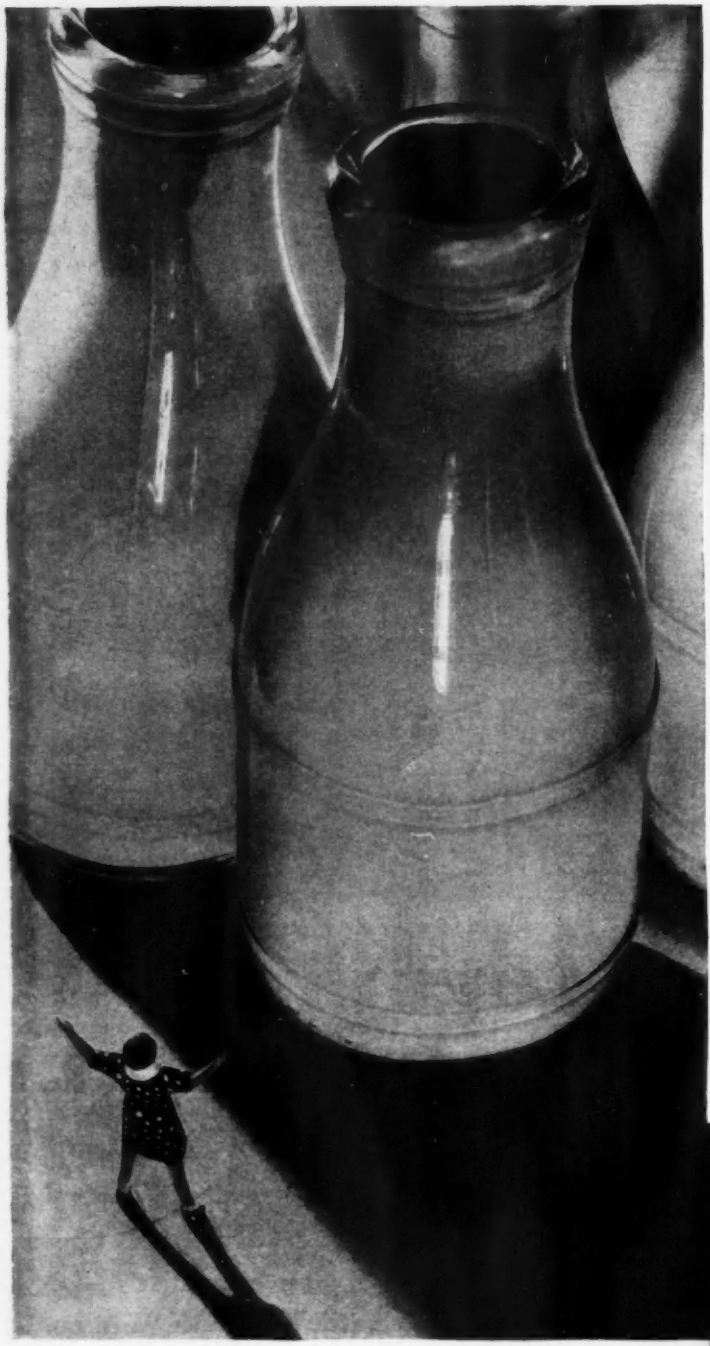
Coming—MILK *for* 365 *tomorrows!*



Keep each day's supply fresher in a new refrigerator . . . the Gibson

The heat that spoils milk can't get inside a Gibson — The walls are insulated with corkboard—recognized as one of the best insulations made. As you swing the doors shut they lock automatically and air-tight. Gibson's patented, one-piece, cast-aluminum trap keeps warm air from coming through the drain. One of the most efficient. Non-rusting. Unbreakable.

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Manufacturers of electrical refrigerating units approve the corkboard insulated Gibson—Many Gibson models come equipped for quick and easy installation of electrical appliances. See the new line of Gibsons built expressly for electrical or gas refrigeration units. A compartment at the base can be used to house your unit or as a storage place for vegetables.

All sizes, styles and prices—The Gibson is sold everywhere. Beautiful cabinets to choose from—dazzling white all-porcelain exteriors, oak-finished ash cabinets and snow-white enameled all-steel refrigerators. Priced to suit your purse. Send the coupon for a free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.

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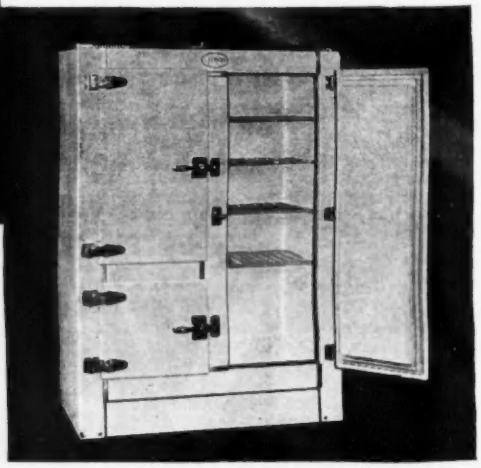

For as little as $45 you can buy a Gibson—corkboard insulated and porcelain lined. Other Gibsons from $35 to $750. Approved by "Good Housekeeping Institute," "Modern Priscilla" and "Delineator."

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All the King's Horses

at the gleaming anchor on the Hardinge chimney, at the trim yard, the beds of hyacinths and jonquils pushing green spears through the mold, at the window of that delectable brown and gold room which was hers from Friday night until Monday morning every week—and finally at the figure of Isabel Hewitt Hardinge herself, as she bounced out of a side door and set a flourishing plant down upon the veranda with no gentle hand.

"Hoo-hoo!" shrilled Genevieve Gertrude. "I got the twinnies!"

"*I've* got a rubber plant!" retorted Mrs. Hardinge viciously. "The Maitlands have moved out West, and they sent it over to me. It's hideous. It's bad luck. I *won't* have it in the house. I hate rubber plants. I despise 'em. I *loathe* 'em. After dodging them all my life, I get one dumped on me just now for a present, a good-by, *for Easter!* I hope it will turn cold tonight and freeze it. I'll pour salt water on it. I *will!*"

Her round-eyed audience wheeled the twins inside the hedge and carefully adjusted the brake. She came up the steps and looked solemnly down at the despised gift.

"It *don't* han'some much, does it?" she commented. "No flowers a-tall—just one big, shiny leaf after another. But *some* folkses like 'em. Say, p'raps you could sell it."

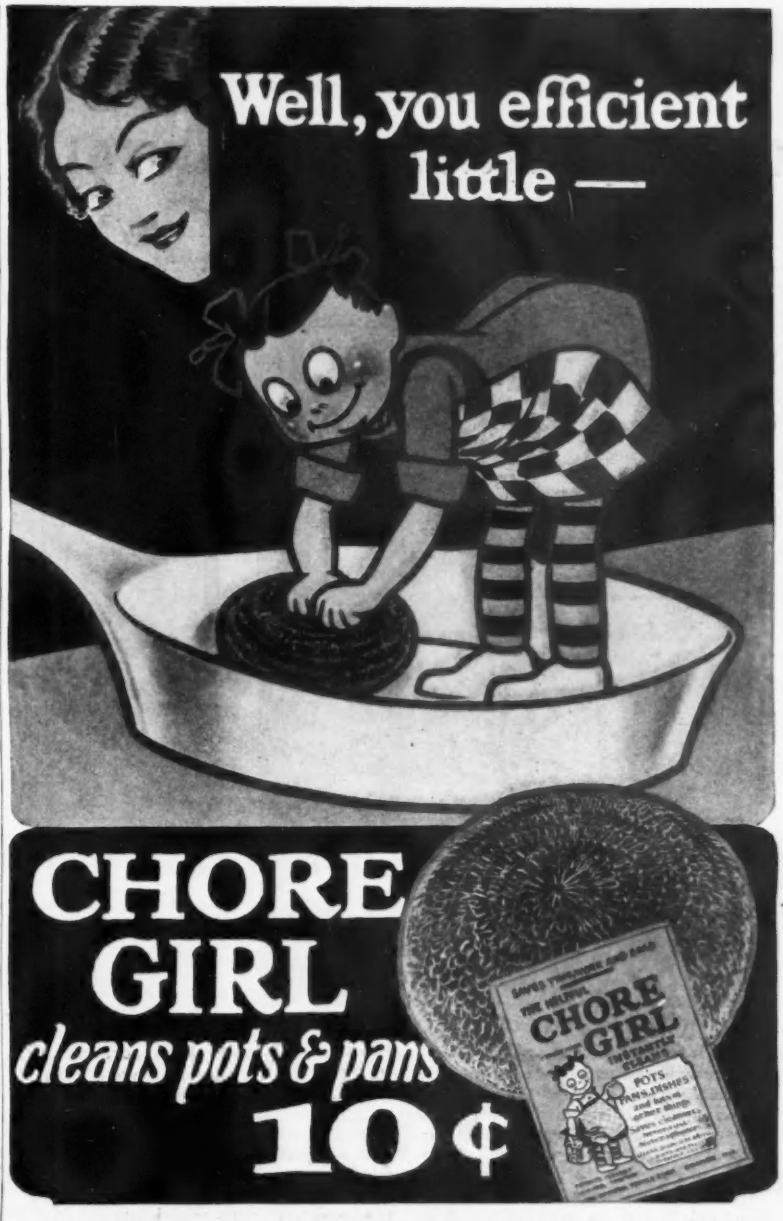
The ungrateful recipient of the Maitlands' parting remembrance twitched her shoulders, dusted her pretty hands, and glanced at her wristwatch.

"My Pilgrim Fathers! *Where* has this day gone? Just ten minutes to dress for a bridge tea, infant! Sell it? No, *ma'am!* I refuse to believe any sane person would pay out real money for those unspeakable things. You *can't* kill 'em, and somebody just inherits 'em. Tell you what, G. G! You get rid of this horror for me, and I'll remember you in my will. Give it away, *drown it*, throw it in the dump, put it in a parked car—do anything you like with it. If you *can* sell it, the money's yours. 'By, sugar. Don't forget tomorrow night. We're all set for a galumptious weekend."

After some cautious experimenting, Genevieve Gertrude got the rubber plant firmly settled between the feet of the still miraculously slumbering twins and proceeded slowly down the hill. A wrinkle creased her forehead; a tremendous idea buzzed in her brain, for Mr. Benjamin Bryant, the druggist, had been singularly obliging on several thirsty occasions when the price of a sundae *had* to be a matter of next week's pocket money . . . Hm'm. S'pose'n he *liked* rubber plants. S'pose'n he *wanted* one to put in his window with the smelly ole med'cines! S'pose'n he'd swap the lovely Easter egg for the rubber plant, *and* the fifty cents, *and* the funny peculiar egg with the bump in the middle throwed in for good measure? *Then* you could give the candy one to the New Teacher, to make up for the egg she'd wanted when she was little, and she would smile and be more sweeter— Oh, no! She'd said Easter eggs was *silly* . . . Hm'm. Well, then, *why* couldn't you send it to your *own self?* From your best out-of-town *boy friend?* Oh, Fido! It would learn them ole ltters somepin, you bet. If they didn't need a good, hard jolt—

BRYANT'S doorway was wide and stood open to the sweet spring breeze. The Ponsonby baby carriage, followed by the curious glances of many Main-streeters, swept grandly into the store, and the flushed young person behind the handlebars snatched off her white cap and furiously fanned herself with it.

"Well, I got it safe here 'thout no spills," she announced breathlessly, "but two times I thought it was a goner. It was terrible tippy. Lissen! Wouldn't you like it for your window, for Easter? *If* you love rubber plants, it's *very* han'some. Ten leaves a'ready and more a-coming. And if Rick nor nobody's got the price of that beauty egg— Say, where *are* you, Mr. Bryant?"



Because of its special construction, The Chore Girl cleans even the most difficult dishes and pots and pans quickly and easily. Knitted of soft copper, The Chore Girl cannot rust, mar aluminum or splinter. The Chore Girl is sold at Woolworth's, Kress', Kresge's, McCrory's, and all other 5 and 10's, at department and hardware stores. If you can't find it send 10c to the Metal Textile Corp., Orange, N. J., for a sample.

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YOUR wastebaskets can be as decorative as they are useful if you choose the new oval Vul-cot. Ten soft pastel shades to harmonize with any color scheme. Solid sides and bottom of hard vulcanized fibre that won't allow dust or ashes to sift through onto your floors. At good stationery, department and housefurnishing stores. National Vulcanized Fibre Co. Wilmington, Del.

VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
Oval or Round
Ten Pastel Shades

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IF the map of India is on the package you buy, you can be sure the blend contains more than 50% of the world-famed India Tea. Look for the map of India before you buy.

INDIA TEA

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In using advertisements see page 6

"LE FERRONNIER"

a new

ORINOKA GLASS CURTAIN

inspired by the exquisite tracery of modern ironwork

GUARANTEE

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price.

FROM the forge-studios of modern metal-workers came the inspiration for this new Orinoka glass curtain. We name it, "Le Ferronnier." It suggests the exquisite grille work so much in vogue today. The motif, authentically modern in itself, is reproduced in gleaming, lustrous threads on a sheer background, clear as crystal. The fabric may be had in a variety of soft, charming tints which will not fade. For, according to the smart idea, glass curtains need no longer be neutral in shade. They harmonize with the color scheme of the room.

This is but one of the new Orinoka light-weight casements, but its smartness and quality are characteristic of the whole line. Inspired by the new art and designed to conform to the new formality in decoration, they are wholly modern and sophisticated. Yet it is not necessary to have a modern room in order to use them.

"Le Ferronnier," pattern No. 9627, is transparent, double-faced and does not lose its pattern when hung against the window.

It is an amazing thing that overdraperies and casements as outstanding in design and color and texture as these should be so very practical. *Yet Orinoka fabrics have proved their beauty is lasting,* and are guaranteed sun-and-tubfast. Ask to see the many new Orinoka fabrics. At your windows they will add the touch that beautifies. Mail the coupon for our handsome color booklet showing new fabrics. It contains many practical drapery suggestions.

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Orinoka

All the King's Horses

From behind the soda fountain, a frosted glass in his hand, appeared a tall figure in uniform—the resplendent uniform worn by Mrs. Ponsonby's old flame.

"Dad's gone up the street a minute—Fairchild, I think he said the name was. She phoned—"

The newcomer dropped her cap. "Sweet mama! I clean forgot her ole tonic! It went right spang out'n my head."

"If you want a prescription filled, you'll have to wait," announced the junior Bryant, coming nearer. "Why, heigho! Haven't we at least *seen* each other recently? Cheerio!"

"Say, you don't look it, and I don't feel it," retorted the forgetful errand girl severely. "I got worries on my mind."

The gentleman behind the counter set down his glass. He sighed. "Ditto! I've been drowning *my* sorrows in chocolate soda. You see before you a Blighted Being. I went to visit the idol of my youthful days. She said 'all righty' twenty-six times. *Twenty-six.* And I noticed—other things. Well, in short, I found her strangely altered from that dream of loveliness I had ever cherished in my voyages on far seas. *And she has twins!*"

The twins' charioteer waved an introductory hand toward the pram. "Them's *them!*"

She turned a hostile glance upon the fascinating uniform, recalling Mrs. Ponsonby's dusting, but on general principles taking up the cudgels for her sex.

"Say, you want to remember twins make *work.* And lissen, maybe *she* got a eye-opener, too. Maybe she seen *you* wouldn't pass no beauty contest neither, if your clo'es *is* grand. They might be a *few* things she didn't like 'bout you *now.* I'm nuts on them uniforms my own self, but honest, your nose— Well, it's *there,* sure pop. And your jawr— Maybe she's darn' glad she's got the twinnies and *not* you."

"Wow!" said Lieutenant Bryant, reddening a bit. "Well, I guess I had it coming. Do any harm to inspect the tw— Good lord! What's that?"

BEHIND them Miss Irene Ponsonby had yawned silently, opened one eye, stretched out an exploring hand, kicked down an emphatic foot. It encountered the unyielding clay pot holding the rubber plant, and the young lady struggled to a sitting position the better to view the obstacle. This promptly awoke Ione, who put a plump finger into her mouth and sat up, also. . . .

In less than a minute the disaster was complete. The defenseless rubber plant, though a tough fellow, was no match for these female Samsons. Seven-year locusts could not have made a better job at stripping off the glossy leaves, and with a final heave Ione cast the heavy pot over the side of the carriage to be smashed in a hundred pieces on the tessellated floor, just as Irene, after an offended inspection of the contents of the paper bag, threw the double-yolked egg violently against the marble of the soda fountain.

"Christopher Columbus!" The lieutenant's tone was awed. He picked up a piece of crimson pottery and dropped it again. "How old are these—furies?"

Their stricken nurse looked at him stonily, her teeth caught on her lower lip.

"Fifteen months. Fifteen months and five days. . . . I—I guess I had it a-coming to me, too. Humpty Dumpty, you know. 'All the king's horses' couldn't never put *that* egg together, could they? And the rubber plant's clean busted. *Nothing's* left but my fifty cents—and that ain't enough."

She walked to the window and bent a mournful gaze upon the glistening object in its silver nest. "I s'pose Rick'll get the money somehow, and Irma'll have it after all. She *always* does. But I was piggy, too. I *was* a-going to swap the rubber plant, and my fifty cents, and that ole busted egg for this lovely one, and *first* off I *was* a-going to give it to the New Teacher, what is scoldy and has moles, 'cause

All the King's Horses

she *never* had no Easter eggs and they's nobody to buy her one."

"There's a crow for every crow, and two for a bad one," suggested the lieutenant, snapping his fingers at the dimpling twins. "Cheer up. Some galoot is sure to send her an Easter gift. Think now, isn't there any chap she smiles at?"

The New Teacher's pupil shook a dubious head. "Not really *smiles* at. But Mr. Oswald Jenkins, he passes the plate in church, and when she puts the quarter in she looks a *little* more pleasanter at him and says, 'Hem,' and he gets kinda purplish and says, 'Haw.' But anyways, he drops things on his neckties, and he's *real* old, and never got married *yet*, so I don't believe she *could* land him even if she wanted to. But, you see, I went and changed my mind 'bout giving *her* the egg, and I got served good and proper. It wasn't the twins' fault. They ain't nothing but babies."

She picked up the stalk of the rubber plant, the largest pieces of the red clay pot, and consigned them to the druggist's trash basket. From under the counter she fished a little broom and swept up the dirt, while the lieutenant and a sponge hastily obliterated the eccentric orbit of the double-yolked egg.

A mingled scream and squeal broke the heavy silence, and the housemaid paused in her labors to remove Ione's left heel from her sister's right eye, and Irene's clenched fingers from Ione's curls, sighing as she did so.

"Yes, sir, I had it a-coming to me," she repeated soberly. "You see, Irma and Anne and most all the girls has boy friends now to give 'em eggs and cards, so I was just a-going to send that peachy egg to *my own self*, and let 'em think a boy done it. Maybe a boy from N'Yawk. A *swell* boy, too. It—it would've been the same as a lie, wouldn't it. You see, *everythin'* I do is all wrong. My new Easter clo'es is common, and I ain't no Itter, and the ladies *never* ask my mother to their parties, and I can't get the lovely egg. I—I guess I'll take the twinnies home now. It's a wonder nobody come in to see the shindig, wasn't it?"

She turned the Ponsonby pram toward the door and paused to make sure the strap was tight over the squirming babies.

"But look here!" There was warmth in the tone of Mrs. Ponsonby's old flame. "Don't you give a whoop for those girls. You'll be an Itter all righty—Lord, I've caught it!—in a few years. When I come back home from Hawaii next time—Well, you just wait for me and never mind the swell boys from New York. You know a sailor's reputation, but I promise not to have had more than one or two wives before you're grown up."

Genevieve Gertrude shook her red curls in vigorous denial and spoke over her shoulder. Her gold-flecked eyes were regretful but unwavering. "Say, lissen: I'm dead sorry, but I couldn't. Di'monds, now, is all right *second-hand*, but they's three things I've made up my mind us ladies had ought to have the *first* use of—fur coats, autos, *and* husbands. They ain't none *too* good even *then*. Goo'-by. I'm sorry I said that 'bout your nose. You've been awful nice. I take back what I said 'bout your jawr, too, and your uniform's certainly grand. Goo'-by. Don't never have a rubber plant in your house, will you? They're the *darn'est* luck."

"Day-day," gurgled Ione, waving the tiny hand which could do such wonders.

Irene added a more personal touch. "Bye-bye, pop-pooh!" she said.

APRIL, the volatile jade, sulked and whimpered, the next morning. The wind had backed to the northeast, and women got their winter coats out of brown bags, smelling of cedar, wore them with smart spring hats, and grumbled at the weather.

Genevieve Gertrude's mother said it gave her a swift pain in the floating rib. She said it made her *sick*. Hadn't she looked forward to getting out of this hick burg for an Easter in N'Yawk? Hadn't she blown in seventy-five

Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

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That is why women, by the thousands, . . . who value . . . beautiful hair use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

In using advertisements see page 6

FAMOUS FEET

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how they're kept free from corns

GLADYS GLAD'S
Famous Feet

"I'm never 'at home' to corns. If they try to 'intrude' Blue-jay bids them a swift goodbye!"

So writes radiant Gladys Glad of the glorious production "Whoopee."

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For 29 years, America's most eminent feet have relied on Blue-jay to banish corns. No dangerous self-paring for them . . . they can't risk it. Nor can you. Blue-jay ends corns *safely*. You don't have to guess how much to put on; each Blue-jay is a standardized treatment. The velvety pad ends shoe-pressure and pain at once. Then the gentle medication soothingly removes the corn. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

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Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

68-page Dressmaking Lesson FREE

RIGHT at home, in spare time, you can learn to make all your own clothes for a half or a third of what you pay in the shops. The Woman's Institute will teach you the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the professional modiste so successful.

So that you may see with your own eyes how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you a 68-page sample lesson free.

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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A lovely complexion is innately a rightful endowment of womankind. So decide wisely the soap that is best for your complexion. Very likely the end of your search is marked by a choice of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap. Thoroughly cleansing, yet kind to delicate skins—and exquisite in bouquet. (And withal, a soap that wins instant approval from virile husbands and athletic sons!)

★ No. 4711 *White Rose Glycerine Soap*

Made in U. S. A. by
MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc
25 W. 45th St., New York

All the King's Horses

bucks for a suit, and fifteen for a hat, and had her fur piece dyed so you couldn't tell it from silver fox? And now, like as not, a big storm was coming, so as the parade on Fifth Avenyuh would be a fizzle.

"*Nice* people in this town thinks it's a fizzle anyways," murmured Genevieve Gertrude, playing with her toast. "It ain't swanky no more. Irma and Anne said *their* mothers wouldn't dream of having new clo'es for Easter. It's too common. But *before* or even *after* is all right."

"Common? My God!" Her mother paused in the act of making her red lips still more vivid. "They're *jealous*. That's what ails that poverty-struck bunch. A good reason *why* they don't get new duds, if you ask *me!*"

She snapped her handbag shut with an angry motion, drew on her gloves, and stared at the somber eyes of the child by the table.

"Don't you let those kids razz you, Genevieve Gertrude. You're as good as them. My God! Little, tinkering jobs in the bank, starving to death at real estate, wearing the varnish off the chairs in their empty law offices—not a murder a year in this hayseed town! No wonder their wives never get a classy rag. Let 'em have their ramshackle old houses and their bridge fests. *Your* father makes his little ninety-five a week, don't he?"

She walked about the room, jerking down window shades, locking drawers. "I'm catching the 8:30 express. Your father won't go—turning into a regular rube. He'll sleep home and eat at Mar'grit's. Here's your suit-case, but you can just tell your precious Mrs. Hardinge that I don't know about these week-ends. They're putting crazy notions into your head. Now where's that fool taxi man? If he makes me lose this train—"

WHEN Jerry Coombs and his asthmatic old car had borne her mother stationward, Genevieve Gertrude hastily washed the breakfast dishes, opened the patent-leather suit-case, lifted out the lovely blue dress, and eased herself into it, eyeing her image in the mirror with mingled doubt and approval.

"I wouldn't want a *mad dog* to feel no worser'n I do," she told her reflection glumly. "Mostly always new clo'es can make you forget troubles with the *front* part of your mind anyways, no matter what's a-worrying you in the back, but it don't work worth a cent today. I'd put on a lot of rouge and kinda hide behind it if it becomed red hair. But I ain't common, so there! I've got on *my* new dress *before* Easter."

She went slowly down the five long flights of apartment-house stairs, letting her suit-case and umbrella bang at every step. She dawdled along Main Street, enduring a fresh pang when a glance in the drug-store window showed her the enchanting egg was gone.

"Hm'm. I betcha Rick touched his mother for that two-fifty," she told herself bitterly, staring at the empty silver nest. "And Irma'll get it. That *dev'lish* ole rubber plant—"

At the next corner fat Arabel Hoyt, moving at a lumbering trot, caught and passed her.

"Hurry up, Genevieve Gertrude!" she panted. "I'm going to tell the teacher *something awful* before school. Gastric sent a card to Irma, and he wrote, 'To *Dear* Irma' on it. I *saw* it in the box, and I told my mother. My mother says if *that's* what you learn in school, she thinks it's just disgustful."

But the dilatory member of Grade 6 refused to walk any faster. She was the last of the ingoing line, the last to leave the cloak room.

The New Teacher, a wave in her hair and wearing a brown-silk gown, put a strapped suit-case by her desk and looked at the post-card box. "Full and running over," she said. "And the beehive effect still going strong! We'll open school, and then perhaps a stiff arithmetic test will quiet you for a while. *Perhaps.*"

Genevieve Gertrude presently lifted her eyes from the big white paper and inspected the New Teacher, busy at the board.

Are lovely, youthful hands so rare?

Women who use Pacquin's daily will smile at this question

BUT what do *you* think? Do you feel that you've tried *everything*—That the one perfect preparation for hand care is yet to be discovered?

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In using advertisements see page 6

Now Comes The New Shorthand

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You Write It in the Ordinary A-B-C's

FOR years there has been a crying need for a really modern, scientific shorthand that could be written RAPIDLY—that would be more ACCURATE—more PRACTICAL—and could be learned more EASILY and QUICKLY than ordinary shorthand.

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The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Right this minute you know the fundamentals of this amazing new method — you use the same "A-B-C's" as you do in your daily speech. No need to spend long, tedious months memorizing a "foreign language" of dots and dashes, hooks and curves. You start using Speedwriting in a few hours and in a few weeks you can acquire all the speed and proficiency necessary for practical work.

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Doctors urge

PYREX Nursing Bottles

Won't break in boiling water

Won't break in cooling

PHYSICIANS all over the country are urging the use of the boil-proof Pyrex Nursing Bottles.

They write us that it means a real step forward in infant health standards because it keeps the regular feeding schedule from being upset by breaking bottles.

Don't risk having your baby's schedule upset by bottles that break when you are heating his milk.

Use this boil-proof bottle that doctors recommend.

6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

"T. M. "Pyrex" Reg. U. S. Patent Office

RAINY April days...long and dull ...or rainy April days full of CRAYOLA fun? Most any Court of Mothers will give a unanimous decision in favor of the latter for they know how quickly time passes...and how pleasantly...by the magic of CRAYOLA Wax Crayons.

Even the tiniest hands can hold a stick of CRAYOLA, and a single stroke gives color and form. Janice, aged half past three, draws animals and houses ...and Phyllis, who goes to kindergarten, draws flowers and animals and fruits. And it's always fun to make a new folder for Dad's cancelled checks, or for Mother's pet recipes. We may even, by encouraging an early appreciation of color and line, awaken a talent in our little tots which would otherwise be overlooked.

Perhaps you are planning an April "Rainbow Party" for your little girl or boy . . . or some other kind of party. If you are, you will surely want our booklet of Seasonal Suggestions for Children's Parties (send us the coupon below) . . . an interesting little booklet of games and decorations and invitations and placecards.

BINNEY & SMITH CO., 41 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find 20¢ for your booklet "Seasonal Suggestions for Children's Parties". ☐
Please send me FREE Picture Booklet. ☐
Name _____
Address _____
G.H.4

CRAYOLA

All the King's Horses

"A-going home," she deduced drearily, "and she seems kinda lit up inside. Prob'bly she's just as glad to get spang way from us as we are to get rid of her. Hm'm. Got sweety powder on her, too. And high heels. I *most* wisht I'd sent her a two-cent card now, 'stead of that hombly one-center."

At ten thirty Mr. Cornish, the principal, came in. He had a man with him—a short, broad, young man who moved with surprising lightness.

"Well, boys and girls," said Mr. Cornish, "this gentleman is Mr. Farnum, who will be your instructor in physical training after the Easter recess, and he will give you a brief try-out now. I have notified the teachers they may dismiss as soon as the—er—little festivities in their rooms are over, and I hope you'll all have a very pleasant vacation."

"Same to you, Mr. Cornish," piped the small hypocrites of Grade 6 blandly and turned their attention to the visitor.

"Class, stand!" he directed. "Wait! I didn't say 'Drag yourselves up!' Be seated and try again. . . . That's better. Mark time! Easy there! Left, right; left, right—Class, halt! Class, sit! When each of you has discovered *which* is his right foot, we'll march again. Do you want me to yell 'Hay foot, straw foot,' like a corporal drilling the awkward squad? Use your *heads*— if you brought them to school with you this morning. If you didn't, what *did* you bring? Squashes?"

Chetwynd Jones raised his hand. "We brang our umbrellas," he said gravely.

Mr. Farnum ran his fingers around the inside of his collar. Then he scowled at his watch and looked over at the New Teacher.

"A cheerful soul once told me that fifty-eight percent of the inmates of sanitariums and other—unpleasant places—were teachers," he remarked. "A few more experiences like this will convince me his figures were entirely too low."

"They'll be higher if post-card boxes continue in style," snapped the New Teacher. "I know I shall never be the same. I've had a week of absolute vacuity. Nothing *is*—except those oblongs of stiff paper, and I thank high heaven they'll be distributed in just about ten minutes."

PETER led the clapping, but Genevieve Gertrude did not unfold her hands. She gazed sourly after the retreating Mr. Farnum. Now, what was *he* mad at? It was fifty-fifty, wasn't it? If he didn't like the marching, wouldn't the class have to stand for his ole sarcasticks all April, and May, *and* June? Well, say!

"Now then," said the New Teacher, when the door had closed, "we'll make short work of this affair. Genevieve Gertrude, since she's not had *quite* such an annoying card complex as the rest of you, may be postmaster general. She will appoint her own assistants."

An astounded postmaster general stumbled into the aisle and faced a sea of imploring eyes and tightly clasped hands raised chin high in frenzied if mute appeal. As she passed Irma's desk, that astute maiden leaned over and whispered,

"What a *darling* dress, Vieve!"

The wearer of the darling dress hardened her heart as she opened the gay box and filled her hands with the first batch of cards. . . . Hm'm. That Irma! Snippy as anythin' the whole week long and *now* a-begging to be a postman! No, *sir*. Irma wanted everythin'. Wasn't she a-going to get that elegant egg? It didn't seem to be on the table nor on Rick's desk either, but prob'bly he'd take it to her house. And she'd wear a rose on her pretty velvet coat to Sunday school and tell everybody she had a big boxful home. *No, sir!* She just *shouldn't* be a postman, too.

"Well, Gastric then," the postmaster heard her own voice say, "and Barb'ra, and—Chetwynd, and Peter, and—Rick, and Anne, and—and *Irma*."

"Just a moment." The New Teacher held

As Tried and True *as the* Family Doctor

THE Family Doctor! He is the welcome messenger of Healing—but he brings something besides pills and powders. He is the trusted counselor in all things that pertain to family life. He is the Family Friend.

Shredded Wheat is as tried and true as the Family Doctor. It is the Family Friend in thousands of homes. For thirty-five years it has stood the test. It stands for purity, cleanliness and highest food value. Twelve large, full-sized biscuits are in the same old package so familiar to thousands of consumers. They know the package—they will accept no other.

To give the family a hot dish on chilly mornings, pour hot milk over the biscuit, or serve as a hot porridge. It is the whole wheat in a digestible form—ready-cooked, ready-to-serve.

Shredded Wheat

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Oakland, California — Niagara Falls, Canada — Welwyn Garden City, England

VISITORS WELCOME AT ALL FACTORIES

In using advertisements see page 6

"Beauty is its own excuse"—WHITTIER

YOU will find fascination in the charming creations of Roseville Pottery craftsmen. . . . How effective are these pieces! How decorative in the home! . . . They are meant for gay flowers and gleaming candles, meant to be possessed and cherished. . . . There is a delightful variety of designs. Visit the displays at leading stores.

Write for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "Pottery". It is free on request.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., *Zanesville, Ohio*

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money after 1st Lesson. Quick Profits Assured. Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE*.

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for a delightfully *different* vacation

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NATIONAL PARKS

Tickets via Great Northern enable you to visit these four wonderlands of glaciers and wild flowers on one low round trip summer fare. Write for illustrated books.

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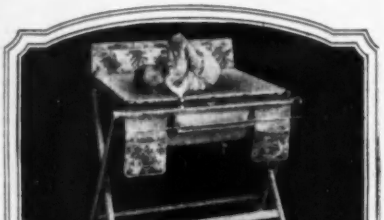
tune in on the Great Northern Railway Broadcast every Monday, 10:30 P. M., Eastern Time, over Coast-to-Coast network of N.B.C.



Tub and Table Combined

Prince or Princess could have no better!

In making this Bathinette—tub and dressing table combined—Trimble craftsmen maintained the standards of excellence set originally by the famous Trimble Kiddie-Koop. Like all other "Nurseryland" products the Trimble Bathinette is really worthy of the American mother and her child. Truly, prince or princess *could* have no better! Do not be satisfied with a lesser quality.

A copy of "Nurseryland" telling all about the famous Trimble childhood furniture and giving hints on the care of baby, sent free, at your request.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO.,
165 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

As Tub

TRIMBLE Bathinette

All the King's Horses

up her hand. "Against my better judgment, I decided to humor your belief in the Easter rabbit. There will be no mad stampede for unsanitary candies, but while the postmen are busy, I will give out my share in this entertainment."

She unstrapped her suitcase and from one section took out dozens of crêpe-paper napkins, tied saucily with ribbons into containers for a handful or so of small Easter eggs.

"All ready," she said grimly. "On to Pandemonia!"

THE electric clock had clicked eleven before a sober-faced postmaster general peeped into the card box and saw the brown pasteboard bottom. She looked at Irma, seated now and exclaiming prettily over her thirty-seven postals and five chocolate eggs she'd found in her desk.

Irma was radiant, her golden curls a halo about her face. "Oh, Vieve!" she trilled. "How many did you get? Come and count them, Vieve. Anne has twenty-eight, haven't you, Anne? Here, I'll spread them out. Why—why there's only *nine!* Girls! Vieve only got *nine cards!*"

"Beans!" said Peter. "Somebody done some snitching, then. Me and Rick and Gastric and—"

A thunderous rap on the door interrupted him. The New Teacher jerked it open.

In the hall stood a diminutive messenger boy, a large, square box under each arm.

"Is this the grade where there's a red-headed girl that wheels out the Ponsonby twins?" he demanded, shifting his gum. "Then this box is for her, and this one for the teacher. S'long, kids. Gotta toddle."

The red-headed girl stood rigid in the aisle, her chin up. She hardly saw the white packages in her teacher's hands. . . . *Irma.* Irma was a-letting everybody know 'bout the few postals. She *wanted* to tell, so they would laugh.

It was somepin terrible, being a girl what didn't get a lot of cards. You was just a-dying to crawl in somewheres, or else you ached to *kill* folkses what smiled so meany, meany. And now if them boxes was some *joke*—

"Possibly Mr. Cornish sent mine," said the New Teacher doubtfully, "but *why* a messenger boy?"

"Who? *Him?* Not a chanst!" Peter's tone was scornful. "Beans, *he* wouldn't give away a cracked saucer. Why don't you open up? Here's a knife for the string."

The New Teacher flushed. She went rosier still when lifted tissue-paper exposed a purple mass of fragrant violets tied with a bow of orchid gauze.

"Oo-h! Ah-h!" breathed Grade 6, rapturously sniffing.

"But—who could? Who would?" their amazed instructor faltered. "Genevieve Gertrude, have you violets, too?"

That young person picked up the knife. Indifferently she cut the silver cord. . . . Hm'm. Vi'lets! What good was ole vi'lets when you couldn't stand no more of nothing? What was— Well, *sweet mama!*

There it lay—the sumptuous egg which was to have been Irma's—with its pink, pink rose garlands, its green, green moss, and with fairyland inside!

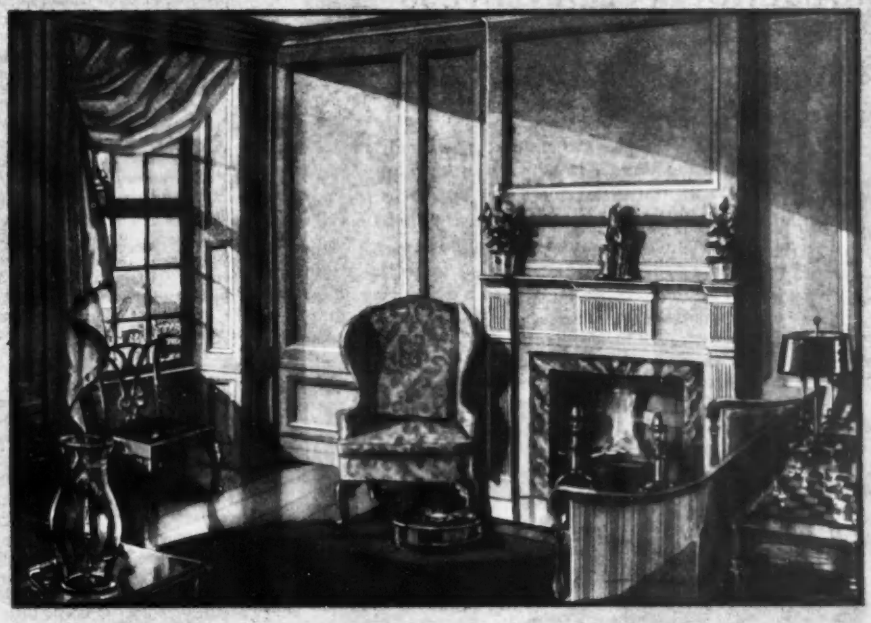
"Oh, boy!" approved Grade 6, crowding close, and Peter added:

"Beans! Who's your rich friend, Rusty? That egg makes Irma's forty-'leven cards look like pretty small potatoes, don't it?"

"Why, *those* eggs are only for tiny children, aren't they?" said Miss Irma loftily. "My dad laughed at me for wanting one."

But the owner of the egg did not hear. She was staring at a card in the bottom of the box. On one side of it was scrawled, "Humpty Dumpty is himself again." On the other was a single word, "Hawaii."

Genevieve Gertrude crushed the card in a



WIDEN YOUR ROOMS WITH COLOR

The pastel shades of Mello-Gloss on the walls and ceilings of every room in your home

PAINTED walls . . . walls with the soft beautiful shades of Mello-Gloss . . . they are the first essential in interior decoration.

The size of your rooms is not alone a matter of physical dimensions. You can do much to widen and lengthen them by a skillful use of decoration and color. The pastel shades of Mello-Gloss seem to make your walls retreat and form a soft, harmonious background for every room in the home.

Mello-Gloss is a washable paint made in a wealth of soft, charming shades. It dries quickly to a smooth, semi-gloss finish which does not readily catch or hold dirt. It can be cleaned easily and quickly with soap and water or with Lowe Brothers Cleaner.

Mello-Gloss is but one of the outstanding paint products prepared by Lowe Brothers. It is made primarily to do one specific thing . . . to give beautiful and lasting color to walls and ceilings . . . and it does that one thing superlatively well.

FREE BOOKLET "Color Harmony in the Home" at any Lowe Brothers dealer. Profusely illustrated in colors with valuable information on home decoration. Or mailed direct for 10 cents in stamps.

All Lowe Brothers paint products are made to meet specific requirements and there is a product for each decorative and protective need. When you are planning the painting or decoration of your home, and now is the time to plan it, go to the Lowe Brothers dealer in your community. He will be glad to give you the Lowe Brothers Color Cards and help you select the products and the colors you should use for each particular surface. The Lowe Brothers Company, *Factories:* Dayton, Ohio. Toronto, Canada. Branches in Principal Cities.

Lowe Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

In using advertisements see page 6

IT IS A TEST FOR HOUSEHOLD CLEANLINESS - *what does it tell in your home?*

IF THERE is one thing that "places" a family's standard of living it is the manner in which they keep house. The bathroom, most of all, is a clue to the standards of the household, and the most conspicuous thing in the bathroom is the toilet seat. This piece alone is often the flaw in an otherwise presentable house and one which is sure to lead to unfavorable impressions. Fortunately, such a defect may be obviated easily and inexpensively.

A handsome Church Toilet Seat, strong, uncrackable, smooth as glass, may be fitted to any make of bowl in ten minutes with the help of only a pair of pliers. As readily as the rest of your furniture, it goes with you when you change residence.

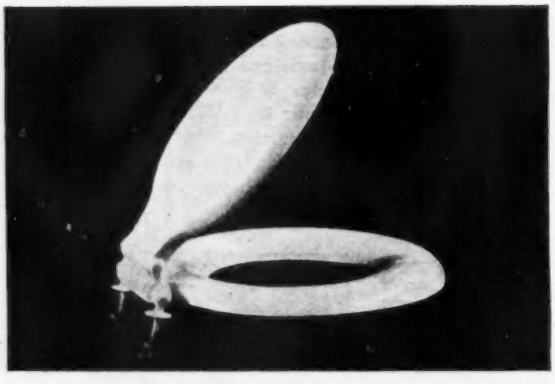
You will find that Church Sani-White Seats are now the usual installation in modern homes and apartments. Your neighboring plumbing establishment has them on display.

Also in nine modern colors

On a wave of deserved popularity, Church colored seats have been swept into those interesting homes that are so effectively bringing color into every room. These seats are now available in nine pastel shades and nine sea-pearl tints. This range of beautiful colors permits one to manage just the right color scheme for the particular bathroom.

Ever-durable

Like the Sani-White Seats, the colored seats are definitely guaranteed not to crack, splinter or tarnish. This is also true of Church bath chairs and stools. The covering on them is not a paint, lacquer or enamel. After years of service this covering will remain sanitary and free from blemish. Write for illustrated folio. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. G-4, Holyoke, Massachusetts.



Church sani-Seats

"Toilet Seats for Better Bathrooms"

Sold by all plumbing stores since 1898

All the King's Horses

shaking little hand. . . . *Oh, Fido!* Missus Ponsonby's ole flame had sent the egg and the flowers, too, but of course he didn't want the New Teacher to know *that*. He wouldn't like a lady what had moles on her neck and bossed awful to come a-chasing him!

"Take your seats, children," said that afflicted woman, smelling her posies, "and clear your desks for dismissal. If you can stay a few minutes, Genevieve Gertrude, there are two or three things I'd like you to do."

AT TWELVE-TEN and in one of April's weepiest moments, the New Teacher and her pupil came to the front steps of the school.

The lady was wearing the violets at her waist, and the becoming flush was still on her cheeks.

"Lissen!" Genevieve Gertrude's tone was concerned. "You'd ought to have phoned for a taxi. It's a-pouring cats! You stay here and mind my things till I see is this one."

It was not. It was the comfortable closed car of Mr. Oswald Jenkins, and he stopped at the imperious signal of the auburn-haired damsel on the curb.

"You can go right on," she assured him kindly. "I thought maybe you was a taxi, and my teacher's *got* to get to the station."

Mr. Jenkins looked about and perceived the festive pedagogue at the top of the steps.

"Haw!" said he. "A most estimable young woman. And why should I not be a taxi *pro tem?* Tell your teacher I shall be delighted to be of service."

"*Pro tem?* Say, I don't know *that* comp'ny," remarked the maiden on the curb dubiously, "but I seen you in church Sunday, so I don't believe you'd run up no fares on nobody. I'll go get her."

Mr. Jenkins looked hard at the corsage bouquet as the New Teacher approached.

"Hem!" said she. "This is most kind of you, Mr. Jenkins."

"Haw!" Mr. Jenkins turned a rich purple. "Not at all! Delighted. Can we take the little girl anywhere?"

The little girl shook a decided head. She opened her umbrella, tucked the precious box under her left elbow, and picked up her suitcase with her right hand.

"I got a steady week-end date up the hill," she said. "It's only a step. There! Now I'm all set. Don't you miss the train! Your flowers is just lovely, ain't they?"

"Marvelous," agreed the New Teacher from the back seat. "I admire *some one's* taste in posies. Good-by, Genevieve Gertrude."

The car swung away from the curb, and the watcher's jaw dropped as she gazed after it. A-saying more'n hem and haw, wasn't they? And the New Teacher thought maybe *Mr. Jenkins* had sent her them vi'lets! She'd looked at him awful sweety. Now *if* he didn't go and spill the beans— Say, prob'bly he'd get all steamed up like a shore dinner, a-thinking some other man was after her, and like as not *he'd* go to sending her flowers his own self. That was the way men *always* was.

She sighed, plodding up the hill toward a brightening sky. Every grass blade wore a diadem; every leaf was edged with pearls. The clean, pure smell of the rain was faint perfume.

"Well, I got me my lovely egg after all," mused the wayfarer, "and the sun's a-coming out pretty soon. I guess Irma was just a-talking big 'bout Rick. . . . Hm'm. That was a real nice bus of Mr. Jenkins's, but she'll have to call him *Oswald*. So gargley! And think of all that bossing and jawring turned loose on *just one!*"

She went slowly up the box-bordered path and lifted solemn eyes to the anchor on the chimney.

"Say, I betcha he won't be a-spilling things on his neckties *much* longer," said the steady week-ender pensively, and gave the Hardinge knocker her own especial rap.

If You Wish to Be Well-Read

(*Continued from page 59*)

makes actual to us in every detail, yet it is timeless, this book, in its revelation of life and humanity. To read it is to have life illuminated so that one sees it as more crowded than one knew it before, yet more simple; more clear, yet more mystical; more petty, yet more stupendous. It is one of those books that enlarges our perceptions of the possibilities of Life and of Man, while showing us how incompletely we realize either. It is a long book, a boring book, the kind Frances will want to pick up and *put down* when she can bear no more. But she will ever after be glad if she picks it up again.

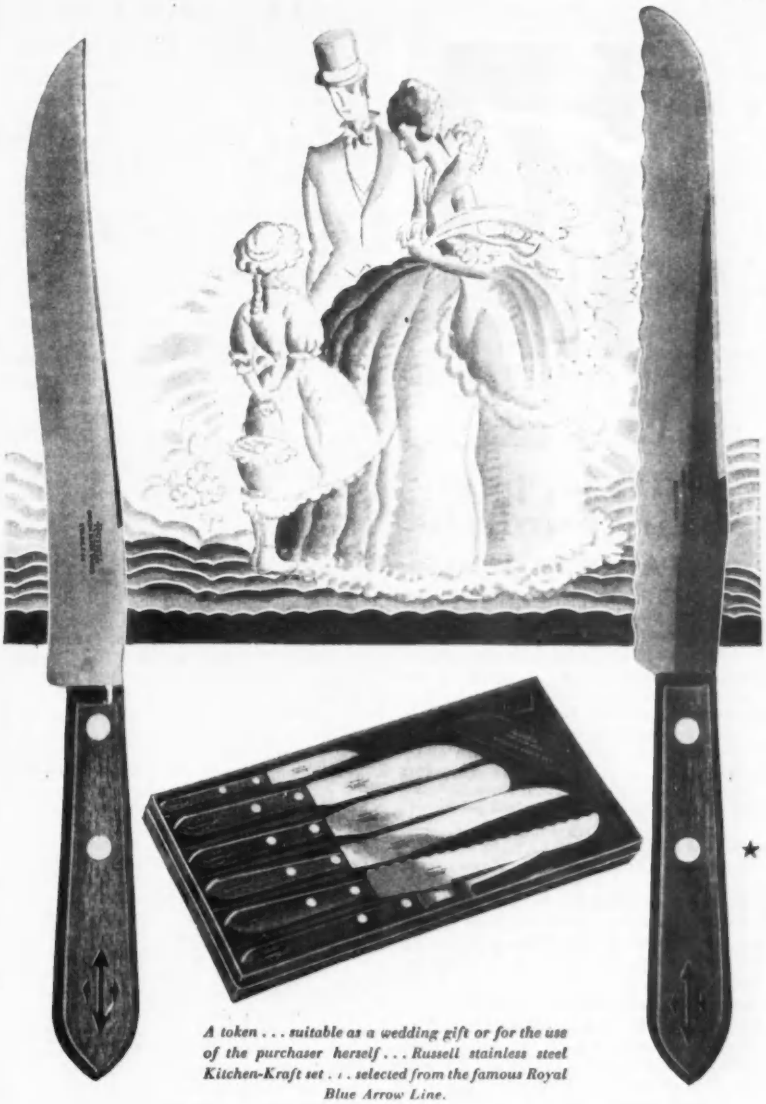
If Frances wishes a shorter "old" book in the easier reading of nineteenth-century English fiction to follow Mrs. Taylor's biography of Leonardo, there is George Eliot's "Romola" (Nelson, New Century Library, leather $2.50), in which this introspective writer places the story of the decay of a man's soul against the Florentine "back-drop."

And if she wants an even longer and harder book she might reread—of course, she had it in college—that book of books, Dante's "La Divina Commedia," to be had in many translations and many editions, my favorite being the translation by E. H. Plumptre which is published with "Canzoniere" and a volume of notes, studies, and estimates (Heath, 5 vols., 96c each). It will seem slow reading until its splendid sweep catches her imagination and she enters into another world where the great drama is that of the soul, and good and evil take on shapes. Then she will realize that here a poet of an age, almost of a civilization, has caught and passed through his art as through a crucible the whole emotional experience of that religious era. She has the imagination—but curiosity would do it—to be swept on in an ecstasy of realization; she has the intelligence to bow down in reverence before such art. But who am I to write of Dante, even though I can never forget that summer when, kept at home by a sick child, I took up the several translations of the vast poem of this frustrated soul as a schoolroom task, only to find myself swirled into this other world?

"Peder Victorious"

But lest Frances takes fright that I am leading her into a solemn seminar course in literature, let me hasten to assure her that not every "book for book" means a heavier for a lighter one. It may be that the current book is the heavier of the two. Take "Peder Victorious" (Harpers, $2.50), for instance, the second book of the Minnesota professor, O. E. Rölvaag, who writes his books in Norwegian to be translated into English for American readers. Frances will, of course, want to read this successor to "Giants in the Earth," which carries on the story of the pioneers from Norway to the Dakota prairies, through the second generation that must make the transition from the language and religion of Norway to those of the United States just as their fathers made it bodily from the land of Norway to the land of America, and carries it on after the same quiet, plotless fashion. I have never heard of a single reader of "Giants in the Earth" who did not say he liked it, and for "Peder Victorious" I prophesy equal popularity, although there are always some critics who find a second book of an author "disappointing" either because the novelty wears off or because they have had time to discover the author's weaknesses. Yet for all their interest and power, sturdy books these both are, with something of the plodding realism which Norwegian literature seems to our more nervous mentalities to have.

The "old" book which "Peder Victorious" suggests to me is a rollicking, gay, picaresque tale, such simple reading that many will debate its right to be called an "old" book under the definition given above. But if Frances has never read the book which in 1902 sent a chuckle



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Beautiful . . . Serviceable . . . Lasting

Evolution did it. Russell stainless steel Kitchen-Kraft sets trace their ancestry from 1834.

Each item a quality piece . . . each set housed in an artistic, ornamented rayon lined box you will want to keep.

Handles of wood with a natural grain of beauty, lacquered and thoroughly sanitary, with an attractive little ornament in blue. Every Russell knife is sharp and properly balanced . . . and it will last for a lifetime

Or you may have delft blue Russite with a dainty white color spot . . . Russite, the new wonder-material of true delft blue that runs all the way through.

For the table, there are stainless steel knives, forks, teaspoons, fruit knives and butter spreaders with plain white or black handles, solid reds, greens and blues, or in the artistic black and white Pyro-Pearl.

There is a booklet, quaint and charming, "How to Tell Good Cutlery," which describes the line. Send for it without charge.

Russell Cutlery Is Priced Only Slightly Higher

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY

TURNERS FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

In using advertisements see page 6

"TINTEX keeps my entire wardrobe *in* PARIS COLORS"

.... *Paris sponsors* new colors for Spring ... and smart women follow where fashion leads ... with Tintex.

.... *For Tintex* restores original color to faded things ... or gives *new* color to everything washable in the wardrobe ... or home-decorations. And so these smart women use Tintex in the *Gray Box* for tinting or dyeing *all* materials. They use Tintex in the *Blue Box* for lace-trimmed silks ... it tints the silks, but leaves the lace its original color.

.... *And for* changing a dark-colored material to a new, light shade ... they first use Tintex Color Remover. It removes the color from any fabric ... quickly, safely and surely...and then they redye it the color they desire with Tintex.

.... *Whitex, too,* the special bluing, is needed to restore whiteness to yellowed silks and woolens ... and for all fine white things instead of ordinary bluing.

.... *Your dealer* has the new Tintex Color Card. Ask to see it. It shows the new Paris colors ... on actual silk!

at all drug, dept. stores and notion counters .. 15¢

THE TINTEX GROUP

Products for every Home-tinting and Dyeing Need

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains white.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A special bluing for restoring whiteness to yellowed silks and woolens.

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

PARK & TILFORD
ESTABLISHED 1840
GUARANTEES THAT TINTEX WILL PERFORM

PARK & TILFORD, Dept. C
465 Fifth Avenue, New York

[FREE SAMPLE]

Please send me 1 package of ..... color Tintex FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

If You Wish to Be Well-Read

all over this country, Owen Wister's tale of the western frontier, "The Virginian," she can do it now only in a "rescuing" edition (Macmillan, $2.50), or in "The Complete Works of Owen Wister," which include other tales as invigorating and one of exceeding charm, "Lady Baltimore," (11 vols., Macmillan, the set, cloth, $25.00; leather, $50.00). I suspect that "Peder Victorious" reminds me of it because it is, as my sister says, "so different." At any rate, the tale of the slow, difficult adjustment of the slow Norwegian temperament to the tempo of American frontier life, the difficult, painful amalgamation of these intensely national people with other intensely national ones—as set forth, by example, in the marriage of the son of the Lutheran Beret Holm, widow of Per Hansa, with Susie, the daughter of the Irish Catholic Doheny—does send my thoughts shooting back to Wister's picture of the irresponsible western frontier where nothing mattered, religion, or race, or manner, except horse-stealing, which has never been more amusingly shown than in this tale of the Virginian cowboy—whose name is never mentioned—and his wild, daring, foolish performances. Already a generation has laughed over his frog story, the exchange of the babies at the schoolhouse singing bee, his efforts to reform the Bishop, his love affair with the pretty teacher. How well the incidents are handled should be evidenced by the fact that I write of them from memory, although it has been twenty-seven years since I read the book.

A more recent book which Frances could read after "Peder Victorious" is Hamlin Garland's "Trail-Makers of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, $2.50), a quaintly told chronicle of the experiences of a New England family pioneering to Wisconsin. A comparison between the carefree, adventuring spirit of the American Richard Graham with the desperate seriousness of Peder Victorious must suggest the value of the Norwegian contribution to our citizenry. Mr. Garland has done three more of these autobiographical chronicles dealing with his own people, of which "Back-Trailers from the Middle Border" (Macmillan, $2.50), is the last. In this book, issued last fall, he brings his own family back East and so carries his family through the American cycle: East to West and back again. Any one wanting to know his America can not learn it more pleasantly than by reading these four volumes, of which the second in chronological order but the first written, "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, $2.50), is by far the best, being one of those books one thinks "there ought to be a law" forcing every child to read.

"Coming Up the Road"

Another book dealing somewhat with the same material which Frances must not miss is that rare study in humility, "Coming Up the Road: Memories of a North Country Boyhood" (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), in which Irving Bacheller spreads before us events and characters that are a part of our American tradition and heritage—the trek of the native-born New Englander to a richer country west, his struggle for a competence, the trek of the younger generation back to the business world, the search for wealth through journalism, the figures of Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier and Stephen Crane and Mark Twain—and all unconsciously reveals his own winsome, unselfish self. Humor, understanding, and pathos flit across the pages. The wit of phrasing which made his "Eben Holden" a best seller of 1900 is there. The sense of romance which never degenerates into melodrama, and the straight, clean English of short sentences. Not in many days will it be matched as a reflection of the American character which we like to think typical of the Old True Stock but, alas, only its ideal; of that homely, frugal American life which we sometimes call the "native brand" but, alas, not common to all natives. The Irving Bachellers

REDUCE! This New Easy Way!

HERE is a truly *unique* reducing method. The Detecto Charm Box is a business-like card system. One side of each card gives the menus for the day, the other side the exercises! Menus planned by the head dietician of a great New York hospital. Exercises directed by a well-known physical culture expert; posed by a famous beauty. You just read one card a day and follow the directions. What could be simpler!

This course is not sold! It is given free with every Detecto Ace or Royal scale. Accurate daily weighing is the first essential in any reducing course! Detecto scales are obtainable at department and hardware stores everywhere or from the makers —The Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc., Scale Makers Since 1900.

DETECTO
WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT

GUARANTEED for five years!

Three models—Five colors. Weighs every lb. up to 250 or 300 lbs. $11.85 up

Detecto Ace...$15 (illustrated)

The Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc.
Dept. 10, 318 Greenwich St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen:
Please send me full information concerning the Detecto Charm Box—the simplest diet-exercise reducing system ever prepared.

Name _____

Address _____

Kohler fixtures in Spring Green—the paneled Mayfair bath and Fairfax vitreous china lavatory

A $5000 bathroom —and a $500 one

HERE are two bathrooms. One is richly luxurious. The other is unassumingly simple. *Both* are beautiful.

They are beautiful because they employ *color* beautifully—and because the decorator has found in Kohler Colorware a new artistic medium which enables him to make even the most modest bathrooms beautiful beyond all former standards.

Kohler Colorware is the very essence of the charm of these delightful modern bathrooms. Yet here is a surprising fact—even though this ware is somewhat more expensive than white, it adds comparatively little to the cost of the finished bathroom.

Color in the fixtures does not increase the cost of installing them; or of the Kohler fittings in gold or chromium plate; or of the floor, walls, and accessories. You can have Kohler Colorware in your bathrooms and hardly know the difference.

And what lovely ware it is! What satisfying colors to live with. Delicate shades of green, blue, lavender, ivory, gray, and brown. And a gleaming jet black that makes a picture of startling beauty when trimmed with softly polished fittings of plated gold.

Lovely—and *fine!* For all Kohler Ware partakes of the quality of the place where it is made—the Village of Kohler, one of the most beautiful town-planned communities in America. It is made by men who have so mastered the arts of the enameler and the potter that they can produce this truly finer ware at a cost that even ordinary ware strives hard to equal.

You will want Kohler Colorware for your bathrooms. No other ware offers such opportunities for beautiful color harmonies. And you can have Kohler Colorware at *any* price, almost, that you may care to pay—choosing from an endless variety of patterns and sizes, with lavatories (in color, with fittings, ready to install) ranging from $40 to $700; bath tubs from $80 to $500; and toilets from $70 to $150. All of Kohler quality—the very finest.

Visit a Kohler display room. Consult your plumber. And mail the coupon for our new illustrated book of Colorware.

COUPON

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Please send your new booklet of Colorware for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries. G H 4-29

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Viceroy bath and Columbia lavatory

© 1929, Kohler Co.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, Wis. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EVERY FIXTURE

In using advertisements see page 6

Why not a

SPRING TONIC

for your skin?

A tonic quite unique . . . that beautifies while it benefits. *"Frostilla for the skin"* is a phrase exchanged with happy conviction by countless thousands of women. For Frostilla is a skin tonic that actually refreshes and rejuvenates dry or chapped skin.

Frostilla should be applied to face, shoulders, elbows, upper arms, hands and legs . . . in fact, to all parts of the body that have been subjected to cold and exposure.

Remember that Frostilla swiftly brings new youth and life to *tired* skin. It is famous for *youthifying*—and for restoring to silken smoothness, faces roughened by wind and weather. A few drops only, do a thoro job—*with never an after-trace of stickiness.*

If you're fastidious in choosing the appointments of your dressing table—or like a touch of color in your bathroom—you'll appreciate the new Frostilla bottle. It is modern, colorful and in good taste. Ask your favorite sales clerk to show it to you...

In beautiful, blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and $1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. *Or write for an attractive, useful sample FREE on request.* Department 340, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Inc., Madison Avenue, at 34th Street, New York City.)

FROSTILLA

for

exposed and irritated skin

If You Wish to Be Well-Read

who can live it are as few as those who can write of it.

The boards of the book are lined with a landscape paper on which is a hillside where the rocks are shaded by trees beyond a clear little stream of water with some cows grazing beside it. Its placidity and simple beauty are expressive of the quality of the book. If Frances wishes to go from this to older books, she may find them in Mr. Bacheller's historical novels, which are passing into our "rescued" literature in an Independence Bell Edition issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

It will be more difficult to find old memoirs to balance the two new ones which Frances has been reading. The great autobiographies like Cellini's she has read. Perhaps the "Letters from the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1709-1762" (Everyman's Library, Dutton, 80c; leather, $1.60), also suggested as an "old" book to follow the wholly delightful biography of that dashing eighteenth-century lady by Iris Barry, "Portrait of Lady Mary Montagu" (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00), will do to follow "My Studio Window" (Dutton, $5.00). Under this title Marietta Minnigerode Andrews continues reminiscences of her full and spectacular life in Washington which she began in "Memoirs of a Poor Relation," a book which set Washington gasping at its audacity and Virginia flaming at its candor. Today it is being recommended by certain English schools for the truth of its picture of the after-war South—which may be one reason why its gay author trips on her way regardless of the offended dignities of kin and professional Southerner alike. Her second book, however, manages to achieve a detachment which the other lacked while never attaining such reserves as would spoil the wholly delightful personalness of her viewpoint. It is the world which passes by her window in its relation to the world of readers that she shows to us. But we do not forget that hers is the eye at the window. It may be that my delight was colored by my interest in Washington, but then who does not love to read of Washington, its society, its officialdom, its artists and its writers, its houses and its pageants, be they charity balls or inaugurations? It is Mrs. Andrews' gift to be able to discuss them all with good will without indiscriminate flattery, with incisiveness without gall. And when one finishes, it is of "May" Andrews that one thinks, of her seeing eye, her daring pen, her rich and palpitating life, the courage she brought to it, the character she brings away. Unless, indeed, I bring these things away because, knowing her, I read them into it.

"Memories of a Sculptor's Wife"

If it is the personality of the teller that lives in Mrs. Andrews' book, with Mrs. Daniel Chester French in "Memories of a Sculptor's Wife" (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), it is otherwise, for here the writer never emerges except as a radio voice back of the incidents and memories she would project upon a printed page. And this is as Mrs. French would have it. We learn enough about her, at least, to know that to her this is good taste in memoirs. For it is as a lady of an older generation, reserved about all personalities, that she dips into her memory and brings out to us sparkling conversations, amusing experiences, and anecdotes about the men who made the pictures and the books and the politics of many years. From Lincoln to Harding, from Washington of the sixties to New Hampshire of the eighties, from literary salons in New York City of the nineties to studios in Stockbridge of the twenties, from the Concord of Emerson to a wedding in Taormina she takes us, and always to our delight. Hers is a more literary book than Mrs. Andrews'. Her sweep is wider, and what she tells has often more significance. It would be hard to find two books dealing with the last thirty years, touching the same profession, both

SENSATIONAL NEWS *about a* NEW PRODUCT

A Surprise Result

***in care of your* Teeth**

THIS modern tooth paste—DR. WEST'S—*combines* all the results you have sought. Two-fold polishing (not scouring!) brightens your teeth. Cool, delightful flavor-blend refreshes your mouth, lastingly. Gums are invigorated and protected (no coarse, irritating abrasives). All sticky deposits cleansed away thoroughly. All Acid conditions are neutralized promptly. Try it—at our expense.

To get a tube FREE:

(large 25c size; not a sample!)

Go to your favorite dealer's, today. Buy one of the famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes. You will then receive free a large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it. *See and feel the results.* (This offer good in Canada, too.) The WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago

"My hands, too, must dance . . ."

says charming ANNA PAVLOWA

The new Cutex Liquid Polish "gives them sparkle and vivacity"

Photo by Hugh Cecil

ANNA PAVLOWA—world-famous artist of the dance—who began her career in her brilliant Imperial Ballet of Old Russia . . .

Like Pavlowa . . . discerning women everywhere know the effect of suave perfection is in great part due to beautifully cared for hands. They say that Cutex is indispensable. For it intelligently simplifies the problem of keeping the most recalcitrant finger nails shapely and shining.

You need only 3 things

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten nail tips, and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

What Pavlowa herself says of the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish

Pavlowa cherishes beauty . . . she practices it! Her hands are superbly cared for! She says of the new Cutex Liquid Polish:

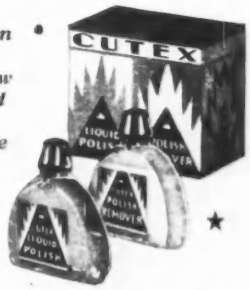
"It helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it to 'make-up' my hands, to keep each finger nail shining, looking truly *soigne*. It is used a great deal in Paris—the French women know how it flatters and improves the finger tips. All the Cutex preparations are needed to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smoothly rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."

Pavlowa's exquisite hands in gentle repose are as powerfully significant of her justly famous interpretative power as when they flutter and sway in the dance.

THE audience has collected—hushed and expectant. Around the stage hangs a great, dark curtain. Then, the music begins and suddenly a tiny, exquisite figure appears. It is Anna Pavlowa, the great artist.

First, she moves to measured, stately rhythms . . . a silent swaying flower. Now she is Pierrette, whirling and gay, happy or immensely sad. Now she is the snow-white swan, sailing, dipping, preening, drooping. Always her hands express the poignant beauty of her art—Pavlowa—whose hands are known as the most beautiful in the world.

Smart women find the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish indispensable



Special Introductory Offer—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9L4
114 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

In using advertisements see page 6

The COTTON FROCK is the Fashion this Spring—QUEEN MAKE Sets the VOGUE

FASHIONISTS are sponsoring the cotton frock this Spring for sports and afternoon informal wear. The cotton frock must have more *style*, more *smartness*—and must receive more *attention* in your Spring and Summer wardrobe.

Queen Make Frocks are as smartly styled, as carefully tailored and sized as your costliest silk dresses. They are made of the finest cotton fabrics.

For thirty years the *Queen Make* label has meant dependability—fastness of color, quality, style.

Queen Make Frocks are featured by leading stores everywhere. Ask your favorite dealer for them or write for information as to where you can procure them.

Illustrated: A smart Queen Make *sports frock in finest quality pique. In Flesh, Maize, Blue, Green, and White. A splendid value, $5.95. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36 to 42.*

THE HOUSE OF

Queen Make

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

1375 BROADWAY · NEW YORK CITY

If You Wish to Be Well-Read

authors being wives of artists, and placed largely in the same Washington, so entirely different. For this very reason future historians will take them together in piecing together a picture of our period. And for the same reason Frances has profitably and pleasurably read them both.

Two old books she must put in, sometime, to offset her new books are Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" (Holt, $5.00), and Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" (Modern Readers' Series, Macmillan, 80c; half leather, $1.25). "Jean-Christophe," called by Edmund Gosse "the noblest work of fiction of the Twentieth Century," appeared originally in three volumes, one each in 1910, 1911, 1913. Now it is available in one volume translated by Gilbert Cannan, himself an author of importance. It is the history of a musician of genius, intended to encompass a man's life in its every possible manifestation.

Its reading is a task, so Frances must take it up deliberately with the realization that the pleasure to be gained is not that of a moment's diversion but rather like that yielded from a trip around the world, which, though arduous, ever after leaves one's understanding expanded and one's interests diversified. "Nothing," it is said, "that has ever been said or thought of life is accepted without being brought to the test of Jean-Christophe's own life. And . . . there is disclosed to the reader the most comprehensive survey of modern life which has appeared in literature in this century." This is enough to explain, surely, why Frances must read it.

"The Way of All Flesh" is thought by many to deserve the place of the most important book of English fiction in the nineteenth century. Published after the author's death, it won for him at once the enthusiastic approval of men like Arnold Bennett and Bernard Shaw. This is the story of Ernest Pontifex, a young English boy who hates his father, a small, egotistical clergyman who has tyrannized over him, and his teachers, who also are brutal to him, and who, after taking deacon's orders because of family pressure, commits an act of stupidity, due to his prudish upbringing, which sends him to jail for six months. While there he has time to think things out and, when his time is served, breaks with the Church and his family, marries his mother's maid, and sets up a second-hand clothing business. In a short time his wife deserts him and he finds himself once more a single man. The book shows how, at twenty-eight, he was ready to face the world the dignified, independent, and harmonious being that, except for the mistakes in his education and home life, he should have been at twenty. These are the experiences which Mr. Butler uses to point his satire against the doctrine of the infallibility of parents and against the smugness of the Church. The significance of the book lies in the fact that in tracing Ernest's actions to their causes of repressions and environment the author presaged the modern findings of psychology and anticipated by thirty years the later attack on social institutions.

"The Old Wives' Tale"

For some reason this book always reminds me of Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" (Murray Hill Library, Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), another book for Frances to read, possibly because the reading of the two not many months apart pushed back the walls of my world and I saw inside it, instead of outside, modern industry with its penalties, war with its sordidness, old age, futility, passion, hunger, murder, agony, bitterness, and loneliness. "The Old Wives' Tale" follows in elaborate detail the histories of two women, sisters, from early youth to old age—it was the wrinkled face of an old woman that suggested it to Bennett—one of whom—Sophia—adventured, charging the world and resisting its impacts,

"No more shiny noses since I use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It stays on longer and keeps ugly shine away. It spreads more smoothly and prevents large pores." Desirée Tabor (operetta star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., New York City.

"No wonder beautiful women protect their lovely skins with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It is so exquisitely fine textured and pure. No pasty or flaky look with MELLO-GLO but a velvety youthful bloom." Rachael Chester (famous beauty), 301 W. 105th Street, New York City.

Loved by America's Most Beautiful ★ Women

MELLO-GLO Face Powder must be wonderful—so distinctive—so exceptional.

Two million of America's loveliest women know MELLO-GLO stays on longer and will not clog the pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French Process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

No purer face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by Beautiful Women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion.

¶ *MELLO-GLO has become so popular among beautiful women, that any store that tries to substitute does you an injustice.*

If you remove cold cream..*right*

a clear, radiant skin will reward you

BENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and multiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you should use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

Kleenex comes in ample handkerchief size tissues.

It rubs the cold cream off, instead of in. It gets down into the pores and rubs away beauty-destroying germs. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

G-4

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

and the other—Constance—accepted what came, and endured. Sophia eloped, was abandoned by her husband, found herself in the house of an irresponsible demi-mondaine, bought its furniture when it was attached for debt, and turned it into an eminently respectable lodging house, buying so shrewdly during the Siege of Paris as to be able to open a pension for English tourists. Constance stayed at home in her mother's shop at one of the Five Towns, was married and widowed, and, when her eighteen-year-old son went up to London to study art, wrote and asked Sophia, of whom she had just heard after all the years, to visit her. Sophia had hardly settled down in Bursley when news came of the illness of her husband. On her return from his funeral she caught a cold which brought on her death, which was soon followed by that of Constance. And so we have passed before us the whole "span of two lives."

When I think of this book it is as if a sweep of country had been laid open before me with no divisions between the years, and lives became rivers winding through this world. Sophia's is a large one, swollen here into a flood, there falling over a cataract, and again becoming a wide, shallow stream, while Constance's is a small "creek," watering pastures and turning mill wheels while yielding to the fisherman his quota of fish. When I think of "The Way of All Flesh" it is as if I looked at a cross-section of a great apartment building, floor above floor, gazing intimately at the lives of those who live therein.

Usually books merely throw new lights and shadows on things and people whom you have long known, or perhaps compose them in new groupings or place them in new positions. Books which remove boundaries of thought or reveal new vistas are rarely met with and never forgotten. Their effect on you is somewhat like that of religious conversion. J. Henry Shorthouse's "John Inglesant, A Romance" (Macmillan, $1.40), was one of these. It knocked from above me, as it were, the ceiling which had been between me and the way of thought of earlier centuries. "John Inglesant" records the memoirs of a gentleman servant to Charles the First. He has been trained to be a mediator between the Catholics and the Protestants in England at the court of Charles, where he has a most dramatic career. Afterward he goes to Italy to seek the murderer of his twin brother, Eustace, and there he is "in" but not "of" the sumptuous life of the last days of the Renaissance, finds the murderer, and, with spiritual chivalry, delivers him to the vengeance of Christ, not man. This beautiful book is really—and herein lies its interest—an historical religious romance and gave me my first insight into the state of mind, if I may put it so, of the men and women of that century. Underneath the outer life so completely pictured, we follow the complex inner life of this graciously melancholy Vandyke courtier as he goes from religion to religion, ever seeking truth and honor, which made me, at least, understand *how* they thought of religious matters instead of merely *what* they thought. It made the whole history of the period have a meaning it never had before as I followed this ardent, pure, sensitive, dreamy gentleman through his own soul's experience. And I hope it may give Frances the same understanding.

"The Axe" and "The Snake Pit"

Not often do current books remove boundaries. Yet such an experience must come to Frances from those historical novels of mediæval times written by the latest winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature, Sigrid Undset, for she does that rare and difficult thing of writing of another era not as if she were introducing it to us of this century, but as if she were projecting us into it, not by describing its differences from us, but by pretending that she is writing to readers of the same time. Her books have the effect, therefore, of books written long ago and handed down to us, or would, did she not employ the newest realism and psychology in her delineation of character.

BURNED

PYROL...*and* 45 Seconds

NEW

...a Better Dressing for Burns and Scalds

THE Kitchen is Burn Headquarters. Hot oven doors, hot flat irons, skillets, pans, flaming gas, boiling liquids. A slight misstep, a slip of hand— then sickening agony—possibly lifelong scars. Even with minor burns, infection lurks. Doctors say, "Keep a tube of Pyrol always close at hand."

Pyrol gives instant relief; almost invariably prevents scars; wards off infection. It has been prescribed by physicians for 20 years. It is standard equipment in leading hospitals, fire departments and railroads where instant relief from burns and scalds must be available at all times. Effective in all forms of skin irritation. The new and better household remedy. Replaces the old fashioned salves and ointments. Get a tube today from your druggist, 50 cents.

Kip Corporation, Los Angeles.

KIP CORPORATION
923 East Pico Street, Los Angeles, California

Please send me free demonstration tube of PYROL and booklet "*First Aid.*"

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

THE NEW

LIQUID VENEER

Cleanser and Home Beautifier

Amazing — modern — time-saving! Now a cleanser as well as a beautifier — the magic polish for all finishes — help for your every-day dusting and cleaning. And, oh, so easy to use. One-two-three and you're through. Hours of work accomplished in minutes of time. Use on furniture — woodwork — tile — to remove the "ring" in the bathtub — on everything you want gleaming with newness and beauty — without the least trace of greasy film. At all dealers.

With the New Liquid Veneer dusting, cleaning, polishing Glove, the NEW Liquid Veneer is even more wonderful, more helpful, more time-saving. The glove protects the hand from the mess and fuss of the ordinary dust cloth — picks up the germ-laden dust instead of scattering it — beautifies quickly and without any hard rubbing, without a trace of greasy film.

Leaves no greasy film. Won't soil even a white kid glove.

Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, and department stores everywhere — 4 oz. bottle, 30 cents; 12 oz. bottle, 60 cents; Combination Package of 30c Glove and 60c bottle, both for 75 cents. Liquid Veneer Corporation, Buffalo, New York, and Bridgeburg, Ontario, Canada.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

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If You Wish to Be Well-Read

I laid down "The Axe" and "The Snake Pit" (Knopf, $3.00 each), her two latest books, part of the unfinished tetralogy, "The Master of Hestviken," realizing with a start that I had never once been halted by the difference in their theology from ours, that I had not once stopped to wonder at their customs, not even at the Bishop's control over their bodies and their properties which we long ago decided to be no bishop's business, not even at the outlawry and lawlessness, not even at their prepossession with their salvations and the life of the hereafter. Mrs. Undset had made me accep medievalism as medievalists accepted themselves; she had made them as real as the people next door, as real and as important. As, indeed, they were, for their problems were the eternal ones of sin and expiation. Olav Audunsson's love for Ingunn, her betrayal of her betrothal vows, Olav's murder of her seducer, Teit the Icelander, and their common search for peace.

This is a story which might easily belong to any age. A strong man's love for a weak woman—that we see daily. That he happened in this case to live in the thirteenth century does not make Mrs. Undset's explanation of less interest or the answer any less true. That there is a bond of matrimony not to be dissolved by unfaithfulness, or crime, something transcending reason, this is as true today as seven hundred years ago. By setting eternal truths in a medieval time with which she has so saturated herself that her books seem to be a voice from those days, Mrs. Undset has rolled back the doors which hitherto seemed to close between their thought and ours, their life and ours.

Although they are compelling in their story interest, Frances will probably for variety wish to turn from these books to lighter books of charm, such as Trollope's gentle histories of dull and restful cathedral families or Jane Austen's caustic satire on eighteenth-century manners. Or even those musical notes sung by James Lane Allen in the morning of his work.

"François Villon"

A book of the twentieth century about the fifteenth, D. B. Wyndham Lewis' "François Villon" (Coward-McCann, $5.00), Frances may read as both old and new, containing as it does both biography and most of the verses of this early poet. Terribly—yes, I mean just what it says—terribly real does our English biographer make the pitiful, villainous old poet and the century in which he lived. I put it down with a word of thanksgiving that I live in this year of pavements and sanitation and furnace heating and good plumbing and porterhouse steaks and grand opera houses, and with a solemn resolution never again to cast envious eyes toward the uncomfortable, harsh feudal ages, which are so much better met with in a book by a Wyndham Lewis who can run down the clues of a poet's life like a detective and make you feel the tragic beauty of his lines like any critic.

Lest Frances come to think too highly of her own times after this book she should turn to Robert Benchley's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield" (Holt, $2.00), which will give her such a fit of the giggles as to act as a catharsis. For pure nonsense it is perfect, that nonsense which delights and relaxes. Under this borrowed title Mr. Benchley, who is the dramatic critic of *Life*, has gathered a number of short essays of transcending silliness. One of the funniest is that on "used cars," which he appends could be placed in public parks with flowers planted in them. Said that way it does not sound so funny, but his nonsense is the cumulative kind which is piled up sentence by sentence until it becomes irresistible. The trouble is one can not pass on the fun except by passing on the book; and that is expensive. If many more of my friends

If You Wish to Be Well-Read

get the flu and must be amused as they recuperate, I shall have to abandon my trip to Mexico.

It is amazing what comparisons with new books will do to our enjoyment of some of the old ones. To balance this with an "old" book Frances can take Oliver Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield" (World's Classics, Oxford, 80c; half-Morocco, $1.75), if she has not had it ruined for her by being forced to take it in school before she was mature enough to laugh with Goldsmith—or perhaps she is still too young. If only professors would learn that youth is too serious for clowning! If she has not read it, she must try it now for her amusement; if she has, she must try it again and find how surprised she is. It may even send her to that provoker of the kind of laughs which come as chuckles out of a deep easy-chair by the fireside, "Tristram Shandy" (Modern Library, 95c).

If some of these "old" books seem a little long and heavy, there are others which are neither, like that bloody book of Stephen Crane's, "The Red Badge of Courage" (Appleton, $2.50), warranted to be more curdling than any new war story; or that romantic one of Paul Leicester Ford's, "The Honorable Peter Stirling" (Holt, $2.00), said to be built upon the career of Grover Cleveland, as engrossing as any new political tale. There is "The House with the Green Shutters" by George Douglas Brown (Modern Library, 95c), to follow that hard, biting, real study of human nature and the soil, "Joseph and His Brethren" by H. W. Freeman (Holt, $2.50), which has started such a chorus of praise.

But why go on and on? The supply of "old" books to match new ones is not limited. What her pleasure with these books will be I can the more easily realize since only last night I savored for the first time the strange flavor of that compelling and spectacular book with which Rose Macaulay met the public almost ten years ago, "Potterism" (Liveright, $2.00). There is no envy like unto that which an admirer of some author feels at another's first meeting with him.

If you can not find in your local bookshop the volumes mentioned in this article, we will buy them for you. Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Ave., New York City. For advice on books, write to Mrs. Blair at Joplin, Missouri, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Weighed in the Balance

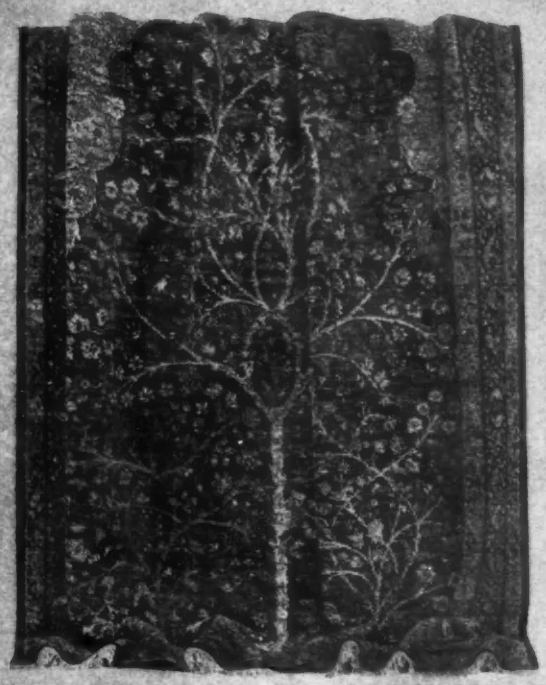
(*Continued from page 88*)

scale with a high degree of accuracy was too expensive. It seems important, then, in selecting a household scale, to consider the purposes for which it is to be used and to purchase one that will adequately meet your requirements.

Few of the women who answered our questions ever had their scales checked as to accuracy. Some municipalities, through their bureaus of weights and measures, will check your scales for you, sometimes for a small fee.

A use for the household scales frequently mentioned in these reports from our readers was the weighing of the laundry, indicating the services power laundries are now offering for which charges are made by the pound. In this use of the scale the same degree of accuracy should be obtained as that of the scales used at the laundry.

One of the uses of household scales most frequently reported was for "weighing the baby." It was interesting to note how carefully mothers were watching the progress and growth of the baby by regular weighing. Here again a reasonable degree of accuracy is needed, and many mothers were using scales made specifically for weighing the baby.



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BY SIMPLY breaking the seals on fragrant little pyramids, called FAX, today's housewife solves two of the most vexing problems of home sanitation. For modern laboratory research has found this a sure means to banish the odors of bathroom, kitchen and sickroom, and to destroy the clothes moth and its eggs.

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Name _____
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What Is Margarine Good For?

(*Continued from page 97*)

flavored milk is attained, manufacturing begins. Into clean, glass-lined churns go ripe skim milk and the margarine oils; in this plant, refined coconut oil. During the churning the milk emulsifies the oil, and a creamy mixture develops. This cream is too liquid for molding or working, so now another step is taken. The cream is run into perforated pipes suspended over a vat of ice water. As the thin streams pour from the pipe perforations into the water the mixture chills and floats on the surface of the water, from which it is skimmed off much as you would remove clotted cream from a pan of milk. This skimmed-off product now goes to the "working" table, where it is salted and the excess moisture kneaded out. Thence into the carriers and into the storage room, where it stands overnight or longer. You have probably noticed in your own refrigerator that fats fairly readily absorb the odor and flavor of other products. This temporary storage is for exactly this purpose, to permit the butter flavor of the churned-in milk to permeate thoroughly the admixed fat.

The margarine is now made. It remains only to mold, package, and label it. You have in the final product a blend of fat and skim milk with butter flavor. It is white, and if we wish color in our substitute we must mix it in ourselves or pay the tax of ten cents per pound for the privilege of having it delivered fully colored. A small package of vegetable yellow is therefore delivered with each pound of margarine by some manufacturers.

The Fats Used

The above is typical of any manufacturer's process. When first developed in 1869 margarine fats were largely animal. In Europe and Great Britain such products still predominated until about 1918. At the present time the production of cotton-seed oil, coconut oil, and peanut oil has reached such proportions as to make these products relatively cheap. Margarines almost everywhere are today, therefore, either mixtures of animal and vegetable fats or of purely vegetable fats, Australia being, I understand, the only country where the purely animal fat products predominate.

The following table from Alsberg and Taylor indicates the relative use of these sources:

The Yearly Tonnage of Fats Used in the United States in Margarine Manufacture
(Ave. of years 1922-1926)

Vegetable fats	*Tons*	*Animal fats*	*Tons*
Cottonseed oil	10,139	Lard	13,968
Coconut oil	38,386	Oleostearin	2,527
Peanut oil	3,385	Oleo oil	23,141
Other	620	Oleo stock	1,348
		Other	2,072

I must hastily disclaim any desire to compare the taste quality of vegetable oil margarines and mixed animal-vegetable oil products. Most manufacturers have marked prejudices about their own particular mix. The proportion of coconut to cottonseed was perhaps originally a matter of price. In a good cotton year, cottonseed oil was cheaper and more used, and vice versa. Today, however, the greater use of coconut oil rests on other causes. One need not, however, in this country worry about the quality of animal oil used in margarine. To quote again from Alsberg and Taylor:

"In the United States food fats remain subject to the provisions of Federal and local food laws after they are shipped out of the inspected slaughter house. They may, therefore, if officials deem necessary, again be inspected at any time on their way to the consumer."

Federal inspection in the case of vegetable oils is not so extensive, but the danger of offtaste in the products practically insures satisfactory refining. The products are then excellent samples of "pure food."

Now what of their nutritive value? The margarine manufacturer makes much use of

An extra size quilt covers *Paul Revere's* Bed

MORE than a century and a half has passed—but day after day school children all over America are reciting the poem that tells of Paul Revere's eventful ride from Boston to Lexington; week after week loyal Americans visit the historic home of the patriot in Boston.

The center of interest in Paul Revere's bedroom is the great four poster, and feminine visitors sigh wearily to think of the many hours of labor necessary to make a quilt large enough to cover it. However, no woman begrudged the time spent on her quilts in those days. They vied with each other in creating beautiful designs. Eight of the most charming of these old patterns have been reproduced in *Olde Kentucky Quilts*. An Olde Kentucky "Turkey Foot" quilt is seen in the drawing of Paul Revere's bedroom.

Bring the magic of Early America into your home with these delightful, reasonably priced quilts. Tub-fast colors. Fluffy new cotton filling. Ideal for spring and cool summer nights. $5.00 to $15.00 at principal department and furniture stores.

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You will be interested in seeing the rare old furniture in the bedrooms of Priscilla Alden, Thomas Jefferson, Evelyn Byrd, President Harrison and other famous men and women. A beautiful booklet shows, in colors, historic bedrooms and offers suggestions which will be helpful to every woman who wishes to introduce the beauty of Early America into her own home. See coupon below. Louisville Bedding Company, *Incorporated*, Manufacturers, Louisville, Kentucky.

Olde Kentucky Quilts

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Enclosed find 25 cents for your booklet "Decorative Details from Historic Bedrooms."

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Please send your free booklet "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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the undoubted fact that fats are burned as fuel in our bodies and that pound for pound one fat yields essentially the same number of calories as any other. The nutrition student knows this to be true. When she calculates the calories in pie crust all she asks is the percentage of fat, not the kind, for the kind is inessential from the calorie viewpoint. The increasing use of vegetable shortenings in cookery also attests our willingness to accept and relish other fats than butter or lard. Corn oil and cottonseed oil manufacture into gallons of salad oils and mayonnaises yearly. If we like the taste, then why isn't margarine to all intents and purposes the exact equivalent of butter?

The Vitamins in Butter

The discovery of vitamin A developed almost simultaneously in two laboratories in this country by studying the difference in behavior of milk fat and lard in experimental rat diets. McCollum and Davis met difficulties in raising rats on purified diets composed of casein, starches or dextrins, lard and salt mixtures and found them removed by adding an ether extract of egg or butter. Egg and butter fat were therefore postulated to contain "unidentified dietary factor, fat soluble A," our vitamin A of today. Osborne and Mendel in New Haven found similar difficulties in rat raising removed by substituting butter for lard in their diets. "It would seem, therefore," they said, "as if a substance exerting a marked influence upon growth were present in butter."

This discovery is now history. We know today that certain fats contain vitamin A and certain others have it in more or less degree. Cod-liver oil, for example, is far richer in the vitamin than any butter. Olive oil and vegetable oils in general lack it in marked degree. Animal oils vary in their content, but, in general, are less rich in the factor than is butter, though the content in butter itself varies greatly with the feed of the cow. The factor is, however, not confined to oils or fats. It is abundant in egg yolk and in green vegetables, and is fairly plentiful in fruits. Carrots and sweet potatoes carry important amounts. Again, nature has been generous in duplicating sources of an essential dietary factor. *I do not have to rely on butter as my sole source of adequate supply of this factor.*

Much has been made in competitive trade of the potential lack in margarine of this vitamin A. Some manufacturers have met the difficulty by incorporating in the churning product a vitamin A concentrate. They have made their margarine like butter in both taste and vitamin A content. Others have relied on the common sense of their purchasers, given them a wholesome fat and frankly admitted its lack of vitamin A but trusted to the user to supply that lack by other articles of diet.

I think I need say little more of this phase of margarine criticism. I wrote recently of white wheat flour bread as a perfectly good food if used with intelligence and supplemented in the daily diet by articles which made good its deficiencies.

If I liked the taste of margarine and its price suited my pocketbook, even total absence of vitamin A in it would not deter me from its use, for all I need do is supply that one lack by selection of rich vitamin A sources. I do the same thing in feeding milk to babies. I know that milk does not supply enough vitamin C for the baby, so I add orange juice to his milk quota. I do not condemn milk as a bad food because on milk alone the baby can develop scurvy. Need I then say more on this topic? Diets must be built with intelligence, the diet must be complete in all food factors necessary to health, but the individual ingredients need not all be complete foods.

There is, however, one phase of fat physiology that we are just beginning to study carefully. If fats or starches and sugars (carbohydrates) are burned in the body to supply fuel, one carbohydrate or one fat will yield the same number of calories as any other carbohydrate or fat. We do not, however, necessarily burn all this fuel. What becomes of the unburned

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Honey is the faultless sweet and a perfect food. HONEY-MAID Candy can be given to children safely in generous amounts. It is rich in essential vitamins; imposes no burden on the digestive organs. Authorities agree that it is non-fattening. *Dealers wanted everywhere.*

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Enjoy this rare treat *at our risk.* Just send $1.50, check or money order, for full one-pound box sent prepaid. *Money back if not pleased.* A wonderful gift.

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What Is Margarine Good For?

part? In the case of carbohydrates much of the unburned material becomes body fat. To that fact we owe the building of hog or chicken fat with corn-starch. In the case of fats the unburned portion is deposited with the converted fat and may profoundly alter the character of body fat. Hogs, for instance, on certain oil feeds do get fat, but the fat may be too soft to command a market value.

We are not cannibals. If we were, I might study your fat consumption with some interest as affecting your ultimate appeal to my palate. Physiologically I am interested in this phase only so far as it may affect the efficiency of fat in my nerve and tissue activity. And here, though experiments of significance are still lacking, the widespread use of vegetable shortenings and vegetable cooking and salad oils relieves me of anxiety as to margarine failing to supply proper material for my physiological functions. I should like to see the results of comparisons in reactions of animals fed an otherwise complete diet but differing in their type of fat supply over a long period. Such an experiment might reveal qualities in fats hitherto unsuspected. They might even upset current prejudices. Such data is needed and lacking, but to date there is certainly nothing to warrant belief that either harm or helpfulness will follow continuous use of one particular food fat to the exclusion of others if the diet itself is kept complete in all known factors.

This is the nutrition situation in regard to food fats as I know it. Quarrels over the relative need of protection of dairyman and oleomanufacturer may interest me and make me take sides on legislative measures, but as a food provider I like to know just two things: What do I need? How can I best buy it? The above outline is offered solely as a possible help in your exercise of judgment about food selection.

A Hopeful Trend

(Continued from page 96)

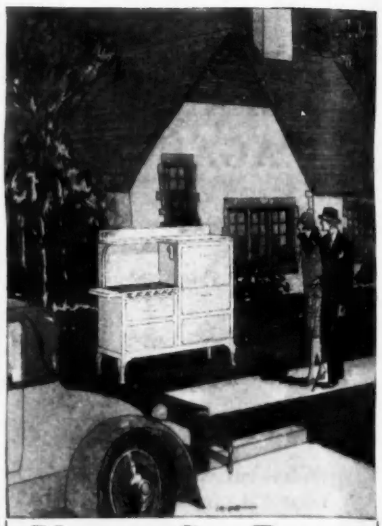
preparations of this kind in the home and without medical supervision.

Unfortunately, there was one important point in the discussion as to the best way of preventing influenza which was not stressed as it should have been. There is no longer doubt but that a wholesome, well-balanced, and palatable diet increases enormously the resisting power of the body to infectious diseases. To this end, attention should be paid not only to the avoidance of crowds, but also to the wholesomeness and the nutritive value of the diet.

Influenza is not the only disease that could be prevented by this means. Every infectious disease undoubtedly would be rendered less threatening in a well-nourished person than in one poorly nourished. It is particularly desirable in influenza that constipation be carefully avoided by a proper diet rather than by the administration of laxatives and purgatives.

We turn now to other improvements in the prevention and cure of disease which have been suggested wholly or in part during the past year. Every one can remember a short time ago when pernicious anemia claimed its victims. There was little or no prospect of saving life. Even the transfusion of blood often was practised in vain. Thanks to the development of the remedy found in liver, and other vital organs, by the Harvard Medical School, this remedy has now been offered with almost certain promises of relief. While the particular remedies which are abundantly stored in liver, as well as in other vital organs, have not been isolated, enough has been shown that the consumption of liver, or a proper extract thereof, is almost a sovereign remedy for this supposedly almost incurable disease.

The officials of the Public Health Service,



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SOMETHING different in food flavor—pleasing variety in what you serve at your table—some way to break the monotony of the daily fare. Is there a woman who is not constantly striving for these very things?

Let us tell you about some wonderfully tempting flavors—entirely *different* flavors—you can give to the quite usual foods by using Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in your cooking recipes. Therein lies perhaps its greatest use in the household. From it are secured many *blended* flavors—a combination of the usual flavor of the cooked dish or food with the rich, nutty flavor of Peanut Butter.

Be sure to send for our recipe folder of many truly delicious recipes and you'll be delighted with the surprise flavors that *can* be given to the foods you frequently serve, by simply using

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especially Dr. George P. McCoy, who has taken the lead in the matter, have developed a more powerful serum to control that apparently difficult disease, pneumonia. The data are sufficiently established to warrant the hope that pneumonia, which usually claims the victims of influenza, may be much more rigidly combatted.

Statistics of mortality from this disease have not greatly changed during the past ten years. Pneumonia still is a threat to every one who falls a victim thereto. There is a decided trend at the present time to lessen this mortality which strikes alike at king and peasant. Heretofore, not a victim or physician failed to appreciate the gravity attending the inflammation of the lung tissue. It is quite impossible to apply any therapeutic agent to the root of the disease. Medical skill has, therefore, had to be satisfied with indirect approaches by therapeutic measures. Pneumonia is so nearly related to influenza that it is quite a diagnostic feat to tell where one begins and the other ends.

Meanwhile, the discipline in the army of public health workers is growing more efficient and the collaboration of workers becoming more fruitful.

Dr. Mayo, at the late Convention of Public Health workers in Chicago, in presiding over the cancer section called particular attention to more efficient work in efforts to discover the secret of this most dreaded disease. He announced a new research laboratory, fully equipped with funds and workers, to study more efficiently and scientifically the cause of the disease. Also, where operative surgery can not be applied with safety, how efficient the other measures of X-rays and radium might prove as a check to the spread of the disease. At this meeting also a strong presentation of the effect of heredity on cancer was presented in a scientific manner which would please the great Mendel himself. When a man of the eminence of Dr. Mayo declares that progress has been made and will now be more rapidly made in cancer research, it is certainly a mark of the more favorable trend in the solution of the cause of this yet dread disease.

Poisonous Metals

Just now there is a tendency to stress the effects of so-called poisonous metals in stimulating, in not too large a quantity, plant growth. Inferences have been drawn, I think unwisely, that similar small quantities of poisonous metals might prove beneficial to the human organism. Among these metals have been mentioned copper, zinc, aluminum, lead, arsenic, and other metallic substances which, by accident or otherwise, are sometimes found in our foods. On the other hand, clinicians working with small quantities of metals of this kind have shown that they produce very serious effects when continued a long while as an element of human foods. The attempt to add poisons to the list of necessary elements for the nutrition of man ought not to be successful unless overwhelming evidence of their value can be secured.

In the administration of the food law those preservatives and coloring matters depending largely upon inorganic substances were found by my investigations to be decidedly harmful when continued for a long period of time. With the collaboration of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING I have endeavored to prevent the mutilation of our present food law by admitting small quantities of lead and arsenic as sprays to our fruits and consequent introduction into our foods. There will have to be a very great change in the attitude of those interested in human welfare before lead, arsenic, copper, and similar metallic agents are added to the list of necessary food elements.

Meanwhile, all efforts of scientific investigation respecting the articles which should be admitted to our foods should be encouraged and provided with ample funds. While it is highly desirable that private philanthropists should finance the greater part of investigations of this kind, it is recognized that the most difficult and expensive of these investigations should be

A *delightful* CHANGE *from ordinary cooking*

HERE'S a suggestion to women seeking new experiences with appetite-tempting dishes. Ask your grocer for an assortment of La Choy products. Then make delicious Chop Suey or tasty Chow Mein. You'll find simple directions on the labels, or just mail the coupon below, and receive forty popular La Choy recipes.

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☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada) for the La Choy Assortment Package, containing four of our Eight Products.

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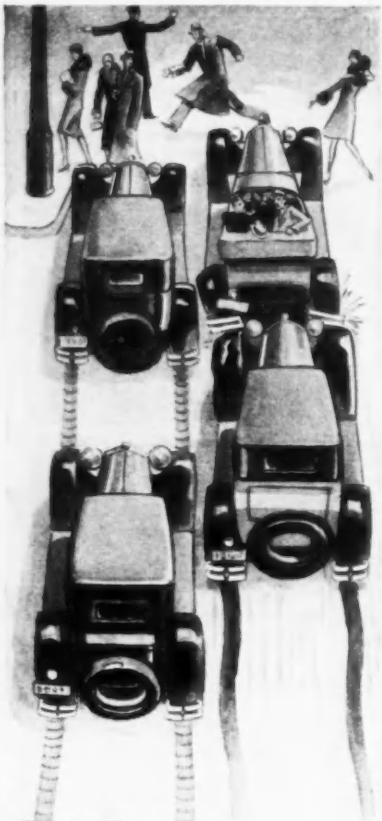
In using advertisements see page 6



WOMEN do *not* take these chances

It is unfair to say . . . "That must be a woman driver." It is more than probable that the skidding car, the one *without* WEED Chains, is driven by a man. And the car *with* WEED Chains is driven by a woman.

For women as a rule realize the dangers of driving. They know that brakes are ineffective when tires slide—when there's no *traction* to the road.

That is why those who refuse to take a chance with skidding, use WEED Tire Chains—for WEED Chains put *friction of steel* between wet tires and slippery roads.

You can purchase WEED Chains at any service station or garage. Genuine WEEDS have *red* connecting hooks. Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put them on your tires for you.

WEED *Steel* CHAINS *Grip*

A Hopeful Trend

promoted by gifts of the Government to our public welfare, as provided in the Constitution of the United States.

As an illustration of these gifts, I call attention to the enormous sums granted by the general Government and by the States for educational purposes. It is not desirable in the interest of the taxpayer to extend this bounty to any very considerably greater extent. Already the sums donated by the United States and various states for educational purposes are greater than those given by private benefactors for the endowment of our schools and colleges.

Fashions

(*Continued from page 65*)

You will read about "the higher waist" and about the "influence of the princess line." To get an idea of just what this means, look, for instance, at the evening gowns shown on pages 68 and 69. There you will see that whatever line of demarcation there is, between the skirt and the waist, is higher than it was. This does not mean a fitted waistline, but the dress does fit the figure a little more closely, and at a higher point, than it did even in the winter. The hips remain snug and tight, and the fulness or drapery flares just below the hips, as in the winter. In sports clothes, this higher waistline is indicated by the placing of the belt, or if there is a two-piece effect, in the joining of the waist and skirt. If it is two separate pieces, like a tuck-in blouse and skirt, then the waistline is definitely normal. In the blouse, which is so important this spring, its cut, its drapery, or its belt shows the same higher tendency.

In fabric and in color, the frock, coat, hat, and accessories must be related. On page 65 are two new and charmingly wearable ensembles: the first, Vionnet's dark-red silk coat of crêpe romain worn over a red and white printed frock; the second, Molyneux's afternoon ensemble, a short jacket and dress of navy crêpe de Chine printed in beige, the fur beige caracul. The silk coat with draped collar and soft, dressmaker lines is typical of many of the new, thin silk coats, and the silk jacket and frock are another type of the dressmaker suit of which we have been talking, and which is sure to be a favorite with smart women.

Here the importance of prints should be mentioned. There is no doubt but that printed fabrics will have a bigger vogue this year than ever before, for both day and evening wear. These two ensembles verify this fact: under the silk coat is a printed frock, while in the other costume both the jacket and the frock are printed.

The hat to go with the ensemble should be chosen with care and great attention to color, fabric, and suitability. This is a fashion rule which all smart women follow, and this spring its fashion importance can not be exaggerated. One of the newest afternoon hats, and one to wear for formal afternoon occasions, is illustrated at the bottom of page 65. It really is a new version of the tricorn, worn off the brow (a trend to watch), the brim upturned and the back long and clinging—a new line which promises to go hand in hand with the general tendency for letting the hair grow.

Navy-blue and black are important colors for spring, as well as red, especially in combination with black and yellow, but the yellowy greens lead in smartness for all times of the day and evening. Bright blue with white, and navy-blue are to be considered, however, and black—even for sports—is exceedingly smart.

For the evening, details are interesting—the peplum and bustle ruffles, the soft scarf neckline, deep décolletage in the back, points, flares, flounces, and low-placed ruffles.

Definite news about the spring sports mode and the newest evening fashions will be found on pages 66, 67, 68, and 69, where the sketches from Paris illustrate what is said.

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

Decorations that wear well

Whether you are about to decorate a new home or modernize an old one, it will be really worthwhile to see the Sanitas line of modern wall coverings before you decide on any material for your walls and ceilings.

In new homes, Sanitas can be hung as soon as plaster is dry, no waiting for house to settle, shrinkage cracks do not break through Sanitas.

In old homes, Sanitas is the ideal wall and ceiling decoration, because it hides cracks and gives additional strength to plastered surfaces.

Sanitas is made of cloth. The colors do not fade. Water stains and finger marks can be wiped off with a damp cloth.

Ask your decorator to show you the Sanitas Sample Book containing styles for every room.

SANITAS
can be had in these finishes:

PLAIN AND PASTEL FLAT FINISH tints that can be hung as they come or stenciled, frescoed or Tiffany blended.

DECORATIVE FLAT FINISH conventional and foliage patterns, neutral toned designs of vague formation, stripes, mottled effects, and reproductions of tapestry, grass-cloth, leather and various fabrics.

METALLINE BROCADE in embossed effects for panel treatments and all-over wall treatments.

ENAMEL FINISH plain colors, tile effects, and decorative patterns, for kitchens, bathrooms, etc.

SANITAS STANDARD SIP TEXTILE PRODUCTS BRAND REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Samples and literature sent on request

Look for this trade mark

The Standard Textile Products Co.
320 Broadway, Dept. 7, New York

no wonder Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S.A. PAT.

"Two Years Old—
It looks like New!
Simoniz does
make the finish
last longer!

"And it also... Keeps Colors from Fading"

PEOPLE judge a car by the appearance of the finish. If you want to keep your car as beautiful as when you first saw it on the show room floor, use Simoniz at once. All motor car finishes, including Duco and lacquer can be kept looking new and beautiful for the life of the car with Simoniz. It makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

If your car is already old looking use Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre. Then apply Simoniz to clean off the remaining cloudiness and give the finish lasting beauty and weatherproof protection

"Motorists Wise — Simoniz" . . . it pays every time.

Easily applied with a cloth.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

A House That "Just Grew"

(*Continued from page 45*)

An odd feature, and one that many of us would like to copy, is that all the windows slide into the wall, so that there is no sash, only a clear-cut frame for the picture outside. And such pictures as there are! As you walk about outside, new worlds unfold, surprise after surprise. You stand on the upper level, looking south, go down three short flights of steps to the front of the house. Here you have a thrill of delightful things beyond. Through the old trees is the blue distance, the rare, clear blue of northern New England; you feel you are high up, and soon see the great valley of the Connecticut spread out over the top of the long, straight, lower terrace wall. You are sure to stumble over the flying-buttress roots of a tall elm, and then you are on the terrace in front of the house, the living terrace. Over a low hedge of spirea you look down over the lower terrace or garden, enclosed by the long, straight stone wall, framing the outlook. It is an outlook, too—down the grand valley, thirty miles perhaps, and from New Hampshire on the left and Vermont on the right, go tumbling down high hills, woodlands, and bare sheep pastures, down to the level meadows of the river. Above all this, placed to perfection, a little to the right, over in Vermont, rises a solitary mountain, Ascutney—a splendid pile, cone-shaped.

You walk along this terrace to the porch.

"Some call it a loggia. I don't know what the difference is—possibly about $1500," remarks your guide with a twinkle.

You prefer to call it a porch—a friendly place, with comfortable chairs, a long seat with bright pillows to lounge on, and a dining-table. Here the family eat all their meals in summer, sheltered from the wind, with nothing to keep them from enjoying the view—in the foreground the grass terrace with its circular pool, a mirror reflecting a disc of sky, and off to the east ever-changing effects of light and color.

Reflecting Personality

The interior of the house has been developed in much the same way as the exterior. It has been done gradually, surely—untroubled by any nervous apprehensions about rooms looking a little barren to begin with. The living-room is in the west wing—a spacious apartment twenty feet wide, twice as long, and fourteen feet high, with beamed ceiling and walls paneled with wood, painted a dull gray-black color, up to three-fifths their height. Above the panels the plastered walls are a grayish tone, blending well with the dark wood. The mantelpiece is very high, and this, together with the fact that the wood panels go clear to the ceiling on the north end, prevents the room from appearing to be monotonously divided by the line between panels and plaster. This paneled north end screens a small stage. The floor, of wide oak planks showing between the rugs, is painted a dark, rich red, and the heavy beamed ceiling has been lightened by some gold between the beams and some blue on their faces. It is a room of fine proportions, of great dignity, and at the same time it is comfortable, livable, and beautiful—the home, one would instantly realize, of a cultured and resourceful person.

The dining-room is unusually interesting—a rich room, crowded with copper and pewter, against a dark green paneling; a floor of wide planking, brick hearth, and severely simple mantelpiece.

An architect might criticize the plan of this rambling, unexpected house, with its delightful ups and downs, because it is neither efficient nor economical. But after all this house was not built to please an architect, but Maxfield Parrish, the artist. It is a *personal* house, reflecting completely his interests, his preferences, the way he likes to live. Beyond this, it is a house that adds beauty to the landscape, charming the imagination of the passer-by; to those who live in it it offers an outlook of satisfying loveliness. Altogether, this house designed by an amateur is a rare success.

Imagine if you will!

A SPRINGLESS ELECTRIC CLOCK

That Gives Observatory Time

STEP out of the old and into the new realm of timekeeping and imagine, if you will, a clock that needs no winding, oiling or regulating,—a clock that might grace the mantel of the most exacting scientist . . . the most fastidious housekeeper . . . the most efficient families everywhere.

There—you have imagined just *some* of the things Telechron offers *you*. Unusual, too, are the moderate prices, the score of lovely designs for every room in your home. These you can now see on display at your nearest authorized Telechron dealer. Select one of the attractive models now and enjoy the thrill of having Observatory Time by merely plugging your Telechron into an electric outlet.

Also available with chime and strike features. Priced from $14.00 to $1,100.00. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
Ashland, Mass.
In Canada, Canadian Gen. Electric Co., Toronto, Ont.

OR MAIL THIS! CATHEDRAL—No 355

WARREN TELECHRON CO.,
411 Main Street, Ashland, Mass.

Send me your fascinating booklet explaining how Telechron Electric Clocks give Observatory Time.

Name .....

Address .....

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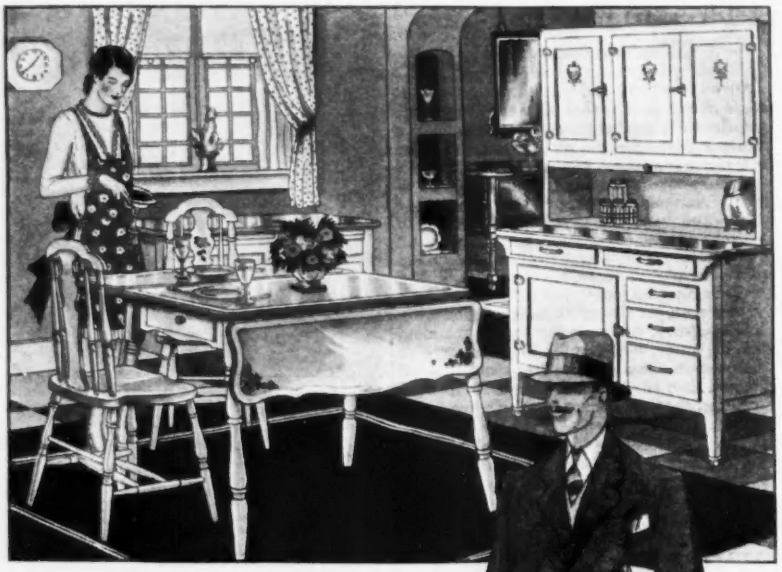

"John Goes To Work Whistling These Mornings"

"—And I know I feel better. It really seems as though the whole atmosphere of breakfast has changed. It is almost impossible to be glum in the presence of our new PORCE-NAMEL breakfast set. It's so bright and gay and cheery. The dainty colors seem to be an antidote for what used to be a positively dreary meal. It helps to make things a great deal easier for me, too. The top is easily cleaned and the drop leaves take up no room when they're not in use. I can serve breakfast and finish up my kitchen work in half the time it used to take me. I know if I couldn't get another I wouldn't trade it for almost anything I know of.

"I knew when I bought it I would be perfectly satisfied. My experience with my other PORCE-NAMEL pieces taught me that. Each piece seems built to fill a definite need. Each piece helps to cut down my kitchen hours and allow me more time to enjoy the better things of life. I haven't missed a club meeting for ever so long, and I can give John some real competition on the golf course. He doesn't laugh at me any more.

"Sometimes I think I have a perfect kitchen arrangement, everything is so compact."

You, too, can have an ideal kitchen—with PORCE-NAMEL furniture to aid you. Built to save you steps, with handy places for everything. There is a PORCE-NAMEL piece to fit every kitchen's every need. PORCE-NAMEL Kitchen Cabinets are designed to keep all those things you constantly need in preparing a meal, close at hand. You'll like its roomy shelves, and its large convenient drawers with their dust proof construction. You'll find the beautiful porcelain tops won't buckle or warp—the shining nickeled hardware won't rust—the smooth satin finish is easy to keep clean. And—PORCE-NAMEL comes in an endless variety of sizes and styles—in dainty color combinations, each piece built for years of service.

Write us today. We'll send you our Free booklets "First Aids to First Class Cooking." They contain many valuable suggestions and illustrate PORCE-NAMEL models. Clip the coupon, fill in your name and address, mail it to us today.

PORCE-NAMEL
handy-roomy
KITCHEN FURNITURE
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Kitchen Tables-Cabinets
Cupboards-Breakfast Sets

Here is the handiest little utility cabinet you've ever seen. There are innumerable places in every home where this compact little piece will add much needed storage space. Write us today. We'll send you complete information.

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Gentlemen: Send me your free booklets on "First Aids to First Class Cooking", and tell me where to see PORCE-NAMEL styles.
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A Profitable Back Yard

By
Allie Lowe Miles

FIVE years ago, a thrifty weed patch. Today, a thriving garden that yields a variety of exceptional berries and fruit. It supplies more than enough for the owner's table and his pantry shelves, with ample left over for some of the neighbors who want to fill their berry bowls and shortcakes with bigger and fresher fruit than can be had in the markets.

This miniature Garden of Eden belongs to Fred A. Mason, and it is located in the residential section of Babylon, Long Island. In April, 1922, when he went out the back door of his new bungalow, a strip of ground 50 x 150 extended ahead of him, and on the left was another wild, overgrown piece 50 x 50. It looked hopeless as a producing area to every one except Mr. Mason.

The editor of the local paper across the way chanced to notice that his new neighbor was plowing up the ground. His observation expressed the sentiment of others around. It was,

"I am sorry for that poor man if he thinks he is going to raise anything."

Apparently they had all tried and failed. But Mr. Mason was not sorry for himself. He loves a garden and says that everything in connection with it is a pleasure. Besides he was not thinking of raising vegetables that require a loamy bed. He wanted berries and fruit that seem to make a good beginning in a half-sandy anchorage.

It required many long hours and continuous labor to weed out the dense growth of wild roses, wild blackberries, wild cherries, and goldenrod that filled the yard. They were all pulled up by the roots and gradually eliminated. It is only by thoroughness and care that one can get the *best* results in a garden, although fruit requires fewer hours of work than vegetables.

Every time Mr. Mason plants a new vine, bush, or tree, he plots it on a home-made diagram of the garden. This means an accurate record of where and when the various things were put into the ground.

One day an Irishman said, "Sure, Mr. Mason, in a year or two you'll have to take a lamp to find the house."

Not an inch of space has gone to waste. Between the rows of raspberries are strawberries, and rising out of the heart of the strawberry beds are peach, pear, apple, and plum trees.

Being a business man, Mr. Mason devotes only the "before" and "after" hours to his garden. But he has a son and daughter whose quick fingers and young backs are often called into use as soon as the berries begin their prolific yield. In the fourth year the garden gave them 190 quarts of strawberries, more than that amount of raspberries, and quarts and quarts of other small fruit that they could not eat and did not want to add to the preserve and jelly shelves. One afternoon, when a large and beautiful "gathering" of berries was on the fifteen-foot backless bench in the garden, a neighbor came over and said that she would like to buy some if they could be

A Profitable Back Yard

spared. They could, easily. The money payment they brought was an inspiring surprise, also far more useful than permitting the fruit to rot on the ground. This first sale marked the beginning of a fine little extra-money income, one that was no less enjoyable because unsolicited.

Mr. Mason's recreation and pleasure were to work in his garden when away from business. I may add that it is probably a boon to his good health. He is out by five o'clock every morning, and apparently it is no hardship to arise at about the same time that his chickens begin strutting around in their peach-tree enclosure.

Enthusiastic interest and a desire to see various fruits come to wonderful fruition spurred Mr. Mason to raise more fruit than it happened his family could eat. It is a miserably uncomfortable sensation to realize that one's pet hobby is not wholly practical. Consequently he was delighted when neighbors came over, eager to buy and praise his unusually large, fresh fruit. I believe that the honest exclamations of admiration were more welcome than the quarters that were left on the garden bench in exchange for boxes of luscious berries. However, it all added a new and satisfactory interest to the garden.

Berry Boxes

The next step in this back-yard income business was an investment in berry boxes. When picking with the idea of selling, berries become less bruised and look more tempting when dropped into boxes as they are picked from the vines and bushes. It also takes less time and handling than to pick into a larger receptacle and shake them out into various-sized measures when customers come around. Another good feature is that there can be no doubt about the measurements being standard. To pick direct into boxes also creates a professional berry-business atmosphere. It is a great novelty and convenience. Nor is it difficult to secure exactly the correct style of box for the different berries as they ripen during the seasons. Mr. Mason buys his supply from a firm in New York City. The cost amounts to one-half cent a box, and the boxes are delivered to his home. This makes the profit on each quart of strawberries and currants come to .24½. The raspberries bring .25 a pint.

The berry sales mounted fast. Mr. Mason found that a number of people wanted some of the fruit but could not manage to come around for it. This offered an opportunity for the young daughter of the household to start out as a saleswoman. To use her own words, she said,

"Oh, dear, I wasn't crazy about it, but Dad's berries are so wonderful that every one wanted to buy some, and it was nice to get all the money."

Which proves that the younger generation enjoyed prosperity and took an additional interest in the back yard because it produced money as well as delicious things for their table.

Mr. Mason buys his plants, vines, and bushes from different nurseries. His success has recently aroused their admiration and encouragement—in one instance their unstinted thanks. A few seasons ago he set out twelve plants of White Queen Raspberries. The following year he found that two had died and a countless number of new shoots had sprung up. The plants are very choice. The nursery was mourning the fact that all of theirs had either died or run out. Mr. Mason presented them with 278 bushes.

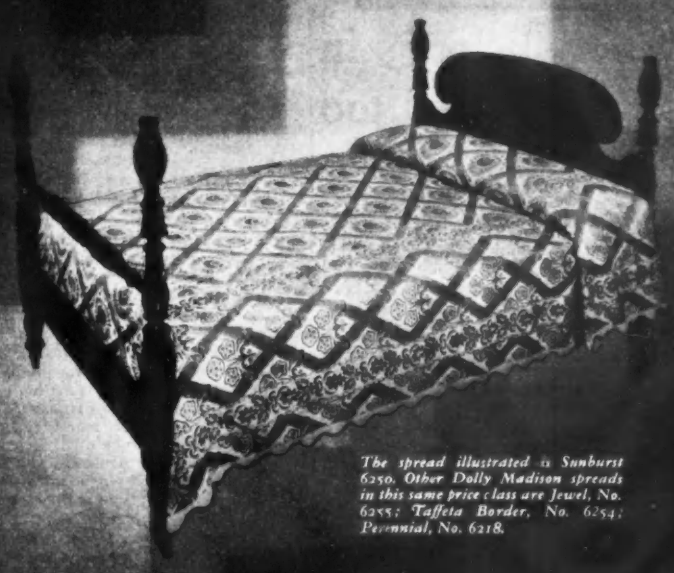
A heart-breaking task, for one who loves the things he has made grow in the garden, is that strawberries and raspberries must be thinned out in a wholesale manner, or the garden will become a wild open space, the berries will grow smaller and smaller, and picking will no longer be a pleasure. It is also interesting, for the decided amateur, to know that large raspberries, blackberries, dewberries,

Now—

DOLLY MADISON

Bed Spreads

Priced within the means of all!



The spread illustrated is Sunburst 6250. Other Dolly Madison spreads in this same price class are Jewel, No. 6255; Taffeta Border, No. 6254; Perennial, No. 6218.

Now it is possible for everyone to enjoy the luxury of Dolly Madison Bedspreads . . . For new styles have been added to the Dolly Madison line — made with all the care and skill for which this name is famous — displaying Dolly Madison quality in every stitch and thread — presenting a brilliant assortment of modern designs and color effects —*at prices so reasonable that they are within the means of everyone.*

Don't deny yourself the pleasure and satisfaction of owning Dolly Madison Bedspreads any longer. The new styles should be displayed at the better stores in your city now. If not, please write for swatches to

GEORGE ROYLE & CO., MFRS.

Dept. 42, Torresdale and Frankford Avenues, Philadelphia, Pa.

Write for free new illustrated booklet *Send 25c for Doll's Bed Spread*

DOLLY MADISON

Bed Spreads

In using advertisements see page 6

UTILIVAR
THE UTILITY VARNISH

. . . . . belongs in your Cupboard, too

Utilivar, the utility varnish, has so many uses that it deserves a place in the cupboard alongside of your other household necessities. Anyone can apply Utilivar with certain success.

It is a waterproof varnish that dries overnight with a durable gloss finish. It is made in clear spar varnish and in colors to produce effects of light oak, dark oak, cherry, walnut and mahogany—staining and varnishing in one operation. It is also made in the clear, dull (rubbed effect) varnish.

Prices:
Gallons, $5.50
Quarts, - 1.55
Pints, - - .85
1 gallon covers approximately 300 sq. ft. 2 coats

This CHECK LIST will suggest many ways you can use Utilivar to economize and to add beauty to your home.

Use Utilivar on your:
Front Door
Vestibule
Porch Ceiling
Woodwork
Furniture
Wicker Ware
Linoleum
Refrigerator
Floors
and on all other interior and exterior surfaces, including autos and boats, requiring varnish of great durability.

70c. VALUE FOR 35c.

Ask your dealer for Utilivar, or use our special trial offer coupon which makes it easy for you to get acquainted with this fine all-purpose varnish.

Half-pint Utilivar - -	50c.
Varnish Brush - - -	20c.
Total value - -	70c.
Cost with Coupon, - -	35c.

McDougall-Butler Co., Inc.
Established 1887
Makers of Varnishes, Enamels, Paints
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Here is 35c. for the 70c. value. Also send me your free Guide to Household Finishing.

Name_____
Street_____
City _____

A Profitable Back Yard

etc., are insured by an annual cutting off of all branches that have borne fruit for their second season.

A little study, experimenting, and care will work wonders with a garden, evidence of this fact lies in one nursery having named a strawberry after Mr. Mason. It is large and pear-shaped, firm and sweet beyond compare, and with a beautiful, deep-red color. He crossed different varieties until the delicious Mason Pedigreed Strawberry grew. It is now to remain in the garden, as well as in catalogues sent out by this particular nursery.

Another fruit of his labor is a red raspberry. The bushes are sturdy, with the delightful novelty of few thorns. The leaves have a silvery tint on the under side. The berries are enormous and extremely juicy. It is a cross between the Cuthbert and Syracuse raspberry and will be exploited this year by another nursery as the Mason Everbearing Raspberry.

A few fruits in this Babylonian garden have not as yet been catalogued by any one. Different nurseries have sent them to Mr. Mason to try out and report on. He keeps them under observation, and if any good results develop, they are exploited; if not, they are pulled up and forgotten.

Extra-Money Makers

I have made an extensive search for people living in the States who earn money at home; and in this quest for extra-money makers have found several men and women who enjoy a profit out of their back yards. No plan that I have come across appears nearly so diverting and satisfactory as a fruit garden similar to Mr. Mason's. So many home money-making schemes are discouraging because of waste and the difficulties of marketing the product. With a small fruit garden there is neither a hopeless investment nor a daily loss connected with the venture. There are so many uses for fresh fruit that if some stroke of ill luck interferes with daily sales, the housewife can put it up for winter, and it will not be a loss. The garden is planted primarily for the owner's benefit. If he owns the land, it costs little gradually to set out bushes, plants, and vines. He gets wonderful outdoor exercise from the work, and any money that it brings in is encouraging as well as useful. There is no wasted time, labor, or financial investment. The fruit that is sold can be chalked down as a clear net profit.

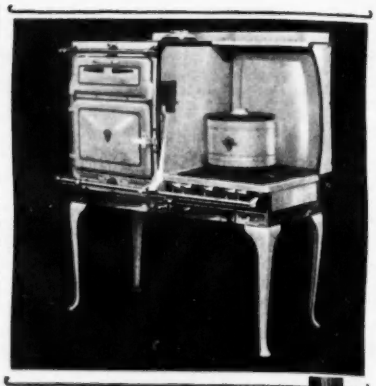
When I asked Mr. Mason if he would mind telling how much he realized from his garden last year, he sent me the following:

"I have looked up my books and find that last summer we took in, in cash, after using all we possibly could ourselves, the sum of $234.65. Not so bad, is it?"

I think every one will agree that it is excellent.

If money-making chanced to be the paramount aim in cultivating a fruit garden, it might be possible to check the giving away of countless quarts and put a curb on the family appetite so that there would be more to sell. An additional source of income could be realized from the sale of jams, jellies, preserves, sirups, and juices. I know a farm woman in Illinois who has averaged $150 for the past six years from a little kitchen enterprise of this kind.

Another delightful feature in connection with a small fruit garden is the variety of work and fruit that one may have. Strawberries come with early summer. By the time they are on the wane the currants are ripe. Then come the raspberries and blackberries and gooseberries, closely followed by larger berries. Later the tree fruit ripens, and the grapes are ready for the table and market. It is impossible to grow weary of this kind of gardening. I know, because we are renting the Mason cottage this year, and the garden with all that it produces is ours. When it comes time to move, an extra van will probably be necessary to carry away the jams, jellies, preserves, juices, and sirups that are fast filling all available shelf



COOKS WITH THE GAS TURNED OFF

GRAND PRIZE
An exclusive award to the Chambers Mfg. Co., in competition with all ranges exhibited at International Exposition in Paris, 1928.

"A *perfectly logical* and *scientifically correct principle . .*" said Dr. de Forest

THE operating principle and heavily insulated structure of a Chambers Gas Range provide certain definite and desirable results. Under average conditions, gas bills are cut in two.

Then there is the notable convenience; also a considerable saving in the housewife's time since the cooking is almost automatic and requires no watching.

Dr. Lee de Forest, "the wizard of radio," who has had a Chambers Range in his home for many years, said this also:

"Now that the Chambers with its insulated oven and Thermodome has come into existence, the thought arises — why did we ever try to cook with a flimsy, shallow, uninsulated oven wall?"

Set the Autostat and light the gas. The gas will shut off automatically. Cooking will continue with the gas *completely* turned off.

Foods so cooked are never underdone nor scorched. The flavors and natural juices, as well as the health-building food elements are retained.

There is but one authorized Chambers dealer in any city—usually the leading range store. This store can demonstrate our claims, or we will be pleased to mail you additional information and prices.

The CHAMBERS MANUFACTURING CO.
104 Columbus Park *Shelbyville, Indiana*
Originators of the insulated gas range, the Thermodome and the Autostat

Chambers
AUTOSTAT GAS RANGE

The AUTOSTAT is set for each baking to automatically shut off the gas. Insures uniform success.

"It's really Miraculous"

enthuses Mrs. John Gansbow of Jamaica, N. Y.

"TAKE any plain vegetable dish —potatoes, carrots, peas. Flavor it with 'STEERO' bouillon cubes. Like magic it is transformed into a feast fit for a king!

"This is particularly good to know now that spring is here and we serve more and more vegetables. It's really miraculous the new tang 'STEERO' bouillon cubes add.

"These magic cubes occupy an honored place on my emergency shelf. And when guests come unexpectedly —Voila! I am all prepared."

Try this menu magic in your own home

For a cup of quick bouillon, for adding new zest to everyday dishes, try "STEERO" bouillon cubes. They cost but little. They're simple to use. See for yourself how really easy it is to vary the daily menu, to discover new taste thrills, by writing for a unique cook book by Bertha M. Becker, food specialist, entitled—

"101 new dishes"

and samples of cubes FREE

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

American Kitchen Products Co.
278-D Water Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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space and glass containers that I can assemble.

Fresh fruit is a treat. There are so many people who do not raise it that they are eager to have the privilege of buying from a neighbor as soon as it is picked. I wonder that more ambitious men and women who revel in a garden and want some extra money do not grow berries and fruit.

A brief summing up of the number of vines, bushes, and trees that Mr. Mason has in his yard may be of interest, as a matter of comparison or inspiration, to those who have, or anticipate having, a garden of their own. It proves what one man can take care of during non-business hours when he is so inclined.

There are nine varieties of strawberries.

Six different kinds of raspberries. Some are red, others almost a true black color, but to me the most delicious of all are white. Many of the bushes have two crops a year and produce prolifically up until the last of October. During this fall season they taste sweeter and are in greater demand than during midsummer.

Two species of blackberries.

There are sixty-seven varieties of grapes, totaling eighty-one vines. Mr. Mason plans to devote more time and space to grapes when he returns to Babylon. His success with them has prompted a large nursery to urge him to write a catalogue on the raising of grapes.

Red and black currants.
Lucretia dewberry.
Thornless blackberry.
Dewberries.
Wonderberry.
Gooseberries.
Seven pear trees.
Six peach trees.
Eight apple trees.
Six plum trees.
One apricot tree.

One quince tree that bore seventy-eight fruit in its third year and now has over one hundred ripening for its fourth season.

Seven cherry trees.

The center of the dining table and the rose bowls have not been forgotten in this wonderful and practical garden. There are seventy-four varieties of roses, among them the finest of climbers such as: Silver Moon, Dr. Van Fleet, the three Lovett Sister roses, Alberic Barbier, My Maryland, Climbing American Beauty—the most exquisite garden rose I have ever seen, Paul's Scarlet Climber, etc.

Mr. Mason plans to specialize on roses, gladioli, and dahlias in the flower line, and grapes and raspberries in the berry line, when he returns to his beloved garden next year.

Fabrics Are Duller

(*Continued from page 69*)

and cuffed with summer ermine, which is used in a soft, fabric-like manner. The coat shows a slightly fitted line. Chéruit's evening gown of white chiffon with silver dots has the waist drawn tight, the basque effect of the bodice used to modify the curve of the back and the hips. Vionnet uses a characteristic scarf neck in her slender, pointed evening gown of dull-pink crêpe georgette, and a draped waistline from which one side of the skirt dips longer than the other.

Spring Fashions

(*Continued from page 67*)

about them may not be amiss. Shoes for the street and sports should always be of the sturdier variety, medium-heeled or low, rather than high. For street wear calf, suède, and reptile leathers are correct. For country wear, calf and buckskin with low heels have the proper practical look. The bag shown on page 67 is from Paris, designed by Offenthal, and is one of the new frameless handbags, excellent for the spring street costume, while the shoes are definitely for the country. They show the new moccasin line in front and are made of two leathers, buckskin and calf, in white strapped in brown. With either costume there may be a bag to match it.

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Tune in on the McKinney Musicians Sunday afternoon, 4:30 P. M. Eastern Time. Station WJZ and 11 other stations associated with N. B. C.

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McKinney Mfg. Co., CH 4-29
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☐ Folio on Lanterns

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Please send me a copy of your 24 page Booklet showing the latest lighting equipment designs.
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Sacrifice

(Continued from page 95)

of being hidden away and forbidden. The impression was instantaneous and forever after remained with him.

He heard Mrs. Baring's low-pitched voice across the hedge even before he reached the grille, and saw her under a purple parasol reading to her children. The sunlight reflected from the side of the house and the flagged courtyard drenched them in a mellow shower. Rowdy set up a tremendous uproar at his appearance. Mrs. Baring, looking up, perceived him and called to the dog. Lavery came forward, lifting his hat.

"You've got on the same coat," said Tam, steadying himself on a crutch.

"And the same hat," he said, laughing. "Old hats are old friends. And how are the Crab family doing?"

"Are you really the Old Man of the Sea?" asked Tam seriously.

"Older than ever," he said, passing over to Sabina and taking her hand in his firm, thin clasp.

She withdrew behind her purple parasol, shading her face, to watch him as the children beset him with questions. His indifference to appearances amused her. No man she knew would have dared to appear in such a hat. Was it a little touch of vanity to advertise his independence of the world's formulas?

She rose as the children departed.

"I'm not going to take you inside yet," she said. "There won't be many more days like this. Do you like gardens?"

"I've never had one," he said gravely. "But I am curious to see the inanimate things that are part of you."

"You mean backgrounds?"

"Exactly. I have already a vivid impression." He was about to refer to the sense of an enchanted protection thrown about her he had experienced, but judging this a little too personal, said, "A home you have created, trees, gardens, a perspective that is an expression of yourself, play their parts in the decision of one's life, you know."

She nodded, aware of the deep curiosity his words implied. "Inhibitions, yes. Anchors—things to hold on to."

AS THEY wandered through the garden to the pool in the rocks, a certain diffidence overcame him. All his life he had gone directly for what he wanted, and he knew already that this was no casual encounter. He was so intensely interested in her personality that he was impatient to be done with formalities. He was surprised to find how difficult it was. He made a perfunctory remark and received a perfunctory answer. She, too, was silent with a little constraint. Presently she looked up, their eyes met, and in the sudden smile that came to them his embarrassment vanished.

"Why should it be so hard to begin?" he said abruptly. "I've wanted to know you for a long while."

They seated themselves on the rocky ledge of the pool, where clustering plants and vines fringed the serene water.

"Because you and I hate banalities," she said. She trailed her hand in the water. "You have to put up with so much of that nowadays. Only a man can escape. Women can't. They have to sit still."

"You will never sit still," he said, watching her.

She looked amazingly young in the simple lines of her fawn-colored dress. Her tawny hair, drawn back from her forehead, was gathered into smooth strands at the base of her head, and the lines of her shoulders were graceful in their relaxed repose.

"But you have changed," he added abruptly.

She looked up at him with surprise.

"How can you tell? You have seen me only twice."

"I had a vivid impression of you each time,

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G. H. 4-29

though I could not reconcile the two impressions."

She had an unexpected desire to set him right.

"Paris was just an interlude. I was trying something out, trying to see my life as it could be if I wished it." She raised her eyes to his. "You could not quite place me in that setting, could you?"

"No, you impressed me as—how shall I say?—as some one who had run away. A truant."

She nodded, a little startled at his comprehension of her. "I had that feeling always in Paris—running away from life. Do you ever have it?"

"Often."

"With a man I suppose it's different. You have your two worlds. A woman only reflects the life about her. It is not good for her to be suddenly cut adrift. There is danger in the experiment." She thought a moment. "Still, the experience was revealing. It made me realize many things."

"How little real liberty of action we possess!" he said, completing her thought.

"Yes, that's it. I suppose all life turns upon that recognition. It's a shock, though, when you've gone on believing that your destiny was in your own hands."

"You are young to have felt that," he said gravely.

"What I envy you is the power to move and act. It's the sitting still that is difficult," she said intensely.

He had suddenly the illuminating perception that what he had seen before was only the girl. Now he was face to face with the woman whom events had molded. What was she confronting that awoke such a rebellion?

"You will never sit still," he repeated firmly. "You impress me with an extraordinary vital need of living. But I know what you mean. When life catches up with you, you have a feeling that it is the end of things. But you are seeing only the present. The future has compensating mysteries."

SHE did not reply, and they sat silent for some time. Constraint had vanished, and each had the feeling that silence could be shared between them. The western sky was gorgeous with saffron and gold, and the high evergreens of the gardens stood black against it. A thrush made liquid notes in a near-by shadberry tree.

Lavery was startled at the sensation of tranquillity that had begun to take possession of him. There was in him a strong Celtic craving for the possession of beauty, but such moments of sensation had been rare and memorable in his life. He was amazed at the vitality of his mood, at the feeling which drew him to the woman at his side. It could not be possible that they were strangers to each other. He felt that he had known her always, carrying the knowledge of her somewhere locked in his imagination.

Sabina was the first to break the silence. "You have the look of one standing off and watching the procession go by. I've noticed that the people who have that are often the ones who have stopped thinking in terms of themselves. Is that true?"

"Yes," he said with a slight effort. "But I have a good deal of fun watching the procession."

Her searching eyes were on him, and a little smile broke the corners of them.

"And it's not disillusioning to look below the surface?"

"On the contrary. I have a very good opinion of my fellowman."

"I shouldn't have said that."

Her interest brought him out of his abstraction. "It's all in the perspective. Life is intensely interesting, when you look for it, outside of ourselves."

Feeling now completely at ease, knowing that his listener was in sympathy, he began to expound his philosophy. He had no patience with superstitions that held man up to himself

A beautiful love —*inscrolled forever*

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Sacrifice

as an object to be despised, that taught him a life of self-accusation, self-immolation, and self-depreciation. He felt keenly the spiritual renaissance that was awakening in the imagination of men. The miracle to him was the achievements of the human intellect.

"All this era of stupendous scientific accomplishment is changing our way of looking at ourselves. Man is just emerging from the depressing fog of the Middle Ages. The religion that will satisfy us in the future will be what men who are proud and unafraid can profess." He checked himself, surprised at his own ardor. "If you are in the current of achievement, no disillusionments can keep life from being intensely interesting."

Her glowing eyes left his face. "A man acts—a woman sits still," she said, repeating her thought.

"Nonsense!" he said sharply. "You can make anything you want of your life."

His enveloping strength and optimism were peculiarly welcome to her mood. She laughed, and a touch of mischief dispelled the trouble in her eyes. "Splendid! Will you scold me often?"

He looked at her with an instinctive penetration of her mood.

"You've had to fight things out, and it's changed you," he said quickly. "You are now going through the reaction that comes after victory."

"It's strange that you should say that."

"Is it?" he said in a low voice.

No, it was not strange that they understood each other intuitively.

She looked away a long moment down the Sound and then nodded slowly. "It would seem natural to tell you everything," she said in a low voice, "but it isn't my confidence alone." She sprang up nervously, distrusting her impulses. "What time is it, anyway?"

He waited until, standing in front of him, she was forced to raise her glance to his.

"Some day you will tell me," he said, holding her gaze.

She shook her head and went hastily ahead of him.

When they came out of the garden, Tam was hobbling down to meet them. It seemed to Lavery that in the look the child gave him there was already an instinctive resentment.

CHAPTER XXII

HALF a dozen persons were gathered about a leaping fire in the gray drawing-room, Carl, the Keatings, Caroline, and Philip Sandhurst. Lavery had intended to leave at once, but upon encountering Carl Baring he changed his mind. The two men shook hands cordially.

"What, you know each other?" Sabina said surprised.

"We ran across each other in Paris," said her husband quickly.

She moved with Lavery into the group about the fire, presenting him at last to Caroline, who she was aware had been watching them with interest.

"This is my sister. She is, incidentally, my closest friend. One can't often say that about one's relatives."

Caroline shook his hand with her strong, masculine grip and led the way to the tea-table. "Are you Muriel Lavery's father?" she inquired. "I've hunted with her. Heard she was married. Let me pour for you. How long have you known Sabina?"

"Since yesterday."

"Oh!" For such short acquaintance they seemed to understand each other remarkably well, she thought.

The room interested him, simple, direct, and elegant. Nothing crowded, nothing meaningless, no confusion of effects, harmonies in subdued, restful colors. A room where he felt immediately at ease. He enjoyed the sensation without surprise, as though from the first he had divined her setting and derived some satisfaction in finding his intuitions vindicated.

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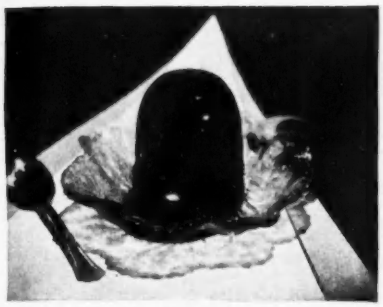

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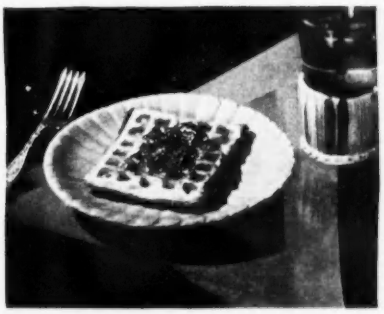

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The husband particularly interested him. He had liked him at first merely for a certain unspoiled enthusiasm which he had felt in him. Studying him now, he noted a change. The boyish quality had gone out of his face. The man had suffered, was suffering keenly, yet in his way he was playing the game as his wife was playing it, as a true thoroughbred. He watched them intently, noting the looks exchanged between them, their manner of speaking, feeling an instinctive compassion. The Barings were caught in the usual tangle of young American life and were trying somehow to adjust themselves to cleaving interests.

Immersed in these thoughts, Lavery found it difficult to maintain the conversation. He was aware of an inappropriate response, glanced quickly at Caroline, and detected the penetrating amusement in her eyes.

A little confused, he rose. Sabina, perceiving the movement, left the group and came over to him.

"You will come again?" she said, giving him her hand.

"I am coming often."

"Do, please."

Carl accompanied him to the gate. In the hall they encountered the children. Tam remained aloof, but Bobo ran up. Her father swept her up to his shoulder and went out. Darkness had closed in, but behind them the windows were aglow.

"Let us know, the next time you are down," he said cordially. "And come over to dinner."

"Thanks. Are you in town?"

"We go in for about ten weeks."

"Then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there." Lavery glanced back at the house with a memory of its harmonious interior, the thing he had always longed to possess and had never achieved. "I can understand your staying here. Your home has an extraordinary charm."

Carl's face lit up. "Hasn't it! But I can take no credit. It's all my wife's doing."

"She has the inspired touch." He looked the younger man in the eyes. "You are a fortunate man, Mr. Baring."

The remark produced a sudden constraint. Carl's glance fell away. "Can I give you a lift? My car is here. Run you over in a second," he said, swinging Bobo down from his shoulder.

"Thanks, I like a walk."

Lavery lifted his hat and went through the gate.

"Confound the simpleton!" he thought to himself as he trudged away. "Doesn't he know the difference between a touch of passion and real happiness? I'd like to wring Eileen's pretty neck. She'd be tired of him in six months."

He felt genuinely incensed, as though somehow it devolved on him, in his worldly experience, to step in and avert a needless stupidity. The world was full of women to play with, but not many Sabina Barings.

CHAPTER XXIII

IT WAS past midnight when Lavery reached his apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. In the whole luxurious apartment there was only one place where he felt genuinely at home—his library. He went to it now with a feeling of relaxed ease. There were half a dozen books at hand that interested him and clippings from the more important newspapers here and abroad. But after a few moments of futile attempt at concentration he lit a pipe and let his mind wander back over the events of the afternoon.

The figure of Sabina Baring moved before his eyes, in vivid remembrance. He saw her with her children, a cool splash of white in a sunlit corner, a group such as Sorolla would have loved to paint. He remembered the flash of her hand as it ruffled the pool, and her slanted, leonine eyes as she had listened to him.

She had, of course, dedicated her life to that tragic child. But what understanding

Here's why POST Toasties is called the "Wake up Food"

-its crisp delicious flakes bring quick new energy to your body

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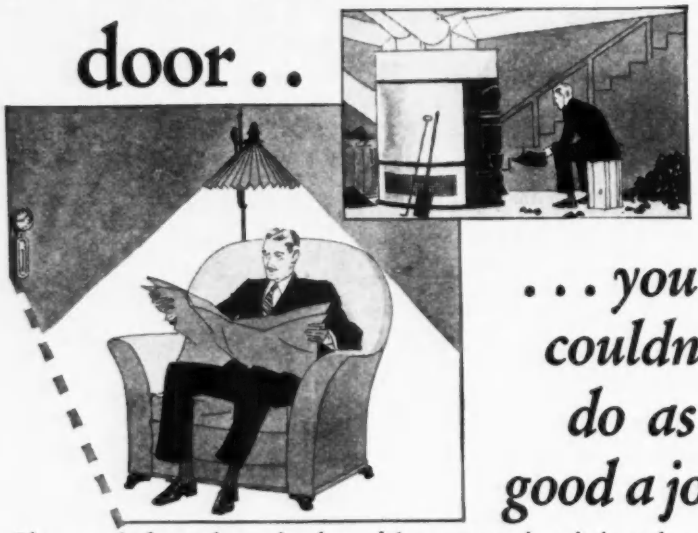
In using advertisements see page 6

If you camped at the furnace door . .



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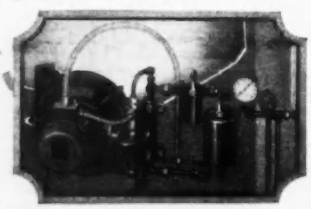
But this is not all. You can add an extra room to your home—where once stood the coal bin and ash cans.

Enjoy it as you pay

You can enjoy this new freedom from drudgery as you pay for the installation. A down payment as low as $75 will place the Johnson *Automatic* Oil Burner in your home now, and you need pay nothing more until October.

A free booklet, "A New Freedom in Home Heating," gives complete information. Send for your copy today. The coupon will bring it.



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Sacrifice

was there between her and her husband? There was a deep affection between them; a tolerance and a respect that were unmistakable. But they were young. The hungry forces of life had already seized upon Carl. And Sabina?

Lavery rose, went to the window, and stood looking out across the Park to the electric rise of New York.

There was something unawakened in Sabina Baring, that he had perceived instantly under the calm poise of the thoroughbred that she was. There had been one or two moments when she had dropped the veil, and he had felt the repression of great capacities for living intensely. She was already charming to his inflammable, beauty-craving nature, engrossing beyond any women he had met. They had understood each other at once, without pretence or coquetry. His curiosity was intense. Had she surrendered the thought of a divorce for the sake of her child or was the rupture only postponed? There were inhibitions about her that he had felt at every turn. Anchors, she had called them. Was it to warn him? . . . He wondered if he would meet her again—how perhaps he might create the opportunity.

He returned to his desk and stood for some time puffing on his pipe, studying his bookshelves. It was possible to send her a book that might interest her, an excuse for a little note that would keep him in touch, open a correspondence perhaps. Better, perhaps, a book that would interest her children. That would be more natural. Suddenly he thought of the day he had surprised them on the beach. The Old Man of the Sea, of course. Just the thing. Stories from the Arabian Nights, a beautifully illustrated edition. He went to the desk and wrote a whimsical letter, read it over twice, smiled, and signed it. "The Old Man of the Sea."

The next morning, remembering a possible source of information, he telephoned to find out when Eileen Daikes would return to town.

A WEEK later, on his return from a trip to Washington, he found a letter from Mrs. Baring. Every detail about her excited his curiosity; the fine, gray paper with its simple monogram, the large, flowing handwriting that recalled the directness and openness of her mind. He read the letter eagerly. It was not a formal acknowledgment, but the letter of one friend to another, gracefully turned, with a touch of humor. Would it justify an answer? He stood a while musing, the letter in his hand, glanced at his watch, and made up his mind to call on Eileen Daikes.

When he entered the hall, there was the sound of voices suddenly hushed, and Carl Baring came down the stairs. He stopped short at sight of Lavery, surprised, confused, evidently annoyed, exchanged a few perfunctory remarks, and went out.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Daikes from the landing.

"It's a bad penny turning up."

"Dan Lavery!" she exclaimed at the sound of his voice. "You don't deserve any consideration. You've neglected me frightfully."

He detected at once a reluctance in her greeting.

"My dear Eileen, I refuse to be snubbed," he said cordially.

Avoiding the usual intimacy of the studio, she led the way to the green drawing-room.

There had been a storm, evidently, and the waters were still troubled. Carl Baring's appearance here interested him intensely. If the affair with Eileen was still on, did that mean a divorce was imminent? It was the thing he had come to find out, that ever since his meeting with Sabina had obsessed his imagination.

"I've been a week in Washington consorting with the intelligences that guide us," he said. "I'm exhausted, and I've come to be amused. Are you free? Will you dine with me?"

"Impossible. I've been going like mad," she

Sacrifice

said nervously. "I'm taking a night off and a bite of supper here."

"Perhaps, if I make myself sufficiently agreeable," he said, refusing to perceive her reluctance, "you'll set a plate for me."

"There's nothing to eat."

"I shan't notice it."

"I'm in a frightful humor. I shall snap your head off." She went to the table, lit a cigarette, took a few puffs, and flung it impatiently into the fireplace.

He began to laugh. "How like a woman!" he said suavely. "One man has irritated you, and you are going to take it out on another."

She stood in front of him rebelliously.

"I don't know that I want to talk to you."

"Try this, then."

He offered her a cigarette, watching her intently as she took a light from his match. There were dark shadows beneath her eyes and faint ghosts of lines about her mouth, ominous records of the last year. The scene with Carl must have been critical, to overshadow her usual instinct to please.

"Are you going to force me to ask you for supper?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well, then, you'll get nothing but poached eggs and prunes." She rang the bell, gave an order, and came back saying, "Now you're in for it."

"What a tantrum!" he said, grinning broadly. "I'm delighted to see you like this. It consoles me for the tremendous effort I've made not to fall in love with you. Reprehensible person. You are quite immorally delightful."

She yielded and began to laugh.

"I got you out of one scrape before," he persisted.

"This is different."

Sure now that she would give him her confidence, he began lightly to talk of other things, amusing her with anecdotes of the world they moved in, until supper arrived. The threatened eggs were duly produced, but his spirits revived at the sight of a cold squab and a salad.

When the table was cleared and they were alone by the fire, he said:

"Delicious cigar. Who picks them out for you?"

She did not answer.

"Are you still going in for sculpture, or have you taken up poetry?"

"I'm leading a frivolous existence, that's all," she said frowning.

"Eileen," he said gravely, "you are losing your sense of humor. And that alarms me. Your charm has always been the delightful way you could laugh at yourself."

SHE smiled faintly, and seeing it, he went on, "If you ever believe in yourself, you are lost."

"I'm dreadfully unhappy," she said to play on his sympathies. She sat curled up in a corner of the big sofa, staring at her folded hands, and the droop of her shoulders was eloquent of defeat.

"So for the first time you can't have something you want? That's all it is, isn't it?"

"Well, isn't that what love is?" she said with a flash of bravado.

Their eyes met, and they began to laugh.

"Splendid! I was beginning to despair of you," he said, "but so long as you can say that, everything is all right. So you've been caught at your own game at last. There's always that danger, of course. If I didn't realize that, I should be—well, I'd be completely mystified."

"At what?" she said belligerently.

Now was the moment to get the information he wanted. "I'm not going to pretend ignorance," he said at last. "My dear Eileen, if you married Carl Baring, you would be tired of him in six months. Don't you know that?"

She moved wearily on the great sofa where

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Sacrifice

she was curled up. "That's the risk one always takes."

"Not when it is clear before your face. Why hurt him when you know the end?"

"I don't know."

"That's not honest. If there is one thing more certain than that you are destined always to be falling in love, it is that as soon as you've got the man you want, you'll want some one else."

"I'm getting older."

He began to laugh. "Eileen, you're not in love."

"I am! I am!"

"The men you have been infatuated with have been men of the world who knew the game and the rules. You never hurt them because you never really fooled them. Afterward they went their way with a smile. What in heaven's name, Eileen, do you still see in Baring to disorganize you like this?"

She made an impatient answer, "He does. That is the answer."

"Do you know what your friend Baring is?" he said impressively. He abandoned his tone of irony and spoke seriously. "He's not a Don Juan; he's not a romantic figure—he is exactly this—a family man, who wants his home and his children."

"How do you know?" she said with a beginning of suspicion.

"Because I have seen him in his home with his children."

Mrs. Daikes sat up, taken by surprise. "You know Sabina, then?"

"I do."

"Really? How long have you known her?"

"I have just met her," he said with a little hesitation.

Slight as it was, she perceived it. "Dan Lavery, are you turning moralist?"

"Why do you say that?"

"You make a curious impression on me," she said, watching him intently. "My dear Dan, haven't you been a little emotionally stirred by a scene of domestic bliss and come to me to save the family?"

"Since you accuse me of sentimentality," he said cautiously, "I shall return to my persiflage."

"I'm not sure but I've hit it," she persisted.

WHATEVER her feelings toward her old friend, she had never underestimated her power of attraction. A woman like Sabina, with the glamour of a mystery about her, might well appeal to such a man. She was annoyed that she had revealed so much. It would be necessary to cover it up a little.

"Well, Dan," she said in a tone of assumed frankness. "Since we have gone so far, let me set you right. I'm not the wolf that is preying on your little flock. There are things in the situation you can not know. Sabina is one of my oldest and dearest friends. It suited her just as much as it did Carl to have her freedom. Everything was perfectly understood between the three of us, and furthermore I had nothing whatever to do with their change of relations."

He could not help saying impulsively: "I have seen them together. There is something between them that is not ended."

The vehemence of his assertion renewed her suspicions again. "I'm rather curious to know what impression Sabina made on you?"

"One of the few absolutely candid persons I have ever met," he said at once.

She made another mental note. "So you think she is still in love with her husband?"

"Not in love—no," he said slowly, "but she loves him in a way and always will."

It was not the answer she wished to hear, though it was what she had always known and feared. There had always been in Carl something which she had never been able to reach or destroy.

"I wonder if you're not a little in love with her yourself," she said, suddenly yielding to

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her irritation, for he had touched her on the raw.

"In one meeting?"

"In one meeting."

Her insistence irritated him. "My dear Eileen, you are attacking me to defend yourself. If I have irritated you, please forgive it—the privilege of an old friend."

He rose, knowing he would learn nothing more from her. "And remember that once or twice before, when I've told you the truth, you have been just as angry with me." He held out his hand. "Well, in a few months, when we return to our sense of humor, invite me to dinner again."

She knew intuitively that their friendship was at an end. "Well, it's been amusing," she said with a touch of regret, because he had filled a place in her life that she knew would now be vacant. "But if you are going to fall in love with Sabina, I shall have to seek another confessor. You'll miss me when you want to relax into your ironical mood."

He went down the stairs in a state of exasperation at her repeated insinuations, thoroughly dissatisfied at the way he had bungled the interview. Why hadn't he asked her directly whether she still intended to marry Carl Baring, and what had driven him to argue against the thing he wanted to hear?

CHAPTER XXIV

THE sudden appearance of Daniel Lavery at the Barings', his entrance with Sabina after what had evidently been a prolonged conversation, had vividly excited the curiosity of every one present. A man of his position and engrossing interests did not lightly give a whole afternoon to a formal acquaintance. Carl was rather pleased than otherwise. Because he admired and respected Lavery, he was ingenuously pleased that his wife had attracted him, attaching no more importance to the incident than to a dozen others.

But Caroline was not deceived. She was genuinely attached to her brother-in-law and was resolved to do everything in her power to hold the family together. That Sabina during the next days avoided all reference to Lavery increased the instinctive anxiety which had come to her instantly with the recognition of the strength and breadth of Lavery's personality.

A few days afterward, when the book for the children arrived, she seized a moment when they were alone in the garden to open the question.

"Is your friend, Mr. Lavery, going to be down again?"

"I don't know. He is in Washington now. Do you like him?"

"Yes. He is evidently quite interested in you."

Sabina let that remark pass, leaning down among a bed of marigolds to snip off the drooping flowers. "Another year, I must have a bank in front of the house. Gorgeous, aren't they?"

"Very." Caroline, departing from her usual reticence, continued, "Bina, I don't believe you've only just met."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you two understand each other entirely too well."

"I have met him once or twice before—casually."

"What do you know about him?"

"What do you?"

Exasperated by her manner, Caroline said tartly, "Bina, you are really attracted to him, aren't you?"

"Of course, and I intend to see a great deal of him. My dear Carrie, it is a delight to talk to a man with a brain. I don't know any one I have ever met who has interested me so much in such a short time. There, does that satisfy you?"

Caroline was far from being satisfied. All her misgivings were redoubled. "Don't see too much of him," she said abruptly.

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Sacrifice

Sabina turned, facing her sister.

"Are you trying to warn me?"

"I am. He's not the usual lightweight. He is a power and a man of force. A man like that is ruthless. Don't see too much of him."

"My dear Carrie, I don't think I have ever had to say this to you before." Her eyes met her sister's steadily. "I am quite competent to make my own decisions."

Caroline started to reply, but a look from Sabina, the drop of a curtain between them, stopped her. She realized at once that beyond that she must not venture. And she had a sudden feeling of possibilities in her sister which she had never suspected, and which in the last analysis might make of them strangers. She was hurt, alarmed, and she showed it.

"Sorry, old dear. Shan't do it again," she said and with a shrug of her shoulders turned and went toward the house.

Sabina did not call her back. The conversation with Caroline had revealed in a flash to her all the preoccupation that had obsessed her. Lavery had not been out of her thoughts for a moment, but her reactions had been instinctive. Now for the first time she began to analyze them. There was some quality in him that attracted her and inspired at once an unquestioning confidence. What was this quality that drew her irresistibly? Caroline had said, "He is a power."

Yes, from the first glance, it had been this power of action in him that had attracted her. No wonder then that now, when life seemed to have closed inexorably over her, her whole nature should respond instinctively to this providential, ruthless force which impressed her with its contempt of destiny. That he should have sought her out brought her a feeling of wonder and ecstasy.

Like all imaginative natures whose minds constantly question the forces that surround and mold them, Sabina had an instinctive, unformulated belief in something that defied her reason, something that often invaded her life to shape it toward unexpected ends. In Paris, her first reaction to the news of Tam's accident had been an almost superstitious conviction that the blow had a personal application. She and Carl had gone their own way intent upon the easy solution of their difficulties. And all at once this mysterious element had intervened. Life had caught up with them, as she had said to Lavery, bringing the realization that she was not the free agent she had supposed, but inseparably linked to the destinies of her children. Now Lavery had become associated in her mind with this recognition of an inescapable fate. Even before they had met, the strangeness of his two appearances at critical moments in her live had impressed itself upon her imagination. That she had at last met him on the morrow of the most drastic decision she had yet been called upon to make seemed to her part of a moving fate that it would be futile to resist even if she so desired.

CHAPTER XXV

A WEEK before, Carl had agreed not to break up their home. It had been a hard fight, an exhausting fight, but Sabina had won out. Her decision had not been arrived at hastily, but only after long months of solitary introspection and a determined facing of the limitations and responsibilities that accompany such a marriage as hers in a sophisticated modern society.

Tam's accident had proved a serious one, complications which had threatened tuberculosis of the bones developing in the fractured hip.

Sabina had gone to Baltimore with him for weeks of surveillance at the hospital. The child had been a miracle of patience and understanding. Nurses and doctors all adored him. Then Carl had joined them and taken them in

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a special car to the Hot Springs of Arizona. For weeks Tam lay in his cot under the strong, healing sun, under clear skies as vast and untroubled as infinity. Everything had revolved about the child. Everything that money and science could do was his. As Tam grew stronger, Sabina took up his lessons with him, invented games, read to him by the hour. Later there were picnics in the golden desert with the red and purple mountains against the luminous horizon, trips to Indian villages, and improvised rodeos among the cowboys.

For the first weeks no thought entered her mind but the passionate struggle to restore the health of her child. When the suggestion of her personal problem intruded, she put it from her impatiently, as part of a world that had ceased to exist for her. But when Tam was able to move about on crutches, she realized that she must attack the problem once more.

Her affection for her husband had deepened. There were moments in the last months she could never forget. Not once, in her presence or in his letters, had he made the slightest reference to the subject of the interrupted divorce. When she remembered the way in Paris he had thrown all his plans to the winds and rushed her back to Tam her eyes had often dimmed. It was just what she had known he would do when the big tests came.

She respected him more than any man she knew. Yet the feeling was completely devoid of passion. She regretted that it should be so. The solution could then have been so much easier. It was so, and she was powerless to change it. There was a fierce pride in her, born of the consciousness of her own worth. The husband who had turned from her to another woman could never again regain what he had surrendered. There had been a finality about that act which she had realized in the Paris days, when in his moment of indecision he would have returned to her if she had wished it.

She considered the possibility of going through with the divorce as planned. That would be the easy way. She would be free to make over her life. He would be left to work out his own destiny. But he was not only her husband, he was Tam's father. All her reasoning brought her back to that unalterable fact. She did not wish to see the father of her child lose the fine things that stood for character in him. He could so easily be thrown one way or the other. What he needed to anchor him was the home of his children.

Ten years from now, when Carl had had his fill of freedom and excitement, the problem would be easier. The fever that is youth would have burned itself out. Was it worth waiting for? If she held the home together, on what terms could they go on without acrimony or recriminations? Long before she returned from Arizona she had arrived at a drastic decision. To enforce it, to make her husband meet her in frankness and loyalty, she knew meant a struggle which would require all the tact, all the vision, and all the ascendancy over him she possessed.

CHAPTER XXVI

SHE had intended to broach the subject of their future relations directly on her return, but she had found it beyond her strength. Tam's home-coming had been a gala day. The children's delight in old familiar things, the radiant faces of the servants and the farm hands, her own yielding to the remembered charm of the things she had herself created were so poignant that her emotional nature was deeply stirred.

"We must meet certain things together now, Carl," she said when the children had been sent to bed. "You know that, and the sooner the better. But tonight it would be a little hard. Tomorrow?"

"Whenever you wish," he said hastily.

She saw by his look that he was devoured by anxiety.

"I have thought of nothing else all these

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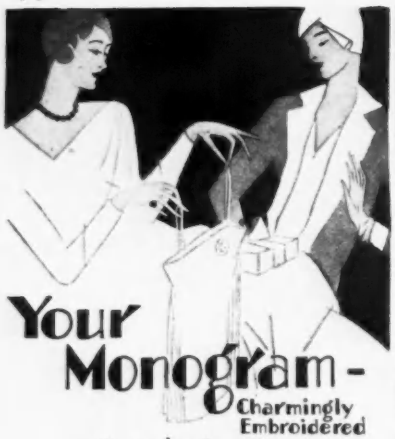

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Sacrifice

months," she replied with a touch of compassion.

"You know that everything is up to you," he said in a low voice.

She had intended to talk to him in the morning, but the morning was full of discoveries of her gardens and the insistence of the children that they should explore their favorite haunts. The afternoon had been taken up with visitors. It was only after dinner—a constrained, suspended moment—that they found themselves alone at last in the library.

"Well, old girl, let's get at it," he said nervously.

He went to the table and lit a cigar with a pretense of casualness, but the hand that held the match was not quite steady.

"He looks as though he were standing up for his sentence," she thought.

She drew up an armchair by the fire and started to build up the logs, but her hands were so rigid with the nervous tension which gripped her body that they fumbled awkwardly over the tongs.

"Of course, you will think I am basing everything on Tam," she said finally with an effort.

ALERT for the first clue to her decision, he watched her intently.

"That is not so," she continued, looking deep into the fire. "What has happened to Tam has only brought home to me the question of the children. Neither you nor I thought much of that last year, did we?"

"I do not understand," he said, frowning. "To me the whole question is Tam. He has got to be watched over for years. You know that. Another accident and he would be thrown back again. I am not going to disguise the fact. I know what an infection of the bone means. He is going to need all that you can give him—for years. I'm not underestimating what that sacrifice will mean."

"It's not only care he will need," she said steadily, "he is going to need all the love we can each give him, Carl. He has a rare and sensitive nature, and there are certain shocks that would mean nothing to other children—even to Bobo—that would be disaster to him. You know that."

She stopped and looked at her husband. He was listening with every nerve of his body. She braced herself against the back of her chair and said firmly.

"No, Carl, we are not going to break up his home."

"So that is your decision," he said in a flat voice. He rose, walked into the shadows, came back, and sat down and closed his hands over his temples.

"He is still infatuated with her," she thought.

"That is part of my decision," she said after a moment.

He raised a haggard face. "You know that I must accept whatever you ask," he repeated obstinately. "We've each got to make our sacrifice."

"I don't need to ask how you feel about Eileen," she said sadly, for she had hoped against hope that there might have been a change. "I'm sorry, Carl."

"Well, that's that." He rose with a great breath. "There's nothing left but to dig the grave."

"Oh, my dear, don't be bitter," she said in a sudden weakness. "Your home mustn't be a prison to you. We've got to go on as friends. But how? That is the real problem."

"Sabina," he said, moving nervously, "when you know your own mind, when you are certain, I shall do what you want. I've told you that. I mean it. However you may feel about it, I see it simply as my duty. But you have your own life to consider. We're both young yet. How do you know what may happen to you? It isn't a year; it's twenty years. We've got to look ahead. It isn't simple," he said suddenly; "it's terribly complicated."

"Yes, I realize that," she said gravely.

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He would not acquiesce without a struggle, a long struggle. She rose, threw on another log, and stood beside him.

"There are so many things involved. And there are so many sides to you, too." She raised her eyes to his frantic look. "Have you any conception, I wonder, what home really means to you?"

The question caught him unprepared. He frowned. "What do you mean by that?"

"You love this place that we have made together," she said without waiting. "You love your home and your children passionately. You are driven now by forces beyond your control, but you have suffered terribly. I saw that in Paris."

"Well, that was natural," he said, looking down. "There's been no easy way out for me."

"My dear," she said, "the question is, how are we to go on without becoming enemies? We've got to stand off and look at ourselves, our marriage and our future, impersonally, as though we did not exist. You must be just as frank with me as I am going to be with you."

"Well, let's do it," he said abruptly.

FOR the last moments he had forgotten his personal need in the startled curiosity which her words had evoked. After all these years, he felt the veil was suddenly dropped between them, and he was seeing himself as his wife saw him.

"Just what has been the trouble with our marriage?" she said, as though asking herself a question. "We are the best of friends. We have a great respect for each other. We are no longer in love, but our affection for each other hasn't changed. Nothing that can happen to you can be indifferent to me. I know that I shall always go to you in case of need. Well, then, Carl, just what is wrong?"

"You know very well," he said sharply.

"Yes. After a number of years we have ceased to be lovers, but that is all there is to it."

"Good heavens, Sabina, but that is everything," he cried. "That is just what you can't understand."

"I wonder." The color had left her face. She spoke slowly, feeling for her words. "I have been wondering for a long while. Yes, almost every marriage comes to this crisis, I suppose. We are no different from the rest. You hold together or you break up. Carl," she said, turning to him earnestly, "when there is a real companionship, why must marriage be based on the duration of a passion?"

"Because we have only one life to live, and we want all that we can get out of it," he answered abruptly.

"Yes, that must be it," she said, turning over in her mind what he had said, which corresponded to what she herself had felt. "But it is well to be certain you are going to get just what you want."

She waited a moment and then continued: "Let's forget the children for a moment. Let's think of ourselves. What do we really want? We each want a home—this home. I can remake my life easily. Yes, Sandhurst. He has asked me to marry him. It would be brilliant, interesting. Part of it would appeal to me very much. But I should lose something of my children. I should know always that a certain part of their affection was withheld from me. There would be resentment and misunderstanding. I should miss you, too. We know each other's little ways. We've learned how to play at life together. That has always been delightful. I should miss, too, the feeling of finishing something I had begun with you, and that has been a part of me, too—the building up of your success. I am telling you this frankly. I have been happy with you. I should never have that feeling again—not quite the same way."

"Sabina, don't," he said, distressed. "You make me feel like a brute."

The conviction returned to his mind that she still loved him, had always loved him. He wanted to feel that and yet dreaded the realization. She must have guessed what was in

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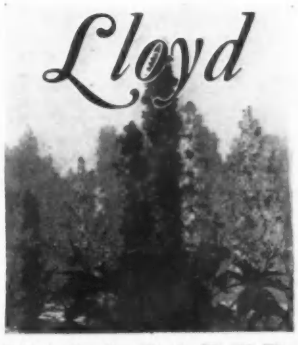

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Sacrifice

his mind, for she held out her hand and said with a smile:

"Don't misunderstand, Carl. I'm not in love with you. If I had been, I should have brought you back to me in Paris."

He looked at her, not quite convinced.

"This must be clear between us, for otherwise things as I have worked them out become impossible. I have never been able to be to you all you wanted."

"Yes, that's true," he said suddenly. "I've always known I had only part of you."

"That's true. If I had had a different temperament—"

She stopped. She did not wish to say anything that was untrue. It was not a question of temperament, she knew that.

"Don't pass over this lightly," he said, coming near her and sitting down. "The question of temperament is just what makes things difficult. You've said we mustn't dodge issues. All right. There is one side of life you don't understand. It's the craving of a man to be loved intensely. You think it can be controlled. It can't. When it comes, when it gets into your bones, there's no fighting against it, Sabina. You may know it is going to wreck your life, destroy you; you may say it to yourself a hundred times as I have done—you are powerless. You've got to go on. You've got to go through with it."

He sat twisting his hands, and his lips began to work nervously in the way she knew so well.

"The great love in your life, dear, is your son," she said solemnly. "No woman—neither Eileen nor any other who will come after—will ever mean to you what he does, and some day you are going to be judged by him."

"There is no easy way out," he said at last with an effort.

"That is true. I do not know what may happen to me, but I know this, I have come to this decision after many months of trying to think clearly. Carl, I feel that it is more moral to break a convention and suffer ourselves, than to break up our home and make our children suffer."

"How little you can realize the torture I am going through!" he cried, springing up.

SUDDENLY the import of her words struck him. He stopped, turned, came back, and stood looking down at her.

"Is this what you are proposing?"

She nodded. "I offer you the same freedom you would have if you were not married."

"You could never do it," he cried vehemently.

"I can," she said quietly. "Oh, I don't mean it will be easy. It is not a perfect way, but we'll be the only ones to be hurt. Carl, think over what I offer you. It's the only honest way we can work things out. There is no other way."

"I don't get it all at once," he said slowly, staring at her.

They confronted each other for a moment of pregnant silence. Her nails dug into her palms. She steeled herself for the things she had to say:

"Because—because we can't go back. I suppose some people could. I couldn't. Not with you loving another woman as you do."

"Good heavens! I'm not a brute," he cried, startled.

She drew a long breath and looked at him with a light in her eyes.

"Those are the things in you, Carl," she said, her voice still nervously shaken, "that make me look up to you."

From her agitation and the frightened look in her eyes, he divined that in her mood for sacrifice, she had even considered this solution. He was profoundly touched, more than he had been in months.

"By heaven, you are a trump," he said with a break in his voice.

She laughed nervously with a sudden relief

Sacrifice

of the tension. "You see it as I see it," she said after a moment. "No, we're never going to be bitter toward each other, dear, and we don't have to be hypocrites. That's why we must both remain free."

He shook his head. "I still can't see it," he said undecidedly.

He sat down again, but he did not protest further. Instead he began to stare at her in a way she knew meant that he was trying to consider her point of view.

She waited a moment and then began as though talking to herself. "We ought to know what the world is, Carl. Points of view change as we get older. What I am proposing to you is just what most marriages come to after ten or fifteen years, when desire is dead. Only we are going to be honest with each other. Better that than to go into mutual deception."

She rose. The strain had begun to tell on them both.

"I can promise you I shall always be your friend—more so now than ever," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder. "You can always come to me and tell me everything, or tell me nothing at all. And I shall receive any one you ask me to. I should prefer it that way. It will protect you, and it will protect me."

"You would have to have the same rights," he said involuntarily.

"Yes, Carl."

"You really believe what you have said?" He looked at her solemnly, his curiosity excited, already half-convinced. "You could go on as friends, knowing that I am desperately in love with another woman, and cover it up for the world?"

"Haven't I already done so?"

"There is her side," he said slowly.

"That is what you must think out for yourself. Goodnight now, dear." She came to where he was sitting still deep in perplexity. "When you are ready, tell me. But, Carl, it must be no temporary adjustment. We must settle this once for all."

He did not answer. She turned and went out of the room. As she went up the stairs, she saw him still sunk in his chair staring before him.

CARL, did not return to town the next day. He disappeared after breakfast, taking a picnic lunch with him, and went off alone in the sloop for a day on the Sound. He returned at dusk. At dinner he sat silent and preoccupied and, dinner over, departed in his motor.

At midnight Sabina went up to bed, but sleep was impossible. She lit a lamp and began to read. She knew the forces that were battling in him. Where had he gone? To see Eileen?

It was almost two o'clock when she heard his step on the stairs. He came to her room and pushed open the door. She laid aside her book automatically and brought her glance fearfully up to him. He stood in the door wearily, confronting her.

"I can see no other way out but your way," he said at last.

"There is no other for us, Carl," she answered with a little catch in her voice. "But take time. Be sure of yourself!"

"No," he said stubbornly. "I can see straight now. I don't want to wait until things tear me to pieces." He waited a moment to give due solemnity to his words. "All right, old dear, I'm going to stick."

While she was still staring breathlessly, he closed the door and went down the hall to his room.

(*To be continued*)

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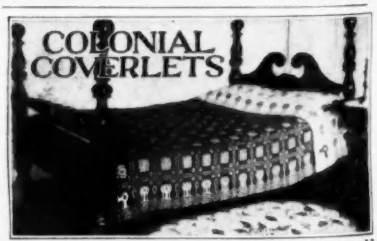

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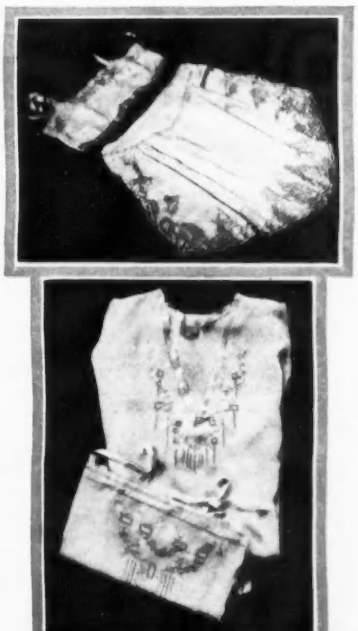

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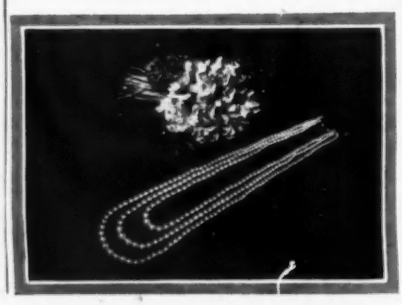

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The Incredible Year

(Continued from page 49)

"As long as no one else's hands are in her pockets," grinned Jack, "she'll do. She'd make short shrift of a pickpocket—or any one who spoke to her, that girl. How does she like her new clothes? Heaven knows she needed them."

"I don't know," said Hildreth in despair. "She just bought everything I wanted her to have. Never commented beyond saying, 'Well, you know best, I suppose.' She dragged out a checkbook. I had the devil's own time the first day explaining that you charged things and the bills came in. She said rather firmly, 'We always paid cash for things.' However, I managed to convince her that the other way was easier."

"If I know anything about your method of shopping," said Jack, "you've set her back considerable."

"Good clothes cost, as you know. And she can afford it. After what Mr. Dean told us her income is—well, if anything is to be made of her, she has to be well dressed. I've seen to it. But I despair of ever teaching her to wear clothes as if they were an adornment. She slings them on her back and wears them as if—as if they were just coverings for her body—coverings which she rather regrets wearing, but wears simply for the sake of some stupid convention. She's a marvelous-looking person, of course. But I can't get any frills on her—not a touch of lip-stick or a dash of rouge or even powder. If only she'd cut her hair! If only she'd be sensible about evening gowns! That's where she kicked. With a neck and shoulders like that, to insist upon severe things—with just her throat and arms bare—it's absurd! It would take very little to make her into a most amazing beauty—but that little she won't tolerate."

"Wait till she falls for some man," advised Jack sagely, "and you'll have to employ a regiment to keep her out of shops and beauty parlors."

"I like her," mused Hildreth over a triangle of toast. "I like her, but she exasperates me. And I can't get near to her. If she has light wit, humor, I haven't discovered them yet. So far, she's been just quiet and docile, like a child—and a little sullen. She sort of sets her jaw and makes the best of things. She hasn't said a word about her rooms—hardly a word about her clothes. She's a curious creature. I doubt if we'll make a success of this, Jack."

"Oh, cheer up—she's been here only ten days. Aren't you having people to meet her tonight?"

"Yes—just Pat Jordan and the Campbells. Naida's coming in afterward. We'll have some bridge."

"Does Julie play?"

"Of course not. She thinks bridge is something that you build over the water."

"She can lick me at chess," Jack mused, and then remarked in horror: "Why do you keep me here gossiping with the lather dry upon my countenance? Eat your breakfast and don't worry. The child will turn up."

SHE did so, some time later. Hildreth had given orders that she wished to see Miss Montgomery on her return, and Julie strode into her room, rosy from the crisp air and exercise, and said briefly,

"Good morning!"

"Julie, my dear, you've had me frantic with worry!"

"Why?" asked Julie, standing over the bed.

Hildreth had not yet risen. The water was running in her tub, her maid putting out her clothes. She lay back against lace pillows, a little net cap on her hair to keep her water wave in place, a rosy bed-jacket about her shoulders. Now she looked at Julie quizzically.

"Why? Because I hadn't an idea where you were. Because I was terrified you'd be run over or abducted!"

Julie shrugged those contingencies away. "I went for a walk," she said rather defiantly.

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"I Won't"

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THE war is over. The battle of "three glasses of milk a day" is won. Little milk rebels who never before would touch milk are surrendering. And that other bigger army of children who never quite finish their glassful have forgotten their "won'ts" and now have the "wants"... all since the coming of this creamy delicious chocolate "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk mixed at home.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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permits regular icing without bothering the housekeeper. And it saves ice in cool weather. Blue print plans showing how to provide HERRICK Outside Icing for new homes and how to install it in homes already built, will be sent free on request.

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

The Incredible Year

"I see. You must be starved. Let me ring—Jack's not through breakfast yet."

"I've had breakfast."

"Where, in heaven's name?"

"I don't know. A big place—very clean and white."

Hildreth looked at the girl and then smiled suddenly.

"You don't like staying in bed? Well, perhaps—later—you'd enjoy riding in the Park early. Jack would ride with you. Or Pat Jordan. He's Jack's closest friend. You'll meet him tonight. Julie—" for Julie had taken off her hat and was running her fingers through her masses of glorious hair—"Julie, if *only* you'd cut your hair! I know people say long hair is coming back. But I for one don't believe it. Moreover, it isn't your style. Let Robert shingle it. I'll make an appointment—"

"Please, no, Hildreth," said Julie. Hildreth had demanded first names, and Julie had complied—with some difficulty. She added: "Dad didn't like short hair. I wanted mine cut—not like yours, but like a boy's—and he wouldn't hear of it."

"Very well," agreed Hildreth, and her face softened.

Julie's eyes when she spoke of her father—Julie's eyes, big enough in all conscience at any time, grew more huge and tender and deepened to velvet black.

"You must put on a little weight. You are too thin," she announced presently. "We'll have to see that you drink lots of milk."

"Very well," said Julie listlessly.

It made no atom of difference to her what these people made her do—save in the case of her hair. She would endure this life until she was twenty-one. Then she'd see. But Dad had wished it for her. He couldn't have known how stupid and futile it was and how heart-wrenchingly lonely, or he would have let her stay at home—at home.

Presently she returned to her own room, took off her outer things, and sat down to wait until Hildreth would be ready for their next shopping expedition. She opened a new novel, read a few chapters with a curious expression of disgust, tossed it to the floor, and leaned back in her chair, her arms behind her head, her eyes on the etching. Pines and snow and peace and an over-arching winter sky . . . the black beat of wings against snow clouds . . . great birds, flying . . . flying . . .

Homesickness took her and shook her, physical and sickening as nausea. Oh, she couldn't endure it! A year, a whole year, away from the smell and the feel and the quietude of her own land.

PRESENTLY she got up and went to her bedroom and took her father's letter from the place in which she kept it. She held it between her palms. She had no need to read it—she knew it by heart. And it helped her over the bad times.

"I'll try," she said aloud childishly. "I'll be good, Dad."

That night, sitting beside Pat Jordan at the dinner table, she found "being good" a little difficult. Not that she disliked him. He was the first man of his type she had ever met, except Jack Desmond. And she excepted Jack because Jack was married.

Pat, she decided, was good-looking in a weak sort of way. She measured his slim length with rather scornful eyes. He wouldn't last long in the woods, she thought.

She was mistaken. Young Mr. Jordan had kept himself fit with tennis and polo and golf and one thing or another. He was simply deceptively slim and indolent to look upon.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked her, conscious of her long, speculative gaze.

Julie told him obediently. He was taken aback, to say the least.

"Try me," he demanded with light-hearted casualness. "I'd last longer than you think—if you were there."

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RECIPES printed in standard cookbooks and in women's magazines are the work of culinary experts who have determined the precise amount of each ingredient necessary to produce the most delicious results. When the recipe calls for "one teaspoonful of vanilla" it means "one teaspoonful of *pure* Vanilla Extract."

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1 tin of R & R Boned Chicken	2 ounces of butter
1 pint of cream or milk	1 tin of asparagus tips
2 tablespoonfuls of flour	Salt and Pepper

Melt the butter in a pan and add flour. Stir until smooth, then add hot milk or cream. Season with a little salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add the chicken as it is prepared in the can to the cream sauce. Cook for 5 minutes and serve with the Asparagus Tips which have been heated in the can to prevent any loss of their flavor. Garnish with a strip of red pepper.

*Every chicken is certified and passed by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Your grocer has R & R Boned Chicken always in stock. Let him serve you today.

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"What difference would that make?" asked Julie.

"Oh, because it is the nature of the male to preen himself for the female," he answered. "We all have that small-boy, show-off instinct. It's a sex business," he explained carelessly.

"Well, I'm sure it's all very stupid," Julie told him.

Pat was used to employing the term "sex" as a sort of conversational key. It often opened doors to very curious confidences. It always brought forth some interesting reaction—a husking of the voice which answered, a widening or veiling of the eyes. There were few girls and women who didn't fall in line.

But Julie did not. She turned a shoulder on him and ate heartily of squabs *en casserole*.

He signaled Hildreth with his eyes, and Hildreth smiled at him. She liked Pat, but it was amusing to see that he could make no headway here.

Hildreth thought suddenly: "He's going to dislike her. Then he'll like her. Because she's so difficult. He won't know whether it's stupidity or indifference. No one will. And it's going to intrigue him."

AFTER dinner the Campbells, a smart, sophisticated couple with too much money and too much time, played bridge with the Desmonds, and Pat undertook to amuse Julie. He had to detach her from a book first and with some difficulty. It amused and angered him that, with a man so obviously at her disposal, she should prefer to curl up in a corner with a novel.

He stood over her, not very threateningly.

"You are being very rude," he accused her, having found the personal approach always the better.

Hildreth, at the card table, glanced across the room and smiled secretly.

Julie asked, disconcerted: "Am I? How?"

He was a little at a loss. "After all, I am told off to entertain you," he reminded her.

"But I was interested in this book," she said gravely, "and you can not possibly be interested in me."

This was better.

"But I am," he assured her. "Let's go into the music room, and I'll prove it to you. And how!" he added, smiling.

Julie said discontentedly, "I don't see why—we haven't anything to say to each other."

Hildreth called over: "Julie, can't you amuse Pat a little? He looks as forlorn as a lost puppy."

Julie rose with a sincere, sighing intake of breath. She stalked across the room into the adjoining music room, and Pat followed, lighting a cigarette. He offered her the case.

"You didn't smoke at dinner?"

"No, I never do."

"You disapprove?"

"Why should I? It doesn't make any difference to me what people do," Julie assured him.

She sat down near the piano and looked up at him.

"What," he asked, "shall we talk about?"

Julie laughed a little. She rather liked him, somehow, but he seemed to her childish and rather simple.

"You choose," she said.

But despite this opening, an easy one with other women, he despaired. He answered,

"I'll talk—this way."

He went to the piano and played. Julie lay back in her chair and listened. Music rested her. His long, clever hands touched the keys to glamourous sound, and suddenly she was back in the woods again with the trees whispering in a sunny wind. Her eyes closed, and when Jordan glanced over at her he saw, to his astonished pleasure, that her long black lashes were wet.

"Of what—of whom—are you dreaming?" he asked softly, in order not to break the enchantment which lay upon her.

She answered simply, "Of home."

His heart, not too hard in any case, was touched. He thought, "Homesick—well, poor kid."

Insist on this Package

You'd never think that Oats could be so Good

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. Set a steaming bowl before each member of your family and let them tell you.

Vitamized by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours

Selected whole white oats still in their hulls are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture, in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other oats.

All of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass is eliminated; so that 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) looks delightfully light, flaky and appetizing in the dish. This appetizing appearance and delicious flavor combine to make it the favorite of children and adults too.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

This long cooking at the mill, besides bringing out all of the delicious flavor of the grain, partially dextrinizes the starches to a point where the thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 MINUTES—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢ Family Size, 25¢

(*Except in Far West and Canada*)

Ask for a Free Trial Package

We want you to actually try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*), in your own home. Fill out the coupon, mail it now and we will send you a free trial package and our interesting booklet.

Three-Minute Cereals Company, 816 Sixteenth Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name .....

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In using advertisements see page 6

A Royal Road to Extra Money!

Learn the Secret of Earning in Spare-Time!

Mrs. Ralph Goodyear

Miss Daisy D. Williams

Mrs. Fannie H. Jones

Miss Pearl Jacobus

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee

Miss Rachel Stannard

COMFORT, independence, security—the satisfaction of being able to afford the good things of life for one's self and family—these are some of the joys that are yours when you have a steady, year-round source of extra money.

Thousands of women, young and old, in small town and city, have discovered that through our plan they can easily turn their leisure moments, otherwise wasted, into ready cash.

They have built homes of their own, bought new cars, radios, and finer wardrobes, sent their children to college, and earned money to pay for the countless other pleasures and necessities that meant so much to them and their loved ones, simply by acting as local spare-time subscription representatives for the magazine you are now reading, and the other famous publications of the International Magazine Company, Inc.

You, Too, Can Take This Royal Road!

Read how successfully some of our thousands of representatives have taken this Royal Road To Extra Money. Just as they are turning their spare moments into gold—*you can too!*

A Mother—
Mrs. Ralph Goodyear

Mrs. Ralph Goodyear of Illinois is the mother of a family of girls and boys and plans to send them all to college. She says: "My magazine work has meant so much to me that I feel I am a different person than I otherwise would have been. It has given me the best of reading, outdoor exercise and recreation, and a host of friends. I have always enjoyed the work so much that I often felt I would continue it, even though I received no pay."

A School Teacher—
Miss Daisy D. Williams

Miss Daisy D. Williams is a busy school teacher in a little town in Illinois. Yet for years she has been finding a few spare hours every week to devote to our easy money-making plan. She recently built a new five room home entirely with magazine money and says: "I find the work very interesting and easy. I have made and kept many dear friends whom I would never have known were it not for my magazine business."

A Grandmother—
Mrs. Fannie H. Jones

Mrs. Fannie H. Jones of California is a grandmother who uses our plan for earning money for her charities, club funds, etc., and recently celebrated her twentieth year of successful spare-time earning through our plan.

A Business Girl—
Miss Pearl Jacobus

Miss Pearl Jacobus of Illinois writes: "It is surprising to me why more have not taken advantage of the wonderful opportunity which is theirs merely for the asking. I have been in the game two years and have increased my business 100% over the previous year."

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Mrs. Florence M. Caffee

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee of Wyoming is a busy housewife with five children to care for. Yet she found time to earn $150.00 in a single month with our pleasant money-making plan, and says: "I am very grateful for the advertisement that called my attention to this work, for it has earned me several hundred dollars. Nothing would induce me to give up my magazine work for it is such a nice way for a mother to get the little luxuries that mean so much for both the kiddies and herself, aside from the feeling of confidence and independence which is a very comfortable one to have."

Miss Rachel H. Stannard

Miss Rachel H. Stannard writes: "The work has built up my health wonderfully, has helped me renew many old friendships and make many new ones and has netted me good profits. I am sincerely grateful to the IMC."

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This spare-time side-line (or full time, if you wish) is simple. It is convenient. It is dignified and pleasant. Business training is unnecessary. There is no interference with your regular duties in home or office. You can earn good money in your leisure hours of day or evening, indoors or outdoors, whenever you please, and there are no obligations entailed. All you need is the desire to earn, and your profits start **AT ONCE!**

Take this Royal Road to Extra Money! Mail the coupon for a description of our interesting plan at once!

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, Dept. A429,
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Please send me at once, without obligation, details of your spare-time, money-making plan.

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The Incredible Year

Presently the rhythm changed and snapped suddenly into jazz. Julie sat up and shuddered.

"Don't—I hate it!"

"But why? It's not music, of course. It's sensation," he said, still beating out the jungle music. "But a rather nice sensation. You like to dance, don't you?"

"I don't know. I never have."

"What!" He dropped his hands from the keys and stared. "What! Come, this will never do!"

He rose, went to the radio, fumbled with the dial, and found what he sought. A blare of music shot out, catapulted into the room, filled it with wailing, beating sounds.

"Get up and dance," he ordered.

Julie hesitated. She had no desire to give herself to this strange man's arms to the beat of alien music.

Hildreth appeared suddenly in the doorway. "Such a racket! What on earth are you two doing?" she asked in amazement.

"I'm trying to persuade Miss Montgomery to take a lesson—a dancing lesson."

Hildreth gasped. "Doesn't she?" she asked faintly.

"Of course not! Didn't you know?"

"I never asked. I didn't dream. Get up, Julie, and let Pat show you the steps. They're simple enough, heaven knows. Child, I'm giving a tea dance for you at the Park Lane before we leave town!"

She appealed to Pat with her eyes—then looked at Julie.

Julie rose obediently, a little annoyed. "Very well," she said, "but I think it's all so *silly*."

Hildreth vanished at that and went back to her bridge table. Arrived there, she said blankly, in answer to a question May Campbell put,

"Pat's teaching her to—*dance!*"

HE WASN'T having an easy time. The steps were, as Hildreth had said, simple enough. But Julie was erect and stiff in his arms.

"Relax . . . let go . . . close your eyes—forget everything but the music. I won't let you stumble. Relax . . . unbend . . . for heaven's sake . . . let yourself go!" he demanded.

After a hard five minutes, he said, "That's a little better." Then he bent his dark head and demanded, smiling, "Would you allow yourself to surrender—just a moment—if I were to kiss you?"

Julie wrenched herself from his arms. Her face flamed, and her eyes turned black. Pat watched her in amusement and dismay and with an awakened interest. Lord, she was handsome in a temper! And if in a temper, how handsome would she be in a more pleasurable if not less ardent emotion?

"If you dare," she panted furiously.

"Oh, my infant, don't worry! I have no such intention. I just wanted to startle you out of yourself—that's all. I never kiss on four hours' acquaintance or—that is, very rarely. I wait—oh, perhaps, twelve. Who knows? But I had to shake you out of yourself. Lesson number one. Every man you meet is going to say much the same sort of thing to you. It's a challenge. If you don't care to accept it, ignore it. But don't make a fuss over it. You'll frighten them off—for good."

Julie looked into his laughing eyes and felt rather small. She was subdued but still angry. This man was making an idiot of her. She said flatly:

"I'm sorry. I thought you meant it."

"Perhaps I did," he said softly. "But I play rather good bridge—I know when to pass—and when to change my bid. So come on, let's dance."

This time he complimented her.

"You'll do. But I'm coming every day and give you a lesson," he warned her.

There was a hail from the other room. "Pat—Julie—come on in. Naida's here."

They left the music room and joined the

other group. Julie looked at first incuriously at the loveliest woman she had ever seen. And then, as she heard Pat murmur, "By George!" and whistle in low amazement, she saw the man beside Naida Trevor—a tall, broad-shouldered, rather heavily built man with the finest face—save her father's—she had ever encountered. Now the introductions were taking place. She heard her own name, and then,

"Mrs. Trevor—Mr. Stepney."

Naida exclaimed in her cool, artificial voice, "So this is Julie!"

She drew the girl aside and said pleasant things to her. Bruce Stepney stood back and fingered a smooth-shaven chin, while Pat whispered under the cover of laughter and voices to Hildreth.

"Where did she run him to earth?"

"At the Masters'," Hildreth whispered back. "Isn't it too astonishing? Why he came with her, heaven only knows! Jack wants to go to a night club for a little while."

Over Naida's head—for Naida was very small—Julie's eyes met the gray eyes of Bruce Stepney and rested there. There was a campfire welcome in them. She felt her heart surge up. For the first time since she had come to New York she had a sense of home.

This man was of her own people.

CHAPTER XI

THE night club to which Jack's sudden insistence hurried his party was a small, informal place on West Third Street. The two rather inadequate rooms were crowded, and an excellent orchestra worked indefatigably, while the little French hostess sang between appearances of the dancers, circulated about the tables, and was cordial and jocular while preserving her sense of personal dignity.

Bruce Stepney, seated beside Julie, remarked idly:

"This is your first experience of that modern institution, the night club, isn't it? How do you like it?"

"Not much—it's noisy—it's stifling," she said and, looking about the crowded tables, added, "I don't think the people are having a very good time, really."

"Neither do I. Now, tell me a little about yourself. Naida—Mrs. Trevor—told me this was your first trip to New York. Night clubs aside, I hope you are going to like us."

"I like *you*," said Julie instantly, without hesitation and with no coquetry.

Her grave eyes were direct upon his own. Stepney drew a deep breath. Just for one swift moment he wondered if this were a new—not so new, at that!—line of flirtatious approach. But meeting her eyes as he did so, he put the thought from him as unworthy and small. This was a girl who spoke her mind. He sighed a little. She would soon learn not to, he supposed.

"That's good," he said as simply as she. "That's very good. But tell me—you're a Northerner, of course?"

"Why 'of course'?" asked Julie, smiling.

And Pat Jordan, observing, was amazed and interested. He had not been able to make her smile like that.

"Oh, you speak like one—you walk like one. Besides, I know. And I know your woods—I'm an old camper in the Adirondacks, and I have spent several happy summers on the St. Lawrence."

Julie's eyes, still lighted by the smile, flashed into black fire. She began to talk—of the home farm, of the lumber camps, of the past winter—and ended:

"I'll never get used to it here. The traffic and the noise and the people—the things they say and do."

"Oh, yes, you will. In a way," he added half to himself, "it will be a pity."

The question on her lips went unspoken, for Pat rose and made his way toward her.

"Come, let me see how well you've learned your lesson," he demanded caressingly.

A dentifrice that goes beyond the reach of your tooth brush

YOU can't possibly reach every niche and crevice in your teeth with your tooth brush. In inaccessible spots food particles ferment and give off the acids that cause decay.

There is a simple way of eliminating these insidious fluids before they do any harm . . . Use Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) as a dentifrice.

Baking Soda neutralizes mouth acids. It gets into every niche and crevice, banishing the cause of decay. Also, its natural "bite" makes short work of film, leaving teeth gleaming, healthfully white.

Get an extra package of Baking Soda from your grocer today for use in the bathroom. Make certain of the best by insisting on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand.

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In using advertisements see page 6

When There is Acidity

Many ailments start in the stomach, and most of these mean too much acid. For men and women of every age—and children as well—an anti-acid is what the doctor often advises. But why is he careful to say "take *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia"?

First, because it's harmless in anybody's hands; is used for a score of children's ills; and even in infants' milk. Next, because Phillips Milk of Magnesia is in perfect suspension, because in no other form can magnesia do the same things accomplished by Phillips. Fifty years' experience has proved that preparations less perfect than this product do not achieve the same results.

There is no more certain and no more prompt relief for acid stomach, indigestion, biliousness, or heartburn than Phillips Milk of Magnesia. But in fairness to yourself, be sure it *is* Phillips. The physician specifies Phillips. The druggist fills prescriptions with Phillips. If the public were as careful as either, there would be no imitations of Phillips. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

The Incredible Year

Julie flushed and shook her head. "No—no—all these people—I couldn't."

She turned to Bruce and explained like a child:

"I don't know how to dance, you see. Mr. Jordan taught me the steps this evening, and I don't want to try them here—so soon."

Jordan and Stepney looked at each other. Pat's eyes were gay and a little defiant and rather warning—Bruce's rather grave.

Stepney said, "I understand—well, next time, perhaps."

NAIDA signaled him across the table. He rose and went to her, and presently she was drifting about the small dance floor in his arms, her blonde head close to his shoulder, her beautiful little face lifted. Pat slipped easily into Bruce's vacant place.

"That's a funny situation," he commented, nodding toward the couple.

"Why? Oh," said Julie from the bottom of her youthful heart, "how pretty Mrs. Trevor is!"

"Yes, isn't she! She's my cousin, by the way," said Pat lightly. "Yes, she's a pretty woman. No one knows it better than Bruce Stepney—and he won't admit it now."

Julie, always literal-minded, asked, astonished: "Why not, if he thinks so? And he must. He doesn't seem like the sort of man who'd think one thing and say another."

Pat Jordan laughed. "What a jewel you are!" he told her. "You see, it's this way—gossip, of course, but you'll hear it sooner or later now that you're one of us. They were engaged, those two. Bruce had some money then. But he soon lost his money—and his girl."

He waited for the effect upon Julie. But she had not understood. As she answered, he wondered: "Is she just stupid? Beautiful and dumb?" But stupid Julie was not. She was merely judging people and understanding things by her own standards.

"He—let her go? That was fine of him, but so silly," said Julie scornfully. "As if money could matter to a woman who cared! I can't understand her—why did she let him?"

"But that wasn't the case at all," replied Pat, amazed. "I don't know how you're figuring—she threw him over—eloped, no less, with old Trevor, who could have been her father—and who died a couple of years later and left her with more money than any one woman can possibly need—even Naida. So that's the story. What's the matter?"

For Julie was furious. Her eyes were black as ebony, and the clear, bright color burned on her cheek bones. "What a disgusting woman!" she said, and cast a look of utter contempt at Mrs. Trevor, who was at that moment returning to the table.

Pat said, a little taken aback: "Well, she's been criticized, of course. Perhaps not quite so harshly."

"I don't see what Hildreth makes friends with her for," said Julie discontentedly.

Then she saw Pat's eyes, and as he laughed, she colored up again.

"Oh, she's your cousin, you said. I'm sorry. But I don't like her after what you said. I never shall. I can't help it," Julie concluded defiantly.

Pat answered gaily: "Don't mind me. Although I'm fond of Naida. She's really very much in love with Bruce Stepney and trying hard to get him back."

"I hope she doesn't. I don't see why he'd ever speak to her again," Julie commented.

"Love," said Pat wisely, "is a difficult habit to break."

"But no man could really love a woman who had done that to him," Julie told him earnestly. "He couldn't respect her nor honor her nor trust her."

Was she a prig as well as stupid? Pat wondered. He replied as gravely as she had spoken:

"There's more to love than that, little Miss

Mother, keep your baby safe
from loose pins and buttons

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Ten million mothers, 50,000 doctors and nurses, 10,000 heads of infants' departments in stores everywhere—all recommend

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Protect your baby from pins that will come unfastened and buttons that will turn edgewise to torment his little body. Be sure that he never can find a loose pin or button to put into his mouth.

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Vanta has originated almost every improvement in baby dressing, specializing only in baby garments. Every garment is of VANTA QUALITY, guaranteed non-shrinkable.

In silk, wool, cotton, linen mesh, sateen, rayon fabrics; light or heavy weights as your doctor prescribes.

Ask for original Vanta garments at your store. If you cannot get them write to EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC., Dept. 253, Newton, Mass.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

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Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

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What do you think a SKIN CLEANSER is?

Compare your answer with Miss Downey's

MISS ANGELA DOWNEY, whose skin is like creamy satin, says: "No skin can be lovely as long as it is clogged. To acquire skin loveliness, one must use a skin cleanser which goes below the surface. We of the younger set know the amazing difference between any ordinary cream that stays on the surface, and Melba Skin Cleanser, which really *penetrates* right into the pores—and really *cleanses!*"

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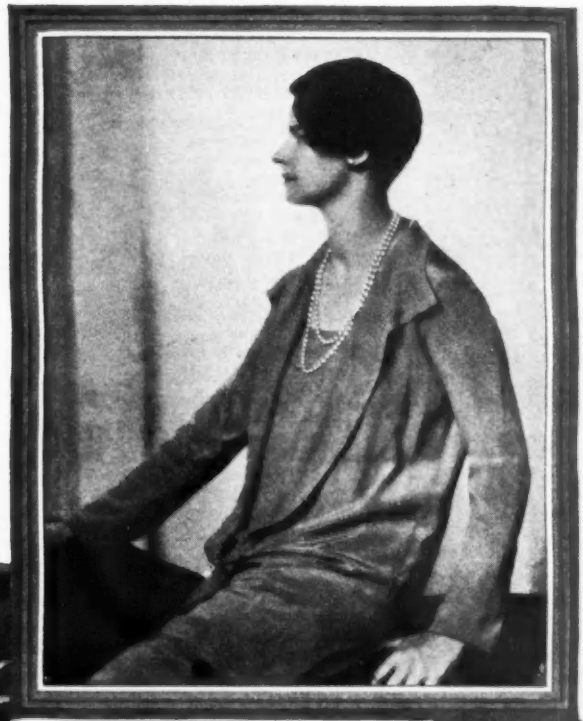

Miss Angela Downey, lovely debutante, and popular member of Chicago's younger set, who is noted for her charm, poise and brilliance.

Make This Simple Test on Your Skin!

On the smooth skin of your forearm, stroke a bit of Melba Skin Cleanser. Right beside it, dab a bit of any cream you use for cleansing.

Watch Melba Skin Cleanser melt and penetrate *into the skin.* See your "other cream" still on the surface. Make your own decision as to which cream really penetrates into the pores—really *cleanses!*

Melba Goes In—While Others Stay On—That's the Big Difference to Your Beauty!

Have you gone along all this time using a cream that stays on the surface of your skin, to *cleanse?* Maybe that's just what's wrong with your skin! Using cream that doesn't cleanse — except superficially. Only a *penetrating* Skin Cleanser, like Melba, can truly go into the pores, as thoroughly and freely as our clogged complexions of today require.

Melba Specialized Beauty Creams are the products of years of scientific research and experiment.

Melba Skin Cleanser, the *specialized* Skin Cleanser, liquefies instantly on touching your skin and penetrates below the surface into the true skin to *flush* it of all impurities.

Melba Skin Cleanser is the first step of the increasingly popular "Melba Technique for Beauty". Step No. 2 is Melba Tissue Cream. Its use gives firm, youthful lines to facial contours. Step No. 3 is Melba Vanishing Cream. Its use takes away any suspicion of oiliness.

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Melba Skin Cleanser—*really cleanses*
Melba Tissue Cream—*firms facial contours*
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Together, these creams form "The Melba Technique for Beauty," a home treatment which parallels professional care of your face! On sale at all good drug and department stores.

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MELBA BEAUTY ★ Creams

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In using advertisements see page 6

a new way of eating bran

—a delicious hot whole-wheat cereal that contains but conceals the bran

ARE you tired, pepless, headachy? Discouraged because you think "it's just nerves and I ought to get over it." Sometimes "just nerves" means faulty elimination. Your whole system crying out for relief. You take laxatives. Or try in vain to like harsh, tasteless roughage.

Here's a simple and delicious remedy that will tempt your appetite instead of punishing it. It's Pettijohn's. An enticingly good-to-eat cereal that conceals whole bran in tender flakes of whole wheat.

In this savory hot cereal you'll find bran you really enjoy eating. Bran softened by cooking so that it's kind to nervous digestions. Bran combined, too, with the vital part of the wheat, which makes it doubly effective.

Pettijohn's gives you the whole wheat just as nature intended you to have it. This means a richer protein, more abundant iron, lime and phosphorus. It means, too, the vitamins A, B, and E, which occur together only in whole grain cereals.

Pettijohn's is a refreshingly different change from the usual hot cereals. Try it served steaming hot with half-and-half. Quick Pettijohn's cooks in "toast and coffee time." Try it.

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Pettijohn's

For those who believe in "whole grain nutrition"

We've a book of whys and wherefores of whole wheat. It's called "The Truth About Bran" and contains some valuable recipes. Send for your free copy. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

The Incredible Year

Julie. From what have you been drawing your conclusions—the Elsie books?"

But Julie did not rise to that bait. "I just can't understand, that's all," she said.

When Bruce came back, he found Pat firmly planted in his place.

"Run away, my boy," Jordan ordered gaily. "Findin's keepin'."

"But this is Mr. Stepney's seat," argued Julie.

The two men looked at her. Pat amused and a little annoyed, and Stepney slightly embarrassed. He tried to say something light, started to turn away, but Julie said firmly,

"No, please."

Pat exclaimed in mock horror: "Upon my word, that's not kind! You'd rather he sat beside you?"

"Yes," said Julie, and no more.

PAT departed. He was angry. He had received a severe blow to his *amour propre*. For he was clever enough to perceive that Julie's rebuff was a perfectly sincere one. No new form of coquetry, this. He went to sit beside Naida, who questioned him vainly with a tilted eyebrow, and later in the evening he found an opportunity to grumble to Hildreth:

"She's a vixen, that girl! You'll have to teach her manners."

"What's she done? Don't blame her for not dancing with you, Pat, after all—considering her lack of dancing experience."

"Oh, it's not that."

He told her briefly.

Hildreth gasped, then shook her head determinedly. "No, you're right. That won't do at all. Mercy," sighed Hildreth, but her sigh was the sister of faintly malicious laughter, "I did not realize that I should have to teach her the amenities—in other words—hypocrisy. I thought every girl child was born with that knowledge."

"They freeze it out of 'em where she comes from," Pat offered.

Naida Trevor looked up, her arms and shoulders dazzling, rising from a sheath of cherry-colored velvet light as a cloud.

"Are you talking about your Julie?" she asked, and went on indifferently—but both Pat and Hildreth saw her angry eyes:

"Bruce seems quite taken. She's his type, I should say."

Bruce and Julie were talking rather gravely. Julie had said as Jordan left them:

"He's angry—I'm sorry. But it *was* your place."

"Of course, it was. Only nowadays people slip into one's place very readily if one relinquishes it for a moment," replied Bruce, smiling.

Julie thought: "He means something else. He's thinking of Mrs. Trevor." She said strongly,

"You shouldn't let them."

Bruce shrugged. "He won't stay offended long. Pat's a happy-go-lucky creature. And," he added, his gray eyes lighting with amusement, "you've hit on the very method to interest him. He's not used to rebuff—the retort discourteous."

But Julie wasn't interested in Pat's hypothetical interest. She said so. And added, as rueful as a child:

"I *was* discourteous, then? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be."

She looked at him a moment and begged, "Please, always tell me."

In that moment they swore silently an eternal friendship. And when Bruce Stepney had gone back to the tiny apartment in which he lived uncomfortably—because it suited his means and was near the machine shop in which he had rented a room where he worked upon his airplane engine—his mind was full of the girl he had left. His heart, too. She was the girl of any man's impossible dreams. Honest and straightforward and fine, clear and lovely as spring water. Oh, but they'll spoil her here among them, he told himself, perched on his

There Are Always "Second Helpings"

When you serve this new and distinctly better breed of corn

DEL MAIZ
The New Sweet Corn

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Children generally like fresh, sweet corn on the cob. But as a rule, the ordinary canned corn does not appeal to them. Insistence only brings storms and tears. It does not change the child's taste.

That is one of the several reasons why we bred an entirely new and distinct corn—DEL MAIZ—different in size, texture and flavor from any variety of corn ever before known. It took us 12 years of patient, intensive seed culture to create this new breed.

There's no corn like it anywhere. It can't be duplicated or imitated. We alone own the seed. Those big-bodied, tender kernels, embedded in the rich corn cream—how they appeal! And that distinct fresh corn flavor that's so unique—how the children love it! One trial will convince you. When you serve DEL MAIZ there'll be calls for "second helpings."

Serve it right from the can, or try it in this delicious recipe.

Scalloped DEL MAIZ

2 cups Del Maiz	3 tbsps. butter
1 cup milk	Pepper
2 eggs	
1 cup bread crumbs	½ tsp. salt

Mix eggs, corn, milk, salt and pepper. Pour into oiled baking dish. Melt fat and add to bread crumbs. Sprinkle over top of corn. Bake in moderate oven—350 degrees F.—until firm and the crumbs are well browned.

Should your grocer not yet have DEL MAIZ, send us 25c to defray shipping charges, and we'll send you prepaid two 11-oz. cans and a dozen delicious DEL MAIZ recipes.

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Le Sueur, Minnesota
Enclosed find 25c for which send me prepaid, two 11-oz. cans DEL MAIZ and doz. delicious Del Maiz recipes.
Grocer's name .....
Grocer's address .....
My name .....
My address .....

*National Pressure Cookers *do things done no other way*

Cooking by steam pressure that drives the super-heated steam through the food being cooked or canned; cooking in minutes instead of hours; fully retaining flavors and health building elements such as vitamins and mineral salts; using 1/4 the fuel usually needed for the same job—

This is a program that cannot be duplicated by anything but "pressure cooking." Ask your hardware merchant or department store—or write us, and we'll send you, free, a copy of "Confessions of an Old Family Kettle"—a very interesting booklet.

Advantages of Pressure Cooking

1—Cooks in 1/3 the time with 1/4 the fuel, because it cooks under 15 lbs. steam pressure.

2—Saves all the mineral salts and vitamins, and retains flavor usually lost.

3—Breaks down the tiniest starch cells and makes all foods easily digestible.

4—According to the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, pressure canning is the only safe way.

5—Lasts a lifetime, for it is made of heavy cast aluminum.

6—Endorsed by leading health authorities, home economics experts, and dietitians. Ask your local dealer to show you the NATIONAL Pressure Cooker.

CAUTION

Do not confuse Pressure Cookers with other utensils which are advertised to cook without water. A National Pressure Cooker is made of heavy cast aluminum. It has a steam tight cover, clamped on by locking bolts. A true Pressure Cooker must have a steam gauge and relief valve on the lid. It must cook and can at 15 lbs. pressure, in one-third or less the time of any other method. If the cooker offered you does not have all these things, it is NOT a Pressure Cooker and will NOT do what a National Pressure Cooker will do.

Good Housekeeping Institute

National PRESSURE COOKER and CANNER

41 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.

The Incredible Year

high window-sill looking out over a sleeping city—they'll spoil her; they'll turn her into an artificial, grimacing, shallow automaton—

Somehow he resented that fiercely. He who had been so bitterly hurt by one woman's silken treachery could not endure the thought of clarity turned murky and the beauty of truth clouded. He thought, "She likes me. I'll treasure that. If I can help her, I'm at her service."

He knocked out his pipe and turned away. Aloud, "Poor child," he said.

CHAPTER XII

UNTIL her meeting with Bruce Stepney, Julie's attitude toward her new life was largely that of forced resignation. Her father had wished this harsh transplanting for her, and his word had always been her law. She would not have been human had not certain phases of her strange environment interested her and excited her—an excitement sometimes rebellious, sometimes pleasurable. But there was no heart in her interest until Bruce Stepney walked into the Desmond drawing-room and into Julie's life.

He came to dinner a day or so after that first evening. He frankly asked Hildreth to invite him, and Hildreth said gladly:

"Of course, you're always invited. But you've been so hard to get at recently, burying yourself as you do."

Bruce laughed. "All work and no play has made me a very dull person," he said lightly, "but I've decided to change my mode of living. Don't ask me to your big parties—just let me come in and out at odd times and have dinner with you now and again—*en famille*. And if it is permitted, I'd like to take Miss Montgomery out, too. She said last night she had been nowhere except to the shops."

Sitting next to Julie at dinner, he asked her, "Want to sight-see?"

Julie asked gravely, "Should I?"

"It's done," Bruce answered gaily, "by all our best out-of-towners. Of course, New Yorkers know next to nothing about their town. I, for one, haven't been in the Aquarium since I was knee high to a swordfish. Suppose, when Hildreth can spare you, you and I discover the city together?"

"I'd like that," Julie informed him with her incredible honesty, "better than anything I've done here yet."

So Bruce gave up his afternoons, a good many of them, and sometimes his mornings, and Hildreth said to Jack:

"He's attracted, of course. Reaction from Naida, I should say. Well, she—I mean Julie—seems a lot happier, and you know, Jack, that while I am perfectly willing to drag her to the Public Library and the Bronx Zoo, I am more than grateful to have some one else do it for me."

Jack laughed. "It's a good arrangement," he agreed easily. "Pat's the boy to take her around town at night, and Bruce is the logical candidate for zoos and libraries. I suppose he buys her peanuts on the street corners. Well, we'll be off to the country by the end of May, and she might as well be broken into things here by the method most pleasing to her—every one to his own taste."

That was in early spring. The days were sunny and clear, and Julie went shopping for a car. She was accustomed to driving at home, and now, her slim, powerful roadster having been delivered, she proceeded to take lessons from Bruce and Jack in driving in city traffic. It frightened and bewildered her at first, but she soon got used to it, and it was not long before the car and its driver became a familiar sight to the traffic policemen on the Avenue and even out of town. For there were occasions, as their friendship progressed, when Bruce called her up early in the morning and said joyfully:

"I can't work today. Stuck. Let's take the car and go for a picnic."

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE By NEYSA McMEIN

One of a series by America's foremost artists

BEAUTY ADVICE:

With magical ease, your bathroom will *glitter!*

THE modern housewife accepts instantly the best products for beautifying her household. She uses BAB-O for all enamel and porcelain. It has no equal. Tubs, tiles, basins... kitchen sinks, gas ranges, refrigerators, chinaware, walls, floors, nickel... shine with new splendor. Stains, rust, film, water-lines dissolve and disappear instantly. BAB-O is odorless... will not scratch the finest surface or roughen tender hands. Try BAB-O once and you will never be without it. At your grocer 15¢... or if he is not supplied write for free sample can.

B.T. BABBITT, Inc. *Established 1836* New York

BAB-O brightens bathrooms works like magic all over the house

At all grocers 15¢

In using advertisements see page 6

Silver-Shining Beauty!

Some "best cooks" may *think* they use aluminum simply because it does such good cooking. Or because it is so light and manageable. Or because it is so everlastingly durable and economical. But, realize it or not, there is another reason. It is aluminum's silver-shining beauty.

Silvery aluminum on the stove. Silvery aluminum in ordered rows along the wall. Silvery aluminum illuminating the dusky depths of cupboards. Reflecting every glint of sunshine; harmonizing with every color scheme; keeping the kitchen alight and alive with a beauty of which one never wearies . . .

No wonder so many women prefer the "precious metal of the kitchen!" There's its beauty. There's its cooking ability. There's its hygienic cleanliness and cleanableness. There's its economy.

The "best cooks" ask no more. *They use aluminum.*

MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION

Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below

The Incredible Year

They were Julie and Bruce to each other in a short space of time, and to Bruce Stepney little by little Julie opened her heart and mind. He grew to know John Montgomery as if he had been his close friend for years. He grew to know Cecile and Garrod, the lake camp, the home farm. And he grew to know Julie.

Often and often he wanted to say to her, "Don't let them spoil you—don't let them cloud your clear, crystal honesty—don't let them tarnish the pure gold of you . . ." But he said nothing.

"JULIE'S making the running with Bruce," Pat told his cousin Naida maliciously.

Naida shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not surprised. She's his type."

"She wasn't always his type," suggested Pat.

"Dear Pat, the pendulum swings first to one extreme and then to the other—left, right, left, right—"

He asked, being privileged, "You still care for him, of course?"

"Have I ever stopped caring?"

"Well, there was a time when I wondered."

"You've never wondered. You know me, Pat. I was mad about Bruce when we were youngsters. But when his crash came—well, I couldn't see love in a walk-up and doing my own dishes. I would never have survived it. Neither would he. Other women, perhaps. But the things he loved in me would have vanished under the pressure of poverty. You know that. So I married Trevor. Well, Trevor's dead now," said Naida calmly, "and I can wait."

"What a clever woman you are, Naida," said Pat in genuine admiration.

Naida smiled.

After a moment she said: "Let him amuse himself with Julie. It relieves dear Hildreth of a lot of responsibility. And Bruce will soon tire of bread and butter."

"She's remarkably good-looking, although she doesn't make the best of herself," Pat said musingly.

"When she learns to make the best of herself in the way you mean," said Naida slowly, "she'll lose Bruce's interest. It is her difference which attracts him now. If—it suited some one to advise her to conform more to our particular rules and regulations—who knows?"

"You are being vague—and cryptic," Pat suggested.

"Not really. I've never had to cross my t's and dot my i's with you, Pat. I said, *'if it suited somebody.'* It might, you know. She has," said Naida cynically, "a good deal of money."

A little while after this conversation, which took place over the teacups in Naida's house one late afternoon, Hildreth and Jack accepted an invitation of the Peter Warrens for themselves and Julie. Mr. Warren had apparently forgotten all about his encounter with Hildreth in Paris—and seemingly she had forgotten, too. At all events, she was not forced to turn her ankle that evening.

Bruce, not a friend of the Warrens, was not included. Pat was Julie's escort, and Julie, in a rather severe evening gown of copper-colored satin, was frankly bored. She was slowly awakening to the fact that places where Bruce was not held no interest for her, that evenings spent in company without him were evenings wasted.

She made no pretense at being interested or even gracious. She watched the noisy dancing and drinking, after the long dinner at small, crowded tables in the big Warren house, with no interest at all. Only when she and Pat, escaping to the conservatory for a breath of scented and slightly purer air, stumbled over a couple openly enlaced in one another's arms on a long wicker couch, did she show any animation.

"Please," she whispered, touching Pat's arm, "let's go back."

"Don't be so tactful. They don't know we're here, and they wouldn't care if they

did." He looked over and laughed under his breath. "It's Lucy Warren and Sam Harper," he said carelessly.

Julie had met Lucy before—a small, nervous girl with enormous blue eyes in a painted, pointed face—a girl who had examined her, Julie, upon meeting, as if she were some strange, unusual specimen.

"Are they engaged?" asked Julie naively, as Pat took her to the other side of the conservatory and sat down with her and produced his cigarette case.

He laughed again. "Julie, you're a marvel," he said carelessly. "Your brain clicks to the mid-Victorian viewpoint. No, they are not engaged. Sam Harper is a Western man, and I happen to know that he is a married man as well. And he met dear Lucy for the first time this evening. I had the pleasure of presenting him. He came as a stag—he's a business acquaintance of her father's—and as I chanced to know him, I piloted him around before dinner and found him some girls to play with—his host's daughter among them. Well, what's the matter?"

"She'd—she'd let him—*kiss* her?"

"It's done, nowadays. Doesn't mean much more than a handclasp. They'll probably never see each other again—unless Sam looks her up on his next trip to town."

"Let's dance," said Julie and rose abruptly.

She was sickened by the mere presence of the two over there in the darkest corner. She felt as if she couldn't breathe.

MUCH later, toward morning, when she was in bed in her own room, she found herself wide-awake, thinking over that little episode and Pat's easy acceptance and explanation of it. The explanation, if you could call it such, did not impress her. But the acceptance of the situation did. For it was a situation foreign to her entire experience.

The apparently trivial scene in the Warrens' conservatory had filled her with disgust and shrinking. She was unable to understand it. That a girl—specifically, Lucy Warren—should permit a stranger, a married man, those unwarrantable liberties upon the first occasion of their meeting—or upon any occasion—held Julie in horrified amazement.

That there were girls who allowed this easy outrage of their persons, who abandoned their lips and hands to the lips and hands of casually encountered strangers, she had learned from books, from hearsay. Yet she had not quite believed it. And although she had seen for herself, she could not quite believe it even now.

What did she lack that she should be so repulsed—or what did those other people lack that they should ignore and accept it? Why should she be filled with an angry bewilderment? It was not, she told herself plainly, her business.

She remembered that upon that first meeting with Pat Jordan he had asked her if she smoked, and if not, did she disapprove of women who did so? She had answered that it made no difference to her what people did. But she was learning now that it did make a difference—that it always makes a difference what people do. That no one is ever the lone wolf, the individual, set apart. That the actions and reactions of the veriest stranger to the changing times and the shifting morality of those times is vitally important to every one of us. She was learning, and the lesson was hard.

CHAPTER XIII

HILDRETH was the logical person to whom to go in her genuine perplexity. Her father had believed in and trusted Hildreth's guidance. So she asked her, over their combined luncheon and breakfast. Jack had gone out, and they were alone.

She stumbled through her first explanation. She mentioned no names, for she had the instinctive chivalry of a nice boy. And Hildreth, listening, amused and a little troubled,

The children's coolest summer...*plan it now!*

THE routine of school, as well as that of business and household affairs, is wearing. A child's need of change is even greater than an adult's. The more different that change is, the better for the child.

Probably nowhere in this country is there so great a change, so interesting and educational a journey, or so healthful and wholesome a vacation as will be found in a trip to Southern California. It is the air, the mountains and valleys, the orange groves, the missions, the ocean, the desert . . . that give this land the charm of a trip abroad . . . yet it's in your own America.

Perfect motor roads, or a network of trolley lines, take you through a lovely country to myriad interesting points... all within 200 miles of a great modern city. All the sports are here *at their best.* And you count on rainless days throughout the summer.

Summer days are glorious. The air is free of humidity. In the evening, light wraps are worn; ten nights out of eleven you sleep under blankets.

Should you stay over into Autumn, there are new and modern schools here for the children. The sights they'll see, the observations they will make, the new impressions they will gain of *Nature* as it is in this unusual place will be invaluable to them.

They will see Los Angeles County with its subtropical agriculture and farm crops valued at $95,000,000 annually. The oil fields of this county are valued at a billion dollars.

And the railroad journey to Southern California gives an idea of the Great West that no geography can teach.

We will mail you without charge, "Southern California Through the Camera," a new book containing 73 large pictures in gravure which show the scenery, sports and events here.

Plan now for a great "family trip" to Southern California next summer. Summer rates are lower. For little extra expense you may see the entire Pacific Coast in the one glorious vacation.

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 4V
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Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

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In using advertisements see page 6

Now... rid teeth of "YELLOW MASK"

Here is dental science's latest miracle . . . a tooth paste that removes that unlovely yellowish tint from pretty white teeth. And so safely, too . . . without the slightest harm to the most delicate enamel!

That Yellowness Hides in a Mask

In your saliva is a "liquid cement." It flows over your teeth, thickening and hardening. Food, coffee and tobacco stains are absorbed by it . . . and that "yellowish look" appears. Worse, germs of decay breed within it—safe from ordinary brushing. These not only attack the enamel but creep up under the gums to cause serious disorders.

"Gone in two applications"

"My daughter-in-law had a yellowish tinge on her front teeth that no dentifrice would remove. I induced her to try ORPHOS . . . and that yellow look went on two brushings"

Mrs. D. T. K——
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Therefore, to win glorious whiteness and sound, healthy gums you must remove this mask—and keep it off. Dental science now provides a simple means. You can get it at your nearest drug or department store.

To remove this ugly and dangerous "Yellow Mask" leadingdentists use a white, silky polishing agent known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Scientific makers of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE have transformed this wonderful powder into a cool, creamy, mouth-sweetening paste. Thus giving you the dentist's formula for home use.

A New Brilliance Found by Millions

Already millions have discarded old-time favorites for ORPHOS. And dull, yellowish teeth for the lustrous whiteness of polished pearl. Try it. There's new beauty for you in its bright red and white carton!

Orphos Co., Inc., 22 West 32nd St., New York City

★ **Orphos TOOTH PASTE**
-Removes Yellow Mask

The Incredible Year

gathered merely that Julie had chanced upon what is vulgarly known as a "petting party" in the Warrens' conservatory and wanted to know if the custom were universal.

"They all do it nowadays," Hildreth told her. "Don't think I approve—I don't; I don't like promiscuous people—but it's not very dreadful, after all."

"The—the man is married," said Julie slowly.

"Yes, they often are. Oh, you needn't tell me who it was. I know. I came into the conservatory just as you and Pat left it, if you remember. Lucy Warren has always been a little fool."

"It's hateful!" remarked Julie, feeling the inadequacy of her comment.

"Yes—and common. But don't excite yourself over it, my dear. I don't suppose people are any worse than they used to be. Merely, they don't hide it any more."

"But I thought—I thought—"

"I know what you thought," Hildreth told her. "You thought only girls labeled definitely as 'bad' did such things. Well, that's not so. Some are, of course, and some are not. But in the main there's nothing to worry your red head about."

She did not take Julie's horror seriously. It would pass, she thought. It was not until later that she recognized that passing, and not until much later still that she regretted it.

So Julie, her problem still unsolved, turned to the one person she felt understood her—and that was Bruce.

CURIOUSLY enough, she was not so ill at ease with him as she had been with Hildreth. She was able to tell him the story of that evening without embarrassment.

His eyes met hers honest and friendly and concerned. He did not try to brush her questions aside; he did not evade them or laugh them away.

"You'll see a lot of that before you're through with us," he said.

She nodded gravely. "I told Hildreth, too," she said.

"Did you? And I suppose she answered that it was an ordinary sort of practise and indicated that you were a foolish little person to be bothered by it, or shocked or even repelled. Well, I don't know. I've never got used to it myself, and I've been around a good deal."

He hesitated. Here was his opportunity to warn her as he had wished to warn her from the night of their first meeting.

"Don't—don't let them upset your sense of values," he said earnestly. "A great many people, some of them quite important, tell us from the lecture platform and in the public press and in private conversations that the new generation, with its freedom of speech and thought and action, is no worse than any other, and is not by way of being harmed by all it does and says and thinks and becomes. I can't agree with that. I don't see where it is all leading. If these girls, as is said, derive no harm, they equally, in my opinion, derive no good. I had a wonderful mother. A man's later opinions and reactions are almost always colored by his memories of his childhood, of his parents. My mother was not a narrow-minded woman. As a girl she was considered, she once told me, rather too broad-minded. That is, she did not judge other people, and she thought pretty much for herself. But she gave me certain ideas and ideals of women. I—"

He stopped a moment. Naida. He had loved Naida so much. And yet Naida had not measured up to those ideals. He'd loved Naida—yet the ideals had remained undimmed in some secret corner of his soul. He smiled.

"I seem to be preaching," he said lightly. "What I'm trying to say is that, champions of present-day youth to the contrary, I still believe that my mother's generation was, if not as 'honest,' a great deal more worth while."

After a moment he said thoughtfully, "You see, Julie, the women always set the standards."

Edgar stages a tantrum

Stern parents in the bustle and mustache era prepared for rebellion when castor oil was administered to the offspring.

Now even the mildest protests are unheard of because little Edgars are given Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Tasteless because it is super-refined by a patented process. No other castor oil is refinery-bottled. That is why Kellogg's always reaches you fresh, tasteless and wholesome . . . untouched from refinery to you. No saccharin, benzyl alcohol, flavoring have been added.

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The Original
TASTELESS
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★ THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR ★

PURITY

Never sold in bulk but always in the original bottles. 1 oz. (1 dose), 3 oz. and 7 oz. home-size bottles. Enclose 10c in stamps for trial bottle. Use coupon.

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Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

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"*Then—in clear, cool water—*
wash the years away!"

YOUTH . . on thirty Seconds a day

Clogging dirt, drying winds and hectic hours — these are the enemies that age us years too soon. Now Science can sweep these needless years away—turn Time back before our very eyes!

CHEEK dewy fresh as a flower-cup. Silken as a child's. Radiant, adorable, alive with *youth*—

Now we may have it—now we may *keep* it —year after joyful year!

So simply, too! No appalling array of jars and bottles, tubes and boxes. No precious hours wasted in complicated treatments.

Just thirty swift seconds spent each day with *one* tender, silken cream developed by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud . . . creator of rare and helpful beauty preparations since Marie Antoinette was Queen.

Just two steps: smooth on PINAUD'S CREAM —then instantly *wash it off!* Now look in your mirror. Touch your cheek!

For in the very instant of its caress, this cream does three astounding things:

—*cleanses* each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before (like a magic magnet it "floats" all the stifling accumulations of dust and powder to the surface!)

—*supples* the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as you wash it away, *tones* the whole underlying fretwork of weary muscles and torpid skin glands into vigorous life!

FOR this amazing Cream has a magnetic attraction for dirt exactly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin itself has for dirt. Its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before.

Most extraordinary of all, this cream triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists today are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely—PINAUD'S CREAM actually dissolves completely in clear, cool water!

Washes away with all the aging accumulations—leaving your face smooth as a petal, young and radiant as dew-drenched dawn!

Now the busiest woman can laugh at those enemies of her youth—the clogging dirt, drying winds, weary hours! Can keep pores, muscles and circulation in the active health essential to a fresh, radiant skin—with one swift, delightful half-minute each day! . . . You will find PINAUD'S CREAM in jars and tubes at leading stores. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for 150 years.

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☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply and your Beauty Book. (Check offer preferred and mail to PINAUD, Dept. G-4, 220 East 21st St., N.Y., or in Canada to 560 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

IT WAS SAID··

After their elopement had set the social world agog—it leaked out (as those things do) that they had met on board the *Olympic*. She went over every year like so many of the other young debs for any one of a number of good reasons. It was on one of these annuals that the meeting took place:

Moonlit decks . . . starry vastness . . . rolling waves . . . soft, languishing music . . . did the rest. Of course, she was in a most susceptible mood. The days were so restful . . . knowing stewardesses administered to her needs . . . the delights of the cuisines were thrilling . . . in fact, her European trips were ever thus when she sailed on a White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport liner.

And, the *Olympic* was the first step to their European honeymoon.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE · ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents.

"And She Lived Happily Ever After" is a most interesting booklet written for women travelers. You'll like it. We'll be delighted to send you a copy. Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York City.

The Incredible Year

BRUCE was thoughtful that afternoon, tinkering with his engine, for he felt that when Julie came to him with her funny little problem he had failed her. He hadn't done much besides lecture. He hadn't realized fully how little she had seen, how sheltered and protected she had been. He was realizing now, however, how much she had to learn and how difficult those lessons would be. There would be so much to which she could not—be hoped she could not—reconcile herself.

He did not understand, he admitted to himself, her father's wish to have her under the guidance of the Desmonds. He liked Hildreth immensely; he liked Jack. And in a day of unhappy or indifferent or frequently bad marriages, the Desmonds' marriage stood out as a shining example. The Desmonds were "nice young people"! But they were of their world—they took so much for granted, they ignored and accepted so much. How wise would they be in their dealings with Julie?

She would, he supposed, depressed, have to learn to accept things, too. Yet he hated it for her.

But Julie, dressing for Naida's tea, was not at all conscious that her friend had failed her. She had gathered from his grave answers to her questions that—yes, people "did such things," but that he held such things in the same repulsion as herself. There was nothing to do, then, but to accustom herself to these new phases of life while neither agreeing to nor worrying about them. They simply didn't enter into her scheme. Lucy Warren was—Lucy Warren. And Julie was herself.

NAIDA'S lovely little house was filled with pretty girls and handsome women and a considerable sprinkling of good-looking men who didn't have to keep office hours, men under no necessity to maintain offices, men whose work released them early.

Julie had not lost her healthy appetite, and while consuming tea and cake in the afternoon still seemed a harmless form of insanity to her, she enjoyed herself.

While she was sitting with Jordan at a small table in Naida's drawing-room, Lucy Warren sidled up to her in her curious, boneless fashion and, staring at her out of her huge, tired, blue eyes, remarked casually,

"You and Pat certainly gave me a bad moment the other night."

Before Julie could answer, Pat asked, "Why so?" in his lazy voice, screwing his absurd monocle more firmly into place as he spoke.

"Well, I thought you were Doll Hallam, Pat. I've been engaged to Doll for some time," she explained listlessly, "and he has an idea that I must keep all my moments of relaxation for him. You're about the same build as Doll, you know, and it gave me quite a turn. But I wasn't seeing any too clearly."

"I didn't know you and Hallam were engaged," remarked Pat in astonishment.

"Well, it was just one of those things. As a matter of fact, we haven't announced it."

Julie said nothing during this short dialogue. Lucy turned to her now and said, with her own peculiar blankness of tone:

"Drop in and see me sometime. I like the color of your hair," and sidled away as noiselessly and bonelessly as she had come.

Pat laughed under his breath. "You see," he told Julie, "how over-meticulous you were when you wished to fold your tents like the Arabs and silently steal away the other night. It's nothing to Lucy who sees what she's doing, except obviously Doll Hallam. But you must have noticed that, without saying anything definite, she was warning me to please be a good boy and not tell tales out of school. I know Hallam rather well," he concluded.

"I think she's—"

"Oh, don't say it. You haven't learned the vocabulary. She's all that and more. I agree with you perfectly."

Julie was forced to laughter. "How did you know what I was going to say?"

Something New for CHILDREN ...of every age

Schools have changed. Life has changed. Something new had to be done for the children of every age.

Compton did it.

Compton's took all the learning in the world, made it intensely interesting by picture and story and yet kept it in encyclopedic form so that children could get at it. So in Compton's for the first time in all the centuries is the first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that the children and the youth of the world have ever had. It is called COMPTON'S *Pictured Encyclopedia*. By making their work more interesting, Compton's often means better marks in school for children of every age from Kindergarten through High. And these better marks in school give to young people THE HABIT OF SUCCESS which makes for LEADERSHIP in life.

Mail this coupon and see how children are already using Compton's in 40,000 schools and 300,000 homes.

Our Educational Director will send you a complete Pictured Sample Section of Compton's FREE. Also our FREE Questionario Game which measures the general knowledge of any child at any age. And she will tell you how you can have this wonderful Pictured Encyclopedia in your home for your children for as little as $3.50 Down.

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The Incredible Year

"I didn't. But I gathered it wasn't flattering from your expression—your nose tilted and your mouth curly at the corners and your eyes as black as my hat. There's Hallam now!"

"Where?"

He indicated a tall, slim man who had drawn Lucy aside.

Julie looked and exclaimed in disgust, "Why, he's *old!*"

"Not very."

"But she can't be more than twenty!" Julie argued.

"What's a few years between husband and wife?" Pat wanted to know. "Hallam has a great deal of money. And a reputation. Lucy Warren doesn't need the money—she'll divide her father's with that worthless brother of hers—but she wouldn't be likely to marry a poor young man with his way to make. Hallam's a very good match for her. I give her three years," he added critically.

After a moment he asked, smiling, "Well, are you going to drop in to see her?"

"I am not," replied Julie with indignation. "I never want to see her again. And I don't believe she wants to see me."

"Oh, perhaps she does. Give her the benefit of the doubt. She often takes fancies to people, and she's rather remarkable for her loyalty to her friends."

"Who are those girls over there?"

Pat looked over at the two girls, obviously sisters, who were standing in one of the deep windows.

"The Barrett girls—they are handfuls! You'll see something of them this summer. They have a place in Oyster Bay."

Julie said after a moment: "One is pretty—the darker one. The other—the one in the riding habit—is lovely."

They were a good-looking pair, beautifully built and with an athletic set to their shoulders.

JULIE said, a little wistfully: "They look nicer than any of the girls I've seen so far. One reminds me of Jean Amory."

"Amory? The New York Amorys?"

"No, from San Francisco. Jean's in college; she is going to study law. I met her up home."

"I see. Well, the Barrett girls don't answer that description. They are the hardest-riding, hardest-smoking, hardest-dancing, and the best two-handed drinkers of their set."

"I don't believe it," said Julie instantly. "They couldn't do all that and keep fit."

"Oh, but they do. No one knows how they manage it. I'll bring them over and introduce them if you like. They are really entertaining, that couple. By the way, they are twins and are known as the Heavenly Twins, for no good reason. But you must compose your features. They talk the mixed language of the night club and the stables."

"Don't bring them over," begged Julie in a sudden panic. "I—I'd rather not meet them. They wouldn't care about knowing me."

"Oh, you'll encounter them without fail. They'll be all over the place at Oyster Bay. I wouldn't advise any one with less physical strength to try and go their pace, however."

Julie rose suddenly. "It's so hot in here. Couldn't we get away—walk—do something?"

Pat sighed. "What a girl you are! Always, when you're some place, you want to be some place else. All right, come. We'll make our excuses to Naida and we'll tell Hildreth we're off, and then we'll go walk in the Park."

Naida said good-by to them, watched them out the door. She smiled a little. Things were shaping up her way. Pat was interested in this girl from the backwoods. And if Pat were interested, there might come a day when Bruce would lose interest. Well, as she had told her understanding cousin, she could wait.

Walking with Pat, Julie asked him,

"Why didn't Bruce come to Mrs. Trevor's?"

"Hasn't time for frivolities."

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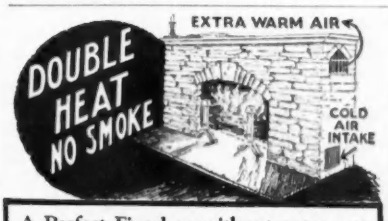

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In using advertisements see page 6

Mr. Coolidge's *own* Story

in which he tells of the Price *in* Heartaches *of being* President

NOW and then a President of the United States has written something which became historical as a human document rather than as a state paper. For instance, Washington's farewell address, Lincoln's letter to a mother. These were the thoughts of great men written in a manner so human that none could fail to feel the heart behind them.

In the April issue of COSMOPOLITAN, Calvin Coolidge begins his account of what his years in the White House meant to him. I believe he has written a human document as fine as those by Washington and Lincoln.

I put especial emphasis on that word "human." You, of course, have heard that Calvin Coolidge was a sphinx. That he had ice-water in his veins. That he never smiled.

Bosh! Calvin Coolidge enjoys a joke as much as you do. He can tell as entertaining a story as you can. He's no hail-fellow-well-met—thank heaven—but he's very human.

We talked about how a man could best handle his job and Mr. Coolidge said something which might be taken to heart by any executive.

I HAD commented on how well he was looking. "I am feeling well," said he, "and the reason is that I am taking care of myself. That doesn't mean taking any particular exercise but using my energy in the manner which will make it most effective.

"Whenever a problem comes before me the first thing I say to myself is, 'Isn't there someone who can do that as well as I can?' and you would be surprised how often I find someone else can do it better. That saves me for the problems which only I can decide."

We talked about fishing and shooting, the sort of boots that do not slip on wet rocks, the sort of breeches that barbed wire does not tear, the sort of dispositions that make good camp companions.

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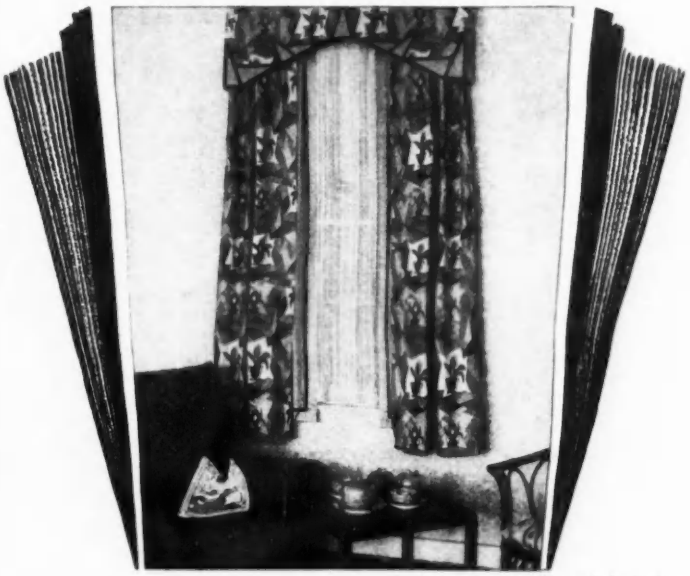

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"Cretonne Solves the Problem" tells how to make your home attractive—25 cents.

The Incredible Year

"He has time for me!" remarked Julie with candid pride.

"Well, you don't come under the head of frivolities, do you?" asked Pat quickly. "And besides, Bruce has never taken kindly to tea-parties. He's always been a sober stick."

"He's not a stick!" contradicted Julie instantly and furiously.

Pat chuckled and shook his head. "Julie, I wish I could think I had as warm a champion in you as Stepney has! Suppose I tell you he didn't come to the tea because he was afraid? That, in my opinion, is the real reason."

"Afraid?" asked Julie, bewildered.

"Of Naida," Pat explained carelessly. "He was, as I told you, very much in love with her. Speculations as to his present state differ, but mine is that he is still in love with her and clever enough to try and keep away."

Julie said, "I see—" in a small voice.

But she didn't see. She didn't because without warning the hot tears rose to her eyes. She forced them back, forced herself to finish out her walk with Pat, to go home with him in a taxi. She was going to the theatre that night with another party. Pat would be there—but not Bruce.

She had known since her first meeting with Bruce that unhappy story of his engagement to and jilting by Naida. And she had disliked Naida instinctively for her treatment of the man, her lack of sportsmanship. She had disliked her because of her actions—not because of the man himself—upon that very first evening.

But now?

She was lying on her bed, resting, while Helma moved about the room putting out the things she would presently wear. The water was running in the tub, and the scent of the bath crystals came through the open doorway.

"The women set the standard." But Naida had lowered it. He couldn't possibly have gone on loving her. He must despise her. Of course, he despised her and all she stood for. Was it possible, poor Julie asked herself, to love a woman and yet despise her at one and the same time?

It wasn't possible for a woman to hold a man in contempt and love him—thought Julie erroneously. To love a man, you must have pride in him—you must believe in him, trust him—trust his wisdom and his integrity. You must see eye to eye with him. He must be your good comrade. You must want to be with him always and with no one else. Your heart must turn over in your breast at the sound of his voice, at the look in his eyes, at the touch of his hand. You must love everything about him—the way he walks, the way he smiles at you, the way—

SHE flushed and, turning over, laid her hot face on the cool linen of the pillows. To love a man was to feel as she did about Bruce Stepney: that a garden was a desert without him, that a tavern downtown was heaven if he were sitting opposite at the little table, that there was no moment of her waking when he was not somehow and somewhere in her thoughts.

But Pat had said that Bruce loved Naida.

He couldn't love Naida. She was not his sort. She was a treacherous, soft woman. She would not companion him, she would never comfort him, she would not worship him.

Julie sighed deeply. Her slender body in its wrapping of sheer silk relaxed. She put her hand to her cheek and shut her eyes. In that moment she was entirely happy. She forgot Pat and his light, stabbing words—she forgot everything save the realization that she loved . . . that her heart was no longer lonely . . . that she had found some one, not to fill Dad's forever empty place in her life, but to take his own place ordained from the beginning of time.

When Helma came to tell her that her bath was ready, she found her sleeping as deeply as a child, and smiling in her sleep, out of her happy dreams.

(To be continued)

THERE never was a man who took himself less seriously; but there never was a man who took his position more seriously. I don't think it ever occurred to Calvin Coolidge to consider himself a great man, but he considers the office of President of the United States the greatest office in the world.

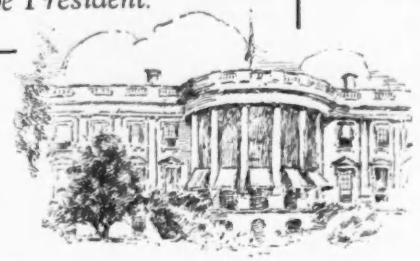
Those who thought they were smart in calling him a sphinx seemed to resent the reserve of their President. That never worried him. He believed the words of the President are important; that they should be chosen carefully and used sparingly. But Calvin Coolidge the man—that's a different matter.

Let me illustrate. Mr. Coolidge invited me to luncheon at the White House. A Cabinet officer, a business man, a friend of Mrs. Coolidge, and one or two others were guests. We were ushered in with impressive formality. The conversation at luncheon was formal.

After luncheon the President and I went up to the library. For an hour we chatted about things which interested us as men and which had nothing to do with politics, statecraft, or journalism.

Mr. Coolidge Explains for the First Time

IN April COSMOPOLITAN begins Mr Coolidge's account of his years as President. He tells you the human reasons why he did not choose to run in 1928. They are reasons which will touch the heart of every American; reasons which will make you understand when he says, "It costs a lot to be President."



And then we went downstairs where the President was to receive callers on official business. Gone was the fisherman. Gone the story-teller. His callers met the President of the United States. I had chatted with Calvin Coolidge.

AS I walked down the path from the White House I said to myself, "I am proud to be a citizen of a country which not only produces a man like that but which has sense enough to put him where he can do for his country what that man has done for this country."

That is the man whose story COSMOPOLITAN has the honor to publish, and in its pages he will talk to you as to a friend.

I may exceed my province as a prophet when I say that I believe these words by Mr. Coolidge will become historical, but I am within my province as an editor when I say that his is the most warmly human document it ever has been my good fortune to publish.

RAY LONG, *Editor of* COSMOPOLITAN

Begin Mr. Coolidge's Story, ON ENTERING AND LEAVING THE PRESIDENCY, in April COSMOPOLITAN, now on Sale . . .
Tell your news-dealer to reserve for you May COSMOPOLITAN, in which the intimate Story of the Presidency continues
(Advertisement)

Health and Happiness Club

(*Continued from page 102*)

baby suddenly. The room should be cool with the window open and the air in circulation. Effort should be made to clothe the child, rather than to smother him within heavy bedclothes. The use of either a large sleeping bag or a sweater over the night drawers, with knitted leggings or panties if needed, gives a child a chance to kick without getting cold.

He should be taught to empty the urinary bladder completely before being put to bed. In addition, he should have a "dry supper" (which means giving no fluids after four p.m. and no liquid at supper), and there will be less need to arouse him at ten p. m.

Children sleep more soundly after having been outdoors for long hours. Some sleep better in the mountains rather than at the ocean level. Exposure of the body to sunshine often acts as a wonderfully relaxing sleep producer.

There are many causes of disturbed sleep. Anything which breaks up an established routine may start wakefulness or put the child in the attitude of not wanting to sleep, such as variations in the time of the bed hour, keeping the child up to meet guests or to show him off, or romping with him at bedtime. We often allow our sympathies to be aroused by repeated calls for "drinks of water," or "wanting mother to sit by me," and thus play into the child's hands. All the necessary things should be done quietly and with order, then bedtime comes, and into bed the child goes! Expect him to go to sleep, but do not stand around to watch him do it!

Things to Avoid

Profound fatigue, over-excitement, overstimulation, indigestible food for supper, and constipation are all unfavorable to sleep. Fear, worry, or concentration of the mind upon any topic will actually prevent it. So we tell no scarey stories, and we avoid, as adults, any excitable arguments in the presence of the child. A bath at night quiets some children and excites others. Strain of any kind affects sleep. No child will sleep through the night if he is hungry. We hear so much about "light suppers" now that I fear that many children go to bed actually hungry. Give a child all he wants of the right sort of food, such as milk, cereals or eggs, green vegetables, toast and fruit. And be sure the bowels have moved freely during the day.

Children are restless during sleep if their breathing apparatus is not clear, if there is any nasal obstruction or dryness, or if adenoids are present. Or if the room is hot and they are so warmly dressed that they perspire.

The attitude of mind is important. This is easily demonstrated if a child who has given up naps at home (much to the despair of his mother) enters a nursery school. After a short time he responds to suggestion and takes his nap with the other children, because he has found it is the expected and the accepted thing to do as a member of the group.

Discuss habits of sleep as little as possible in the child's presence. Do not concentrate upon slight irregularities, nor let yourself become disturbed so visibly that the child will recognize it. Do your own thinking and planning about the habits of sleep of the children, then direct all the forces toward sleep, but without allowing the child's mind to focus upon it as a difficulty. Concentration on trying to go to sleep never gets one there! A healthy outdoor life with big muscle activity, and when hungry plenty of simple food, and no strain, tenseness, jealousies, or worries in the family are the surest foundation upon which to build good sleep habits.

Josephine Hemenway

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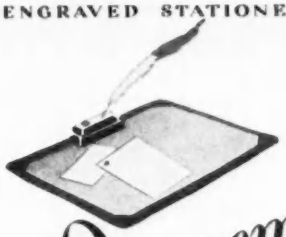

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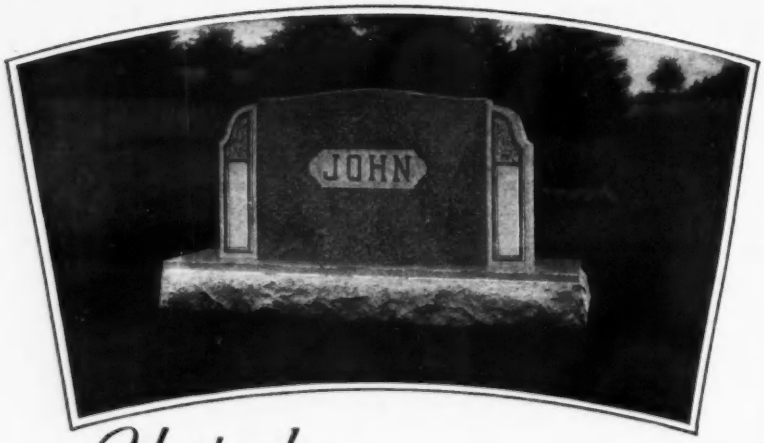

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The Enchanted Kingdom

(*Continued from page 27*)

shyer woods-dwellers was doomed to disappointment. Yet something told me to keep on and to move slowly and noiselessly; and somehow the sense of expectancy, of impending adventure, grew not weaker but stronger, as I stole along the edge of the myrtles, moving toward the end of the thicket so that I could look past it into the little glade beyond.

Then suddenly, from that vague, lingering hope of something big and dramatic like a noble whitetail stag, perhaps, or a fierce, amber-eyed lynx, I descended to very small things; and yet the sight that I saw was so beautiful and so unexpected that I would not have exchanged it for the most impressive spectacle which those wild and lonely woods might have afforded.

In the center of the sunlit glade, walking quickly about over the smooth carpet of pine straw, were two tiny beings which in that first instant of delighted surprise seemed more like fairies than like birds. Indeed for a brief interval they *were* fairies to me—as exquisite and mysterious as those imaginary denizens of the wild wood which exist only as long as childhood lasts and then die and fade to ashes like so many other lovely and illusive things that only children know. For me, in that moment, the fairies of childhood had come to life again; for not only were these two little inhabitants of the pine wood glade as small and delicate as fairies; there was actually in them some quality of inner loveliness which had nothing to do with flesh and blood, some sweet loveliness of the spirit which seemed to shine through them and to spread around them an aura of gentleness and goodness.

They were ground doves or sparrow doves, to translate the Latin name which the scientists have given them. They resembled the common or mourning dove in form, though their tails were proportionately shorter. But they were scarcely larger than sparrows, being only about six and a half inches long, and, in spite of their shorter tails, they were far more beautiful than the common dove, having the beauty of delicately tinted sea shells or flower petals or of pale cloud tinged with the sunrise—a luminous, exquisite loveliness of color and tone, soft silvery gray and iridescent shell pink, rare in the bird world. Seen in that circle of brilliant light, with the misty, lilac-tinted dimness of the temple-like pine wood all round them, the delicate beauty of their coloring entranced and captivated the eye; but even more striking was that quality of inner loveliness, as I have called it, that impression of mildness and gentleness which nearly all the members of the dove family impart, but which is more noticeable in the ground dove than in any other species.

THEY were birds little known to me at that time, and I watched them with a measureless delight in their ethereal coloring, their quick, pretty movements, and, most of all, the gentleness and sweetness which seemed to radiate from them. Some years before, a great blizzard had thinned the numbers of the ground doves in all that region so that the bird had become rare. I had seen it on only a few occasions; and seeing it now for the first time under favorable conditions and in a suitable setting, the experience was a revelation of the discoveries which I had yet to make in the world of birds and of the pleasure which those discoveries might bring.

Perhaps it was the mood which had possessed me all that day, or perhaps it was an effect of the peculiarly fairy-like aspect and personality of those two tiny feathered beings moving about with quick, light steps in the sunny glade before me. At any rate, as I stood watching them, a thought came back into my mind again, a thought or fantasy which had lain dormant for weeks because for a long time nothing had happened to awaken it—the thought that behind the world of the woods which I already knew there was another world of the woods, an enchanted world, real and yet almost mythical,

The Enchanted Kingdom

inhabited by rare, beautiful living things unknown or almost unknown to me, and all the more beautiful and desirable because of the glamour of mystery that surrounded them.

I have called this thought or idea a "fantasy," but that is not quite the proper word. For all lovers of the woods this enchanted world must exist; and always, when we walk in the woods or in any wild solitary place, we are hoping, unconsciously perhaps, for a glimpse beyond its magic portals. For me its enchantment lies mainly in the living things that inhabit it, especially the birds—birds which, because of their exceeding beauty or because of their strangeness or rarity, are possessed of a peculiar lure and fascination.

I REMEMBER, as though it had happened only yesterday, my first glimpse of this enchanted kingdom. In early boyhood birds meant little to me. I knew them only as the hunter knows the game that he hunts, and I was interested only in the larger kinds which were worth going after with slingshot or air gun, or in the species which gathered in great flocks, like the cedar waxwings in winter, and which afforded especially easy targets as they swarmed, prehaps several hundred in one flock, in the leafless trees. One spring day, in the course of one of my bird-hunting expeditions, I saw a bird in a dense magnolia tree. Perhaps in the dark shadows of the magnolia's evergreen foliage the bird appeared somewhat larger than it actually was. At any rate, it seemed large enough to be worthy of a place in my gamebag —I had no gamebag, as a matter of fact, but stuffed my luckless victims into my pockets—and I took aim and brought the bird down.

A few moments later I was holding in my hand a bird more beautiful than any bird that I had ever seen before, a bird of such gorgeous coloring that I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes. Its head and neck were of a rich, lustrous indigo blue; its back was bright golden-green, shimmering and glinting like metal in the sun; its breast and entire under-parts were of an intense vermilion red. So brilliant were these colors and so sharply contrasted that the bird appeared to be painted —as though some skilful artist had spread upon its plumage the richest and most vivid pigments at his command; and yet there was nothing artificial in the effect produced but, on the contrary, a perfection of lustrous and resplendent loveliness as natural as the loveliness of a flower.

My prize was a male nonpareil or painted bunting, a first cousin of the familiar indigo bunting which breeds throughout most of the eastern United States; but as I stood there holding it in my hand and gazing at it in incredulous amazement, I did not know what it was and could scarcely bring myself to realize that a bird of such tropical magnificence inhabited my own countryside.

I had undoubtedly seen hundreds of nonpareils, for the species is abundant in the region where I live; but because these birds are small, considerably smaller than English sparrows for instance, they had never interested me, and I had never bothered to look twice at those which I saw on my bird-hunting trips. Hence, for all practical purposes, the nonpareil which I shot that day in the big magnolia was the first that I had ever beheld in my life; and when I had picked it up and looked at it lying there in my hand, its astounding exotic beauty burst upon me as an utterly new experience, and I had my first glimpse of that enchanted kingdom of the woods which lies behind and beyond the familiar woodland world of every-day acquaintance.

It is, in sober truth, an enchanted kingdom; and although its confines may change as one's knowledge grows, it will always be there to beckon and lure us on. It is the dream-world of the woods, but it is a dream-world where many dreams come true. It is the fairyland of the woods-lover's dearest imaginings, but it is a fairyland where the fairies are living,

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FAMOUS FOR THEIR NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

The Enchanted Kingdom

breathing beings, to be seen and known some day if only we will search for them long enough with eyes that can really see.

That poor murdered nonpareil revealed to me, even as a boy, the presence of this enchanted realm at my very door. It opened my eyes to the fact that in my own woods and fields were beautiful beings whose existence I had never imagined, and it awakened in me a new interest in birds and all wild creatures so that I began to regard them as something more than game to be hunted and killed. Many of the more common birds and mammals I already knew, but now I began to discover to my astonishment and joy how many there were that I did not know at all.

I read about them in books, and I studied with an intense and wholly indescribable delight the beautiful colored plates of Alexander Wilson and Audubon. Thus their names and appearance became familiar to me, and I found some of them on my trips into the country and soon came to know them fairly well. But there were others which for months or even for years I could not find; and these assumed the character of legendary beings, doubly fascinating because of their mystery—beings so rare and so elusive that often I thought of them as mythical rather than real, and scarcely dared hope that some day I might see them.

THESE were—and some of them still are—the inhabitants of my enchanted kingdom of the woods. Around them in my mind that enchanted kingdom took form; they made it and gave it glamour and beauty—the vivid colors of their shimmering wings, the wildness of their wild hearts, the mystery of their own mysterious elusiveness. I learned, as time went on, that many of them were not rare after all, that I could find them easily and frequently if I looked in the right places. Yet somehow the glamour of those early days still clung to them, so that, even after I had seen them many times, they kept their place in my thoughts as inhabitants of my enchanted kingdom and retained, some of them to this day, that mystical charm which invested them in boyhood.

This is true of the ground dove, that diminutive and fairylike cousin of the common dove; it is true of the nonpareil, the indigo bunting's resplendent kinsman, the most gorgeously colored and certainly one of the most beautiful of all American birds; and it is true of many others which in those days were legendary beings, but which I now know to be creatures of flesh and blood. In nearly every group or family of birds there are one or two species which are rarer than the others. Often these rarer kinds are the most beautiful and interesting members of the group, and it was only natural that among these many of the inhabitants of my enchanted kingdom were included.

Thus in the family of the herons, one of the most interesting of all bird families, the yellow-crowned night heron had, and still has, a place apart, for I knew all the other species well before I saw my first yellow-crown; and among the shore birds the tall, handsome oystercatcher, with its long, knifelike, bright-red bill, remained for years a creature of myth and fancy, to be read about in books but never to be seen in the flesh. Even more unreal and therefore more alluring was that fantastic denizen of the deep swamps, the snakebird or anhinga. I must have spent hours, all told, gloating over pictures of that strange fowl which seems to combine the characters of the wild turkey, the cormorant, and the water snake, and which recalls more vividly than any other living creature the grotesque, reptile-like birds of prehistoric days.

I remember, too, how I pored over pictures of the turnstone—pictures which showed a beautifully variegated bird, red-buff and black and pure white; and those pictures filled me not only with longing to behold so handsome a creature but also with a vague disquiet because I saw occasionally birds which I took to be turnstones, but which were far less striking

The Enchanted Kingdom

than the turnstones pictured in the books. Then one memorable afternoon in May, beside a wide blue river, when the sun was just sinking behind the hazy woods on the other shore, I saw four birds standing on a shelly bank at the water's edge in company with many small sandpipers and plovers. My heart gave a leap, for I recognized them at once—they were the beautiful variegated turnstones of the books, the turnstones which the bird-painters had painted.

The puzzle was soon solved. The other turnstones which I had seen were all in winter plumage. These four were decked in the lovely nuptial plumage of spring, rich rufous and snowy white and glossy black; and as they stood motionless among the white shells at the edge of the bright blue water, their colors shining in the late light and the sunset sky behind them aglow with rose-pink and burnished gold, I offered my apologies to the bird-painters whom I had accused in my thoughts of making the turnstone a more beautiful creature than it really was.

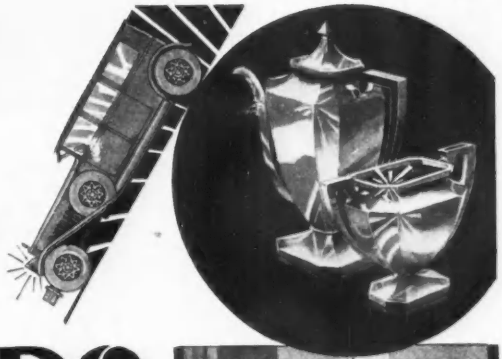
All these are still dwellers in my enchanted kingdom, birds around which a glamour of mystery was thrown long ago, a charm which has survived the fuller knowledge of later years. And there are many others, so many that I could not name all of them here.

The rose-breasted grosbeak is one of them, and the Baltimore oriole, the red-cockaded woodpecker and the red-breasted nuthatch, the gray kingbird and the crossbill, the blue grosbeak and the scarlet tanager, the whistling swan and the raven, the roseate spoonbill and the sandhill crane, the black-necked stilt, the marbled godwit and the avocet with its long, upcurved bill, the stately wild turkey, the graceful swallow-tailed kite, the gyrfalcons, both white and black, and the great rough-legged hawk. Some of these, though common in other parts of the country, are rare or unknown in my region; others are fairly familiar to me now, but still keep the charm that was theirs when I knew them only as fascinating names.

Nearly all those little fairies of the bird world, which are known to naturalists as wood warblers and more than fifty species of which are found in the United States, held for me in those early days a magical allurement. They were, with few exceptions, birds utterly unknown to me then, and their very names thrilled me strangely, while the color-plates of wood warblers which I found in certain books filled me with an almost passionate delight.

IT WAS amazing to me to realize that in my own woods these bright-hued, exquisite beings might be found. Rather they seemed to belong to some half-fabulous region of the tropics where, in the heat of never-ending summer, fecund Nature runs riot in voluptuous loveliness, and life in innumerable vivid hues flashes and flames amid the lustrous trees. More than any other group of birds, the wood warblers made my enchanted kingdom of the woods a realm of beauty as well as mystery—a country where I could find, in numberless graceful shapes of life, colors as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, patterns as delicate as those of the most delicate flowers.

Day after day I went seeking them, and one by one I found them: parula warbler and black-throated blue warbler, hooded warbler and yellow-throat, redstart and black-poll, black-throated green and ovenbird, pine warbler and palm warbler—tiny dwellers in the tree-tops or in the shadowy secret places of the woods, bright, joyous, fairy-like beings, quick and buoyant and everlastingly happy, living their little lives as we might long to live ours, careless of the future and the past; and there are others that I have not yet found and perhaps shall never find, and these too, of course, are denizens of that enchanted kingdom which lies somewhere behind and beyond the woods and fields that I know, and yet includes within its hazy boundaries those same familiar woods and



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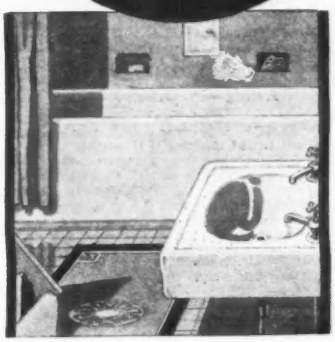

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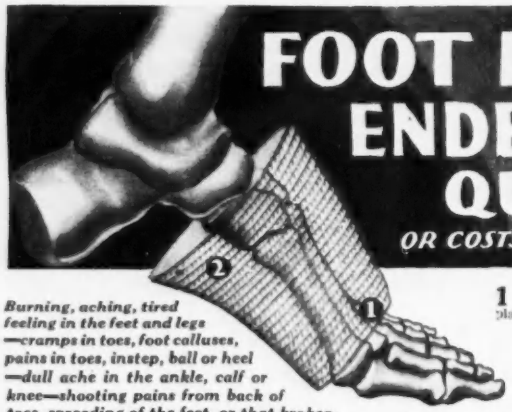

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The Enchanted Kingdom

fields and even the grass plot below my study window.

For you can not trace upon any map the frontiers of your enchanted kingdom. It is remote and yet near at hand; you were far from it five seconds ago—oh, ten thousand miles away—yet now, in the twinkling of an eye, you are in its very heart. One day in early June I was paddling with two companions on a certain secluded lagoon hidden deep in the woods. On either side of us the smooth trunks of tall cypresses towered upward from the still, dark water, and over our heads was a roof of cypress foliage almost shutting out the sun. Except the narrow water lane which we were following, the whole lagoon was densely forested with cypresses, the trees standing so close together in the water that even our little punt could not have found another passage among them; and somehow that day (although I had always loved the cypress lagoons) the dimness and silence of that shadowed, moss-curtained place, where no bird moved and no bird voice was heard, began to oppress me and weigh upon my spirits, so that I longed to be back again in the more open sunlit woodlands through which we had passed on our way to the lagoon.

WE PADDLED on along the narrow water lane, while my feeling of oppression grew, hearing no sound of any live thing and seeing no sign of life; and suddenly, in the very heart of that dark, watery wilderness of trees, we came out into a small, sunny, open lake, beautiful beyond description—a lake which was an almost unbelievable paradise of birds.

I had visited the spot before, and I should have been prepared for that moment. Yet in an instant I was in another world, a dream-world of the woods where I had wandered often as a boy; and I was in one of the richest and most wonderful provinces of that dream-world, a province peopled by marvelous beings which were among the most alluring inhabitants of my enchanted kingdom.

As our punt emerged from the water lane into the open lake, I saw them—scores of white ibises, their immaculate bodies shining like snow against the green background of the feathery-foliaged cypresses fringing the lake; and in another moment all the air above the tree-tops was alive with the big white birds as the whole host of them took wing, alarmed at our approach. Back and forth they swept in strong, swift flight above us, and with them many herons of several kinds, Louisiana herons, little blues, black-crowned night herons, and great egrets, while far above this aerial whirlpool of feathered life, a long-necked anhinga circled serenely in the still air, and four great wood ibises, larger and statelier birds in flight than the white ibises whose sanctuary we had invaded, sailed slowly across the pale blue sky.

Now, all this was not a new spectacle to me. I had visited upon other occasions this white ibis rookery, which had been discovered some years before by one of my companions, Arthur T. Wayne, a veteran naturalist, and I had spent many hours in heron rookeries where the birds were even more numerous. But never before, in this spot or in others like it, had I been more sharply aware of that old enchantment which was not wholly a product of the spectacle before me, but had its real origin far back in those earlier days when I had dreamed of just such a sight as this and yet had never dared hope to see so marvelous a thing.

This that I was now witnessing had been part of my enchanted kingdom, my dream-world of the woods. In fancy I had seen it many times before, years and years earlier, when I knew the white ibis only as a strange and beautiful color plate in a book—a snow-white bird, somewhat heron-like in form, with long red legs and an amazingly long curved bill of a brilliant carmine or orange-red hue. Long after I had become familiar with that other tall, fantastic denizen of the swamps, the wood ibis (which is not really an ibis at all but a stork), the smaller but more brightly colored white ibis remained

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Send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City.

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The Enchanted Kingdom

for me a bird wholly unknown. I heard vaguely of great rookeries where the bird bred in vast numbers, of wet savannahs white with the snowy flocks. But these places, though not far distant, seemed to me then as inaccessible as the poles, and to my own woods and marshes the white ibis never came and probably never would come. It was too strange, too tropical a creature—this bird which was like a great milk-white curlew and which was equipped with that long, extraordinary sickle-bill of vivid hue. It seemed impossible that I should ever actually see in the flesh this marvelous exotic being, and thus there was spread around the white ibis an aura of mystery, and it took its place in my mind among those others which inhabited my enchanted kingdom and seemed to me legendary rather than real.

So, over all that day, in that hidden paradise of birds which was the white ibises' home, the glamour of an old enchantment was spread. Again my dream-world of the woods had come true; I was there in the heart of it, in the midst of its wildness and mystery; I was living in fact those scenes which I had lived in fancy long before. I had passed in an instant through the portals of my enchanted kingdom, or, rather, my enchanted kingdom had come to me, made tangible and visible as though at the touch of a magic wand.

I drank deep of its beauty that day. All around the rim of the little lake the ibises had their nests—we counted ten nests in one small cypress not over fifteen feet high—most of them containing three greenish eggs marked with dark brown spots and blotches; and when their first fright had passed, many of the birds returned to their nesting trees, to stand poised and alert in the feathery cypress tops, while others still swept round and round above us among the herons, whose nests, containing many young birds in all stages of growth, were scattered here and there among the trees. The ibises, swifter and more vigorous in flight than the herons, were an impressive spectacle in the air, where their black wing-tips contrasted sharply with their white bodies, and their long necks and long curved bills gave them a strikingly fantastic appearance; but, to my mind, they were seen to even better advantage when they perched in the cypresses around the margins of the lake, watching us anxiously, craning their necks this way and that. At such times their black wing-tips were entirely concealed, so that their plumage appeared wholly white. Against the dark green frondage behind them their spotless bodies shone with a dazzling brilliancy like that of polished marble, while their orange-red or carmine bills and legs fairly blazed in the bright sun.

ONE might spend days or weeks in a bird-city like this one and still have much to learn about the daily life of its inhabitants. This is not the time or place for a detailed study of that kind. I brought away from the ibis city something better than my penciled notes—bright memories, vivid mind-pictures too strange and beautiful to fade. Most vivid of all was one.

We had found near the edge of the lake a nest of the prothonotary warbler. It was an extraordinarily interesting nest because it was not placed in a hole in a dead tree or stub like all other prothonotary nests, but was situated, instead, in a small pocket or recess in a mass of dry, dead duckweed clinging to the stem of a buttonwood bush eight inches above the surface of the water. It contained four nestlings, not long hatched, and, sitting motionless in our punt at a distance of ten feet, we watched the parent birds feeding the young. It was the male's turn, and he had come with a tidbit for the hungry little ones; but instead of flying straight to the nest, he perched on a cypress twig some distance from it and above it and stood there for some minutes singing sweetly in spite of the fact that all the while he held a tiny greenish larva in his bill.

Now the prothonotary warbler is in most

The Enchanted Kingdom

regions one of the rarest of the wood warblers, and the male prothonotary in full nuptial plumage is perhaps the most beautiful of all that beautiful race of birds; and as this one stood singing there before us, seven white ibises and, a moment later, three black-crowned night herons dropped down from the air to a small cypress standing a little way out in the lake, so that, looking through an opening in the foliage in front of me, I could see all these birds at the same time.

They made a picture at once beautiful and fantastic—the tiny warbler, all glowing gold and delicate blue-gray, his head and breast aflame in the bright sun; beyond him the ibises marble-white against the cypress foliage, their sickle bills as red as though they had been dipped in blood; and with the ibises the three night herons, ash-gray and glossy black, grotesque and eerily solemn, true children of the dim, mysterious swamps. Watching them through the leafy opening in front of me, with the bright-blue, wind-ruffled water under them and the dark, unbroken wall of forest beyond, I knew that I was gazing once more into the secret heart of that enchanted kingdom, that dream-world of the woods, where, now and again—and let us thank Heaven for it—some beautiful dream comes true.

Places

(*Continued from page 33*)

The road between Marblehead and Gloucester leads through the suavest suburban country in the world—woods, lawns, and the smiling sea. Here, on beautifully manicured estates, live feudal Bostonians.

Gloucester is different. It is full of smells—nice, fishy smells that tell of high adventure off the Grand Banks—harbor waters crowded with ships—harbor docks littered with nets—harbor rocks alive with artists—the most artistic fishing center and the most fishy art center in New England.

Paul Revere's fame as an equestrian has so overshadowed his other achievements that few schoolboys—outside of Boston, of course!—realize that he was also an artist, an engraver, an ironmonger, a coppersmith, a Grand Master of a Masonic Lodge, and a dentist. Of his skill in the latter capacity he left an eloquent record in the following advertisement:

"Whereas, many Persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident, and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but speaking both in Public and Private:—This is to inform all such, that they may have them replaced with artificial Ones, that looks as well as the Natural, and answers the End of Speaking to all Intents, by Paul Revere."

It was this versatile business man who furnished the copper and brass for the frigate *Constitution*, which still lies at her pier in Charlestown Navy Yard, and who first popularized Concord and Lexington as historic and literary suburbs. The latter is just a beautiful New England town immortalized by happenings of which there is now little trace, but—

Concord is unforgettable: Hawthorne's "Wayside," Louisa Alcott's "Orchard House" with its memories of Beth and Amy and Meg and Jo, Emerson's fine colonial mansion which still stands nobly in the town, the modest graveyard where lie the Alcotts and Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau, and the town itself:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

There is no place like New England: no place where the grass is so green, the trees so tall, the roads so smooth, or the water so cold. There is no place where the birds sing so gaily, where the breezes blow so sharply, where the

Some of the things our friends write us

"I am never without 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. I find it good for internal as well as external use."

•

"When there are children the unexpected always happens, but we always have two jars of 'Vaseline' Jelly handy in the medicine cabinet."

•

"We use 'Vaseline' Jelly regularly. It is the only thing to heal a sore or cut. Our doctor suggested it."

★

"VASELINE" Petroleum Jelly is the tried and true first-aid remedy in almost every family. Mothers cannot say enough in praise of it. They turn to this one simple product in all kinds of emergencies. Many letters like those above come to us from all parts of the world.

Doctors themselves use and recommend it for cuts, wounds, sores, blisters, bruises, burns and scalds. So absolutely pure and safe it can be used internally as well as externally. An excellent relief for head colds, tickling coughs and hoarseness. An effective internal lubricant, too.

Keep a jar handy in the bathroom cabinet where you can reach for it at a moment's notice in case of accidents and ailments.

Here are first-aid directions for common mishaps that occur in every family.

Minor Cuts — Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

Burns and Scalds—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Bumps and Bruises—Apply cold compresses immediately, then dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

Remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd.

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PETROLEUM JELLY

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

In using advertisements see page 6

No woman
can afford to risk body odor

IMAGINE, if you can, a woman actually *knowing* that she is subject to perspiration odor—and yet doing nothing about it! But only too often one doesn't know. The unfortunate truth of the matter is that we become so accustomed to our own particular bodily odor *that we are seldom conscious of it ourselves.*

The scientific fact is that *everyone* perspires continually and that all perspiration has an unpleasant odor. The odor *does* exist, and other people about us do not fail to notice it. That is why women of refinement safeguard their feminine daintiness from even a trace of perspiration odor.

There is one sure, positive and easy way to do it. "Mum" is the word! "Mum" is a delicate snow-white cream—dainty and easy to use—that absolutely and lastingly prevents every trace of perspiration odor, as it *occurs*. "Mum" does not check perspiration itself—it simply prevents the *odor*. "Mum" is antiseptic and soothing, and entirely harmless to clothing.

Apply "Mum" in a few seconds, as you dress. Then for all day and evening you are *free* — as dainty and fresh as when you step from the morning bath.

You will find "Mum" in convenient 35c and 60c jars at your drug or department store.

And for the Sanitary Pad

"Mum" has been used for over 25 years by the most fastidious women in the better circles of American and European life. Doctors and trained nurses in every land urge its use, not only for perspiration odor, but also with the sanitary pad, because of its absolute safety and effectiveness.

Mum Mfg. Co., Inc.
80 Varick St., New York

"Mum" is the word!

Places

fish fight so gamely. There is no place where the strawberries are so red or the fish-balls so brown.

But Boston and its suburbs are not the whole of New England. Connecticut shores have a seductive, lorelei-ish lure which is not at all Bostonese. Rhode Island boasts—but not so loudly as she should—of many a softly beautiful seaside town besides Newport, its frostbitten Palm Beach. In the summer time New Hampshire is the most used state in the Union; and it should be, for it has lakes of gentle charm and rugged beauty, a mountain range which has everything except oppressive height, and a brief but crowded sea. Maine has the coast-line: as the crow flies, two hundred and twelve miles of it; but as the fish swims, following each bay and indentation, two thousand five hundred miles—almost one-half of our whole Atlantic shore. Maine has other tourist vastnesses: thirteen hundred wooded islands and thirty thousand square miles of unspoiled mountains and lakes. Vermont has nearly everything that Maine has and New Hampshire, too; and she has one thing which neither of them has: the view from the first tee of the Equinox course at Manchester!

I wouldn't dare mention one of those states without mentioning all. Places are sensitive as well as people. Once, in a stray magazine story, I spoke of Seattle as a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants. Whereupon at least that many infuriated citizens wrote in to the editor to say that I had better provide myself with a long and thick beard and a pair of smoked glasses if I ever expected to be allowed again within the city gates. It seems that I should have said four hundred thousand, or possibly five.

Anyway this Northwestern metropolis of six—or shall we say seven?—hundred thousand people is well worth visiting even in disguise. Above its roofs, even above the tower of the typewriter company's big skyscraper, rises Mount Rainier, whose giant glaciers exceed in size the entire glacial area of the Swiss Alps. Rainier is a mighty peak, a snow-crowned, flower-wreathed giant, but it is no more impressive than—

Seattle, itself. A youthful, broad-shouldered, robustious town. A big, prosperous, sophisticated metropolis. Seattle: its stirring business thoroughfares, its suave residential parkways, its youthful strength, its fresh-won victories, its God-given harbor, its man-made canals, its piers, its locks, its university-crowned heights.

And Suzallo! Henry Suzallo is the son of an Italian immigrant, and he has made Northwestern history on the campus above the town.

"Why a medical school?" asked Suzallo when he was president of the University. "We have enough doctors. What we need is fish."

So he put in a School of Fisheries—and the State of Washington prospered accordingly.

College Presidents

Suzallo, though born in California and adopted for a good part of his maturity by the sophisticated East, is as typical of the Northwest as Seattle is. In fact, a good way to see the country—better, even, than taking a sightseeing bus—is to call on college presidents. I have called on some good ones:

A. Lawrence Lowell, one of those Lowells who speak only to God and the Overseers of Harvard University. A good instructor in the principles of government. An able executor of those principles. I wish he had been born in Chicago—for his sake and Chicago's.

Seth Low, president of Columbia, mayor of New York City, conservative in pedagogy, reformer in politics, a heavy, physically stodgy man who should never have left the campus for the cart-tail.

Nicholas Murray Butler, fat like his predecessor and likewise politically inclined; progressive in educational matters, moss-back politically; thinks of himself as a personage—and *is* one!

Woodrow Wilson. America's trump card in

a game we didn't know how to play. In manner the most polite man I ever met. In action, the most impolitic. He had the world at his feet—and stepped on it.

Arthur Twining Hadley, who tried both Yale and the New York and New Haven Railroad, and made a success of both—a thin, bewhiskered, nasal man, who isn't afraid to say what he thinks, and who thinks some extraordinary things.

Ray Lyman Wilbur of Leland Stanford. Looks like his brother, the naval secretary, but has better luck. Last time I saw him, he was standing like a tall tree—the Palo Alto for which the college town was named—in the middle of his ten-thousand-acre campus.

Charles W. Eliot. A lonely man, who loved his fellows. An artistocrat, who inspired democracy. A theorist who practised common sense. Great on long walks in the twilight.

Jacob Gould Schurman, thirty years president of Cornell, now ambassador to Germany. One of these men who knows things. And I found out how he learns them. I went with him, so long as my strength lasted, through the hundred buildings of the Leipzig Fair—

I never saw such a man. He is seventy-four years old. But he ran up every stairway; poked his nose into every cubbyhole; bowed his white head over every microscope; went to luncheons, dinners, concerts, receptions; shook hands, posed for pictures, made speeches; and had the time of his life. The burly Leipzigers were puffing behind him. But at midnight, when I turned in, the Ambassador was still going strong. And the next morning he was waiting for me in the hotel lobby to catch the early-morning train for Berlin!

Most big men have big curiosities. I went to see J. P. Morgan once to discuss Japan—and he questioned me for three hours about the movies. Many years later, I called on Joseph Caillaux, when he was Minister of Finance, to find out what he intended to do about settling the debts. I had a half-hour appointment. And we talked for two days—not about the French debts, but about the American "man in the street."

Cities of the Northwest

But to get back to the great Northwest: Seattle is the largest of the Northwestern cities—I am in no danger of forgetting that!—but it is by no means the only worth-while one.

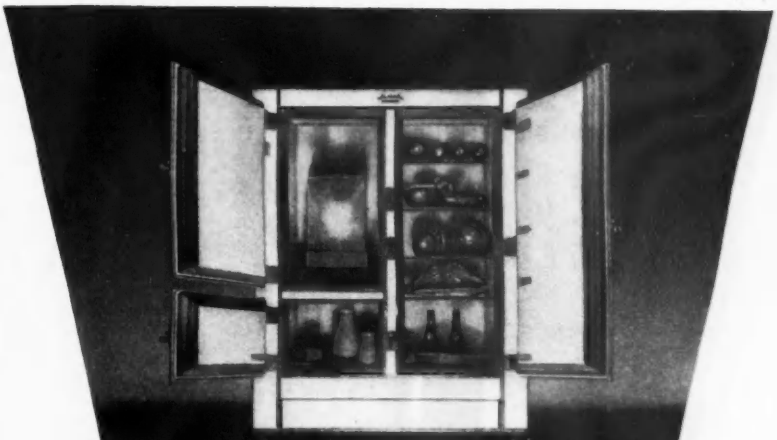
Portland is the perfect town, rising in graceful terraces to wooded hills and snow-topped peaks. A community of shining beauty and mellowed life; of parks and boulevards and grass-green slopes; of flowers everywhere. A city that lives up to its slogan, "For you a rose in Portland grows."

Victoria is softly green and decently British. Government House and all that sort of thing. A noble hotel in a rose-crowded garden, vine-covered homes designed for happiness and comfort and suave living. Gateway to a vacation paradise.

Vancouver is a British Seattle, an American Liverpool. A big, commercial British city with an American slant. The Dominion's chief outlet to the Orient. The Empire's chief western seaport. Almost as many roses as there are in Portland—and a good many more Japs.

Spokane is on the way home. It is too often passed in the night—which is too bad, in view of the fact that it boasts one of the most comfortable hotels in America. Spokane is a gay, brave, exciting, and inspiring city. There is the sense of happy industry in the continual roar of its falls.

Between the Pacific and the Great Lakes are many long hours of railroading. By one route the way lies mostly through endless miles of growing wheat. By another it lies through paradise. Some one has called the Canadian Rockies "fifty Switzerlands thrown into one." I can not agree to the proportion: perfections do not multiply so fast. Besides, I love my Jungfrau and my Matterhorn! But there is no stretch of scenery in the Alps which compares



This tells you where each food keeps best

Again Alaska, America's famous 51-year old refrigerator manufacturer, commands national attention with an extraordinary advance in food-keeping, a contribution that benefits ice and electric refrigeration users both. It is a new form of food insurance known as Foodex—an exclusive, never-failing food index permanently incorporated on the inside of each Alaska's doors. Foodex makes it possible for you to keep onions in the same refrigerator with butter—and the butter will never reveal that the onions were there. All food-keeping is improved from 20 to 50 per cent. Your ice or electric refrigeration gives you everything it has. Stores are now showing the smartly styled, richly colored new Alaska refrigerators in 67 different models ranging from the very modestly priced to the very finest refrigerators made. But all built to the Alaska high standard of craftsmanship. Even without Foodex they would be notable values. With it they give you advantages no refrigerators ever gave before. Write for book.

Valuable food care book sent free

So that you may know just what Foodex means to your food-keeping, why it gives Alaska refrigerators such excess value, we have prepared an interesting, profusely illustrated new book, "Amazing New Facts On Food Care" which we will gladly mail free to you on request. Get it before you commit yourself to buying any new refrigerator, whether ice or electric. Address Dept. G4, The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.

"Good Housekeeping Institute has checked up on this recommended arrangement of food in the refrigerator and finds it quite satisfactory."—

FOODEX

Just as Foodex "tells you where each food keeps best" so the famous Cork Wall Window which identifies every genuine Alaska—by revealing the cork insulation—"shows you why Alaskas keep food better."

CORK WALL

★ ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerators

with their new FOODEX *food insurance*

"Tells you where each food keeps best"

In using advertisements see page 6

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose skin shows flawless in a close-up. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin petal-smooth," she says.*

9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

"EXQUISITE skin is woman's most compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, well-known director for Paramount.

Directors and screen stars know so well that lovely skin is the most magnetic of all charms. And in Hollywood, among the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in dressing rooms.

Nine out of ten screen stars use this fragrant white soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. And such lather!

FAY WRAY, *Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin such wonderful smoothness."*

JACQUELINE LOGAN, *Pathé—"The smoothness of my skin after Lux Toilet Soap is delightful."*

★

Lux Toilet Soap *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* 10¢

Places

in length and height and sustained beauty with the twenty-four-hour ride from Mission to Cochrane, and there are no mountain resorts in all the world that compare in natural loveliness with Lake Louise and Banff.

Banff is the vestibule of glory. Around it is a wide circle of pearl-gray peaks that rise in tiers of jeweled magnificence to a sky of unbelievable blue. Beside it and below it are hurrying waters that tumble over gleaming rocks between steep, tree-lined banks. Banff would be the most beautiful place in the world if Lake Louise were not more beautiful.

Louise is the birthplace of the spectrum, the paradise which the rainbow calls home. It lies in a deep, palisaded recess six hundred feet above the railroad on the far side of a concealing mountain; a mirror of grandeur set in a frame of silver and green. A Grand Canyon reflected in a Lake Lucerne.

Between the Rockies and Niagara lie the five greatest lakes in the world and the headwaters of the world's longest river. Lie cities, too:

St. Paul, an Indian village perched high on the banks of the Mississippi, which has become almost within the memory of living men the capital of a great American state and the gateway to a great American empire. A rugged, sprawly, up-and-down-hill town which begins with a freight yard and a horse market and rises to glorious picturesqueness.

Minneapolis, "City of Waters," swept to greatness on an avalanche of bread. Minneapolis is vivid, colorful, stirring, crisp. It combines the youthful vigor of an American woodsman with the manners of an Old World courtier. It boasts fifty mammoth grain elevators and Titian's "The Temptation of Christ"!

Milwaukee, a big, comfortable, friendly town which hides its prosperous greatness behind a screen of unassuming casualness, of civic piquancy, of charming disarray. There is no more agreeable place in which to work or play than this picturesque, queer-named city which lies beside a curving lake shore and along a winding stream.

Chicago—I hate Chicago—and I love it. The streets are too few for the motors, the sidewalks too narrow for the feet. The trolleys are flat-wheeled and clamorous. The breezes are hotter in hot weather and colder in cold weather than any other breezes in the world. The pavements are wetter in wet weather, and dustier in dusty weather. *But*—less than a hundred years ago, Chicago was a frontier town of only four thousand inhabitants. A little more than fifty years ago, it was a flaming ruin. Today it is the second largest city in the United States, one of the great capitals of the world.

Our Natural Wonders

There are only two natural wonders in America so natural and so wonderful as Chicago. One is:

The Grand Canyon of Arizona (a little off our route, but never mind!) into whose purple depths God has flung the highest of Chicago's skyscrapers along with the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and a thousand lesser peaks; over whose edge He has tumbled the Colosseum and the Parthenon and uncounted Notre Dames; and on whose walls he has painted the sun and the moon, the twilight and the dawn.

The other—but we must go to it by the way of—

Cleveland, founded by Moses Cleaveland of Old Wyndham, Connecticut, who expressed the pious hope that it might some day grow to be as big as the crowded metropolis from which he came. It did. Euclid Avenue business men—than whom there are no busier—spent a fortune popularizing the slogan, "Cleveland, the Sixth City." Then they woke up one morning to find that their efforts had been wasted. Cleveland wasn't the sixth city. It was the fifth!

Detroit, the most widely advertised of American municipalities, the civic house that ink built. "F.O.B. Detroit" is a better known

Places

phrase than "My Country 'tis of Thee." The city is a community of go-getters, most of whom have got. It sweeps you off your feet and puts you on wheels. It goes in for culture, as it does for motor cars, on a production basis. It has made a Social Register out of the Automobile Blue Book. It is staccato American. It is shockingly fine.

And Buffalo. Over the front door of Buffalo's Saturn Club occur these words, "Where women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest." The joyous nonchalance of this inscription is fairly typical of the town. Buffalo is an all-year-round good-time city. It breathes well-being. Its success is the kind that all may envy and none begrudge. And it has, besides all these advantages, Niagara.

The Falls never disappoint. I have been to see them in the early morning, when the rising sun, shining through myriad crystals, transforms their rainbow spray into the rarest of rare old lace; and in the evening, when thousands of electric bulbs dance to the thunderous music of the tumbling waters. I have been to Niagara in the cold of winter, when massive icicles, tall as the tallest columns of a great cathedral, line the ice-bound cliff, and hoar frost covers the neighboring tree-tops with a blanket of diamonds. I have been there in June when the honeymooners are thicker than the spray. Such honeymooners and such honeymoons! Marriages may be made in heaven, but the funniest ones are consummated at Niagara!

On one side of the Falls is dry America. On the other side is wet Canada. And, appropriately, on the rocks above the mighty cataract is the hull of a stranded vessel filled with Canadian liquor for American consumption. The current is so strong that no one can reach the wreck, but in these parched times several have been tempted to make the try. Others are still tempted to "run" the Falls, themselves. Several have done it: among them, Bobby Leach. Bobby broke almost every bone in his body, but he lived many years in peace and happiness—finally dying by slipping on a banana peel in Sydney, Australia!

Which brings us, by way of Puget Sound, and the Antipodes and the Thousand Islands and the Rapids, back to New England and Father's Saturday afternoon at Keith's. The famous old theatre is torn down now. (Georgie Cohan was there to see it done.) And many another Boston landmark has passed since John Hancock's day and mine. But the city itself is still there—and that, for Bostonians, is enough.

There is no place in all the world—is there?—like the Old Home Town!

(*To be continued*)

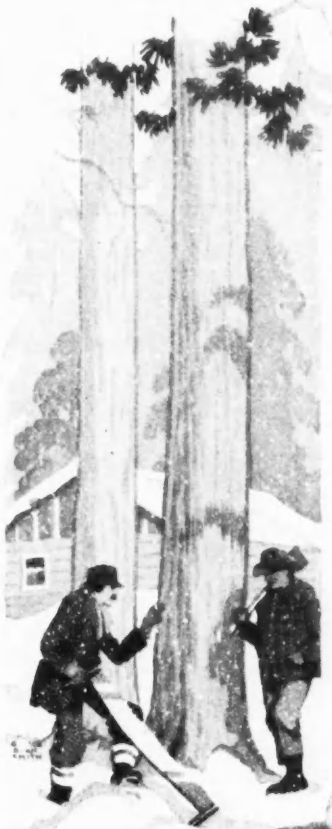
Cleaning Your Silver

(*Continued from page 85*)

Candlesticks or utensils with hollow handles are likely to have handles loosened or the joining material softened.

In spite of the conveniences of the electrolytic method, some housekeepers will always prefer to clean their silver with a fine powder or paste. They feel that the fine, satiny sheen repays them for the work entailed. This is entirely a matter of personal preference. We can assure you, however, that one method is as safe as another as far as actual wearing down of the silver is concerned. Polish should be applied to silver with a soft cloth—or better still, a fine, soft, moist sponge—and the silver rubbed lightly until clean. Of course, you must choose your silver cleaner carefully. It should be fine in texture and applied gently, so there will be no scratching or undue wear of silver. If your silver is only slightly tarnished, a silver polishing cloth in many cases is all that is necessary. Such cloths can be used, also, to give a soft luster or sheen to silver cleaned by the electrolytic method.

Named for the Maine woods way of baking beans in an oven in the ground called the "*bean hole*"



This is the outdoor bean pot used in the Maine woods

Bean Hole Beans! Doesn't the very name make you hungry? And the beans—one taste, and you'll say you've never tasted beans like them!

They are like the beans baked in the Maine woods. Up there, you know, they bake them in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

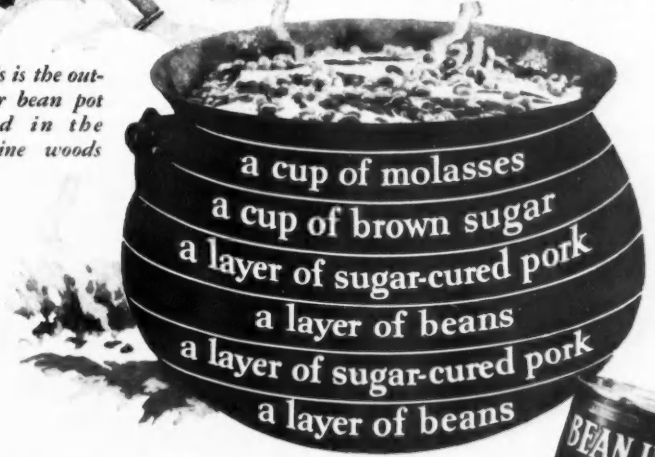
The big-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with layer upon layer of flavor-rich ingredients—beans, sugar-cured pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then it is buried deep in the hot earthen oven—the bean hole. It is covered with embers of fragrant pine wood and left to bake all night.

This gives a wonderful flavor . . . forest fragrance . . . camp fire smoke . . . sweet, fresh earth.

And now, just think, you can get that very same woods flavor in Bean Hole Beans! A way has been found to reproduce that "baked-outdoors" taste.

If you haven't tried Bean Hole Beans yet, you have a new pleasure in store. Don't put it off; get a can or two today and have them for dinner or supper. *They're wonderful!* Two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

BEAN HOLE BEANS

In using advertisements see page 6

GLORIFIED HAMBURG

Mix 1½ tablespoons Gulden's Mustard with ¼ cup boiling water. Add this to 1½ pounds ground round steak. Season with 1 teaspoon salt. Make into cakes.

Broil the hamburg cakes with a hot flame to the desired rareness. Be sure to baste the meat so that it gets the full benefit from the juice in the pan.

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It's just plain ground round steak—the old familiar hamburg. But what a difference a change of seasoning can make! Gulden's Blended Mustard spreads through the meat while it cooks and mixes with the juices to create a delicious, unexpected flavor. It brings out a hidden goodness in meats that you did not realize was there—an appetizing taste that just seems to belong to the meat but that you never discovered before.

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The Hem of His Garment

(*Continued from page 31*)

goblin things, and dogs howled in the distance, and a withered leg pained in the cold and the damp of the hours before dawn. It was during the night that the little boy thought of the home that he had left, and of his mother's arms that—though they might lack in comprehension—were never lacking in warmth!

And yet, somehow, he did reach Jerusalem. With the aid of the people who had given him friendship along the way—through the gallantry of his own undaunted spirit, his own great faith. He saw the number of furlongs upon the signposts lessen—he saw the roads crowded with pilgrims—for it was a season of feast—going, as he was going, to a great city. And among the crowds he met men who had been blind and who now saw a vividly beautiful world. And others who had been ill—and were well again. Because the Man called Jesus had answered their need. And once—once the little boy dared whisper to his crutch,

"I shall not have use for you—much—longer—"

AND so, hopefully, he entered Jerusalem. After a week on the dusty, stony road. After a week of striving—and a week of seeking and a week of believing. Because the little boy had never before seen so large a place he was bewildered by the great throngs, and the sound of many voices, and the tumult of commerce.

And so it was shyly—very shyly—that he sought the side of a woman who leaned in a doorway. A woman with scarlet lips, and a long, white column of throat.

"Did the Man called Jesus—did He come in through the city gate?" asked the little boy. "And where does He stay?"

The woman looked down at him kindly—and two tall soldiers, passing down the street, failed to take her attention from the face of the little child.

"What," she asked gently, "does a tot like yourself know of this Jesus?"

The little boy looked up into the woman's eyes, and suddenly he knew that she would understand.

"It is my leg," he told her in a small voice. "I have been crippled since birth. My mother says that Fate wills me to go crippled into death. But I—I have faith to believe that the Man named Jesus will heal me. For almost seven days—" the memory of the week caught at the little boy's heart—"have I journeyed after Him. For I did not arrive in time at the meeting place."

It was not very clear, the explanation. But the woman seemed to know what the little boy would say. Her tone was even more tender than it had been.

"I, too, believe that He could give back strength to that limb," she told the little boy. "I, too, feel that He could help. For He has made over my soul—which was a poor and crippled thing."

The little boy asked again his question, encouraged by the sound of the woman's voice.

"Do you know where I may find Him?" he asked. "Where I may find Him *now*?"

All at once the woman bent down from her proud height there in the doorway. "Listen," she told the child, "while I tell you in secret. For there is a strange unrest in the city—and the Man called Jesus has many enemies. At present He lodges at the house of Simon, in Bethany, which is beyond the city's limit. But this night, I have heard, He keeps the Passover with His friends at the house of a man—"

Bending even closer, she gave the little boy the man's name and the direction that might be taken in finding the house. The little boy smiled up into her eyes and went haltingly on his way. And after he had gone the woman went into her own house—and closed the door tightly.

The Hem of His Garment

IT WAS afternoon. And the city was, as the woman had said, in a strange state of unrest. Not only because it was the time of a great feast—not only for that reason. All about the temple gates were surging knots of people. People who shouted of more miracles—other people who spoke of interfering with the business of "honest money-lenders." There was a great deal of fighting in the vicinity of the temple, a great deal of calling back and forth. The little boy, passing the temple, sidled close to the wall, for he was again afraid. There were so many people—and so many houses. And trying to remember the woman's direction was so hard!

The little boy asked other people many times, but it took hours for him to locate the house where the Man called Jesus would spend the evening. The sun had set, and dark was on the city, when the little boy came to the given place. Tired and dust-streaked and sad, he rapped, with bruised small knuckles, against the door, and, after a bit, the door swung wide.

"Is the Man called Jesus here?" questioned the little boy.

The person who had opened the door was tall and gruff and had a full beard. "He is!" said the person in a voice that belonged with the beard.

"Then," the little boy's voice was shaking with sheer rapture, "then, may I see Him?"

But the door was being closed none too softly.

"The Master is too busy to see dirty little boys—" said the voice that belonged with the beard.

Suddenly the little boy knew that at the very end of his quest, he had been denied. And, there on the doorstep of the house from which he had been barred—and in which the Man called Jesus was dining—the little boy sank down, with his crutch beside him, and began to cry. Not loudly—very softly, indeed—but with utter heartbreak and despair.

The tears made wide, white paths down the dustiness of his small face.

HOW long he cried there, the little boy did not know. He only knew that it was for an unmeasured time and that, when the crying had spent itself, he still sat beside the closed door in a semi-stupor. Unconscious of the voice sounds that came from the upper room of the house. Unconscious of the crowds that passed down the street. Only conscious of a dream that had been born—as he had been born—without promise of fulfilment. So sunk was he in the mire of despair that the second opening of the door only dazed him—that the push of an ungentle hand, shoving him and his crutch from the step, did not even frighten him. He had time to see that the hand belonged to the bearded man, time to see that the man was in a hurry to pass—a hurry almost brutal in its intensity.

In the daze he lay, where the hand had pushed him. Again, for a time that might have been measured by seconds—or by hours. And then, for a third time, the door opened. And out of the door came a group of people. Perhaps a dozen people. And in their midst walked One who seemed, to the child's eyes, larger and stronger than the others—and more beautiful than ever man had seemed before. With a little cry of realization, groping for his crutch in the darkness, the little boy tried to rise. But before he had found the crutch and gained his feet the men had walked swiftly from the house and down the city street. And the little boy could not call loudly enough to stay them.

And yet—and yet—he had seen the Man at last, of that he was sure. He had seen the Man named Jesus. And he could still follow! The little boy took a firm hold on the crutch and started as rapidly as possible after the group that walked together. Their garments

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ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

The Hem of His Garment

made a large, white spot through the darkness. He could follow and follow. As long as he had strength—or spirit.

And he did follow—somehow keeping pace, somehow never losing sight of the white blur of many garments. He followed through the city until he saw, ahead of him, the shadowy outline of dark trees against a dark sky. Until, all about, and quite suddenly, he could smell the fragrance of many flowers. And, as the fragrance grew stronger, he saw that ahead of him the white spot was dividing. That part of the group was pausing—and that a smaller part of it was continuing on its way.

Made careful by his experience at the door of the house, the little boy came closer to the place where a part of the group had paused. And as he came near he saw that they were waiting at the gates of a great garden—perhaps eight or nine men in all. As quietly as a small ghost, with the tapping of his crutch muffled by the soft sward, he edged his way past them. In through the garden gate. And then he saw that, still glimmering white among the trees, the other figures, too, had paused. And as he hesitated he saw one Figure detach itself and go away slowly into a shadowy place. And somehow he knew that the one Figure was the Man called Jesus. And with a shrill little cry he flung himself after that Figure. Forgetful of everything save a great desire.

But—out of the darkness came hands. And the little boy saw that three men still stood on guard inside the gate. Half unconsciously, he took note of the fact that the man who had denied him admittance to the house was not one of the three. Seeing that, he did not try to struggle, but waited for the men to speak. At last, one of them did.

"What do you want?" questioned one of them. "What do you here at this hour?"

The little boy summoned up the last of his courage. "I want to see the Man called Jesus—" he answered stoutly.

But another of the men laid a finger to his lips.

"The Master has gone to pray," said the other man. "He must not be disturbed. Hasten home, child, to your mother!"

The little boy, dismissed, stumbled backward. While the men, their eyes straining through the darkness, watched the white form that was all at once kneeling among the flowers of the garden.

THE little boy stumbled backward. But he did not go far. Well he knew—his senses made acute by suffering—that the men had already forgotten him. Shielded by the heavy branches of a shrub, he waited, with wild plans forming in his mind—plans that had to do with throwing himself in the very path of Jesus—as He returned from His prayer.

There, behind the shrub, he waited. Close to him, the other waiters talked together. And the little boy, listening, heard them yawn as they talked. Finally he saw them seat themselves, in a huddled group, on the grass. And then—sharp through the silence—he heard a sound that was like the snoring sound his own father made when sleep had overtaken him.

Cautiously the little boy edged his way around the shrub. The Man called Jesus was at last accessible. He would not cast off a child—for He Himself had said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Not even if the child had interrupted His prayers would He cast him off! The little boy crept forward past the sleeping men. Crept forward into the depths of the garden. Crept close to the kneeling figure that was the figure of the Man called Jesus. And as he crept close, the moon came out from under a cloud, and shone full upon the Man's uplifted face—a face with a sweet, wistful mouth, and anguished eyes. And as the little boy paused to stare at the unearthly loveliness of that face, he heard suddenly the

The Hem of His Garment

Man's voice speaking aloud. And the tone of it was like the tone of an organ—deep and rich and unbelievably sad.

"All things are possible to Thee," said the voice—"all things are possible. Take away this cup from me! Nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt!"

The little boy—oh, he was quite small—did not understand. For there was no cup to be seen, and the Man called Jesus was quite alone. But, even though he did not understand the meaning of the words, he understood the tragedy back of them. Since birth, you see, he had lived with tragedy. *Since birth!*

All at once the little boy knew that he was in the presence of suffering greater than his own had ever been. Could ever be! All at once he knew that this was no time to ask a favor—that this was no time to beg for help. For this was a time of utter pain! Pain greater than the sort that comes from the body. Without quite knowing why he did it, the little boy, scarcely more than a step from the Man called Jesus, was falling to his small, unsteady knees. Was folding tiny hands as the Man's hands were folded. Was praying wordlessly to Someone whom he did not know—and could not see.

"Oh," so the thoughts welled up from the little boy's heart, *"let Him be happy! Who has made so many others happy!"*

And so—in the fragrance of a garden—they prayed together. Jesus and a little boy who was a cripple. While a group of men argued at the far gate of the garden—and three other men slept hardly more than a stone's throw distant. And while Jesus poured out His doubt and His distress, a little boy, his own doubt and distress forgotten, kept vigil.

Once Jesus arose—and went to the sleeping men and wakened them. Then returned to His place of prayer. Once again He did it, and once again And upon all three times the child, praying, never moved and never spoke. Even though he had traveled for a whole week to have such an opportunity. Even though the Man called Jesus passed so close that the hem of His garment brushed across the little boy's withered leg.

But still the little boy knelt. And his breath came in short, sharp gasps. For he was suffering with One who knew the greater agony.

AND then, all at once, as swiftly as it had been born, the moonlight died. And the Man called Jesus rose, as if He had reached a great conclusion, to His feet. Rising, He called softly to the others.

"Let us be going!" He called.

But, even as He called, even as the three stirred in their sleep, the little boy was conscious of an angry movement at the garden gate. And of a light that was too bright to be moonlight—that was the light of many lanterns shining upon bare swords and metal shields.

But the Man called Jesus was not afraid. He went swiftly forward to meet the swords and the shields. And as He went, there was a sound of shouting and of cursing—and the garden seemed curiously full of people.

But as the Man called Jesus passed the little boy, the hem of His garment once again brushed across a piteous, withered leg!

And as a certain person with a full beard came toward the Man called Jesus and kissed Him, the little boy suddenly covered his eyes with his hands—not quite knowing why he did so. And with his eyes covered, rose to his feet. And blindly, blindly walked again in the footsteps of One whom he had followed—and with whom he had prayed.

But it was not until the garden was quite empty—until the little boy was alone with the heavy fragrance of crushed flowers all about him—that he realized that he was walking without a crutch!

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April 1929 Good Housekeeping

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The Boy Who Became King

(*Continued from page 50*)

civil war that followed, he had more than one opportunity to slay Saul, but he withheld his hand. He even reproached himself for having taken a trophy from "Jehovah's Messiah" (all kings of the Jerusalem line were termed "messiah," which means "anointed one"). Such a standard of honor was far from customary among the Oriental monarchs of those days. It helps to explain why the men of David's forces loved as well as followed him.

There is another picture which adds to our understanding of his great appeal. In the days of his own kingship, when he was leading his men against the Philistines, he lay down weary and thirsty after an all-day battle. He was not far from his native town of Beth-lehem, which, however, was in the hands of the enemy. A great wave of homesickness swept over him, and half involuntarily he sighed, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem, which is by the gate!" It was the great man's heart-longing for the sights which are sweeter than any other in the world—in his own village where he was a boy.

Three brave men among his followers heard the wish, and without saying a word they slipped through the enemy's lines, drew the water, and brought it back to David. To their astonishment he refused to drink, but poured it on the ground.

"And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it."

A Man Who Was Loved

Of course, men worshiped a leader who could be so magnanimous to an adversary, so thoughtful of the humblest follower! Of course, women adored him, and, considering the age and the moral standards that governed monarchs in that age, one might add that, of course, the love of women led him into trouble. Many remember his sin who have forgotten the greatness of his charity and the courageous wisdom of his rule. We need not add ourselves to this number.

Emerson, in his essay on Compensation, points out that everywhere in the universe action and reaction are equal; that for every poison there is an antidote; for every pleasure a purchase price; for every piece of honest work, however obscure, a reward; for every evil a righteous counterbalance. David's life lends excellent illustration to the essayist's contention. He was banished from court and compelled to flee from one part of the kingdom to another, a rebel refugee in hourly danger of death. But except for this bitter experience we probably never should have heard the majestic words:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul."

He committed a grievous sin, and the prophet Nathan came to him with a face as black as a thunder-cloud and with words that hurled David from the throne, penitent, groveling on the ground. Yet, except for that sin and the bitter repentance, we might never have had the fifty-first Psalm:

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions . . .
"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me . . .
"For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering.
"The sacrifices of God are a broken and a contrite spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

A great boy. A great soldier. A great king. And the whole world is still singing his songs.

Next month, "The Little Maid in the Captain's House"